



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

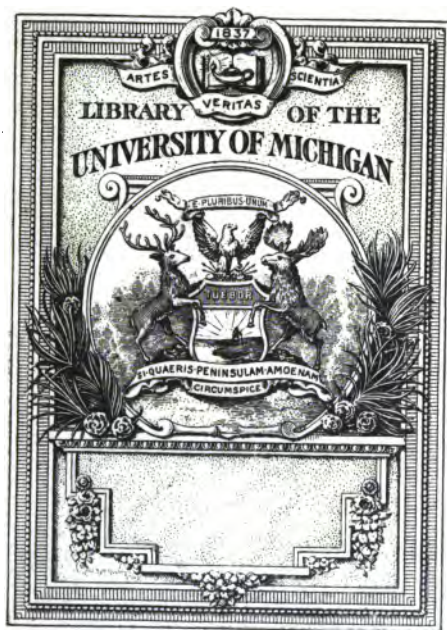
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

22/.

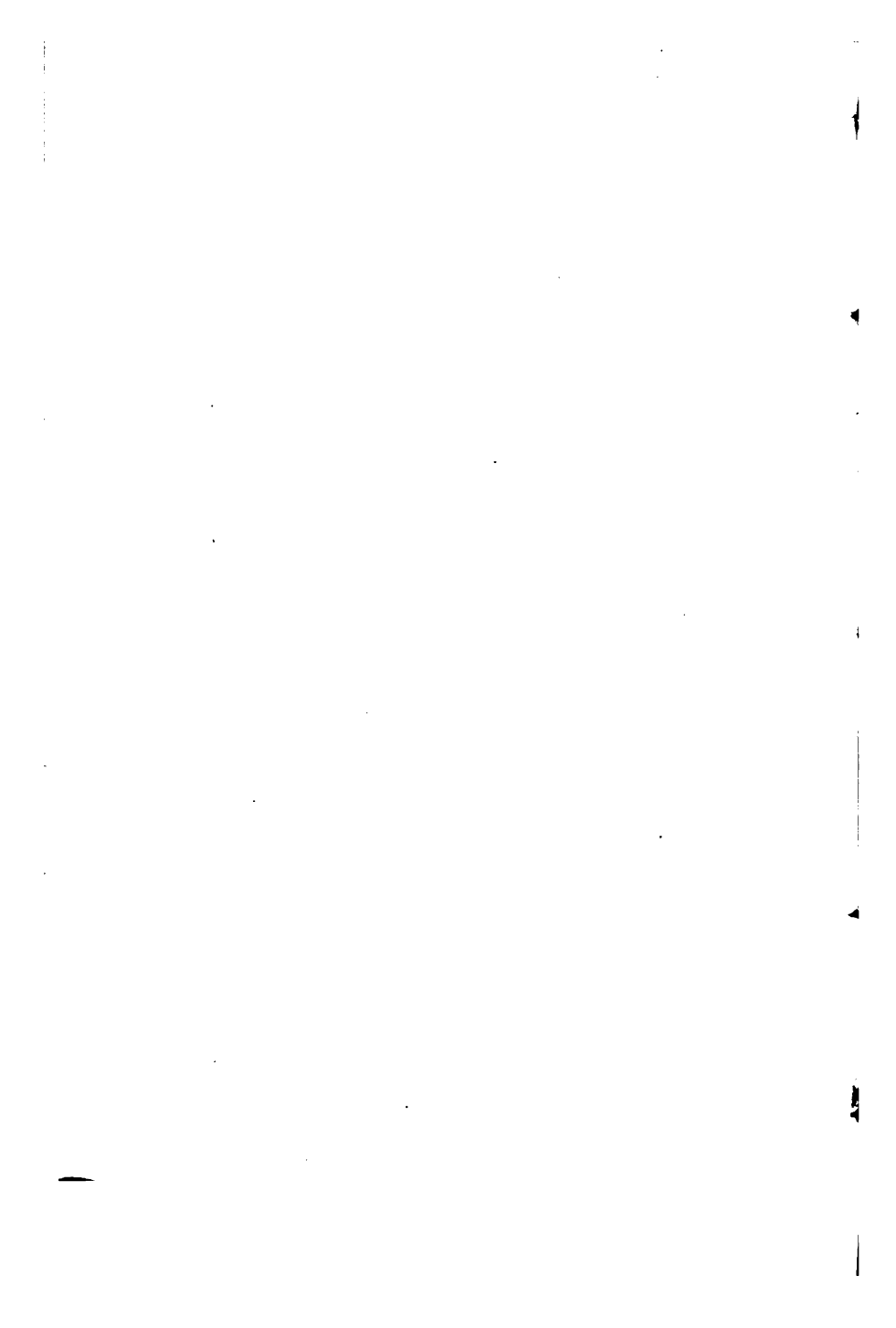
7  
177



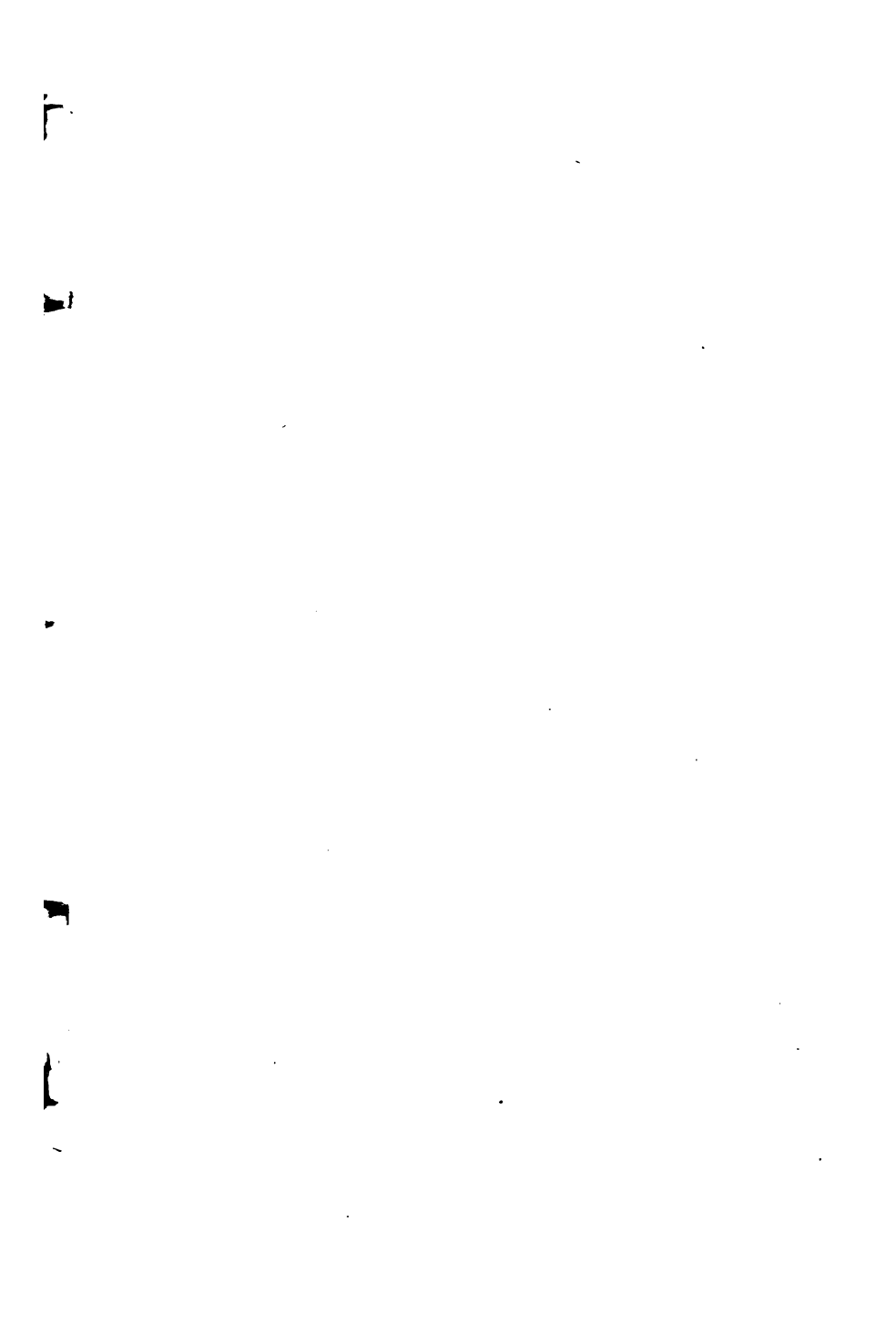
DG

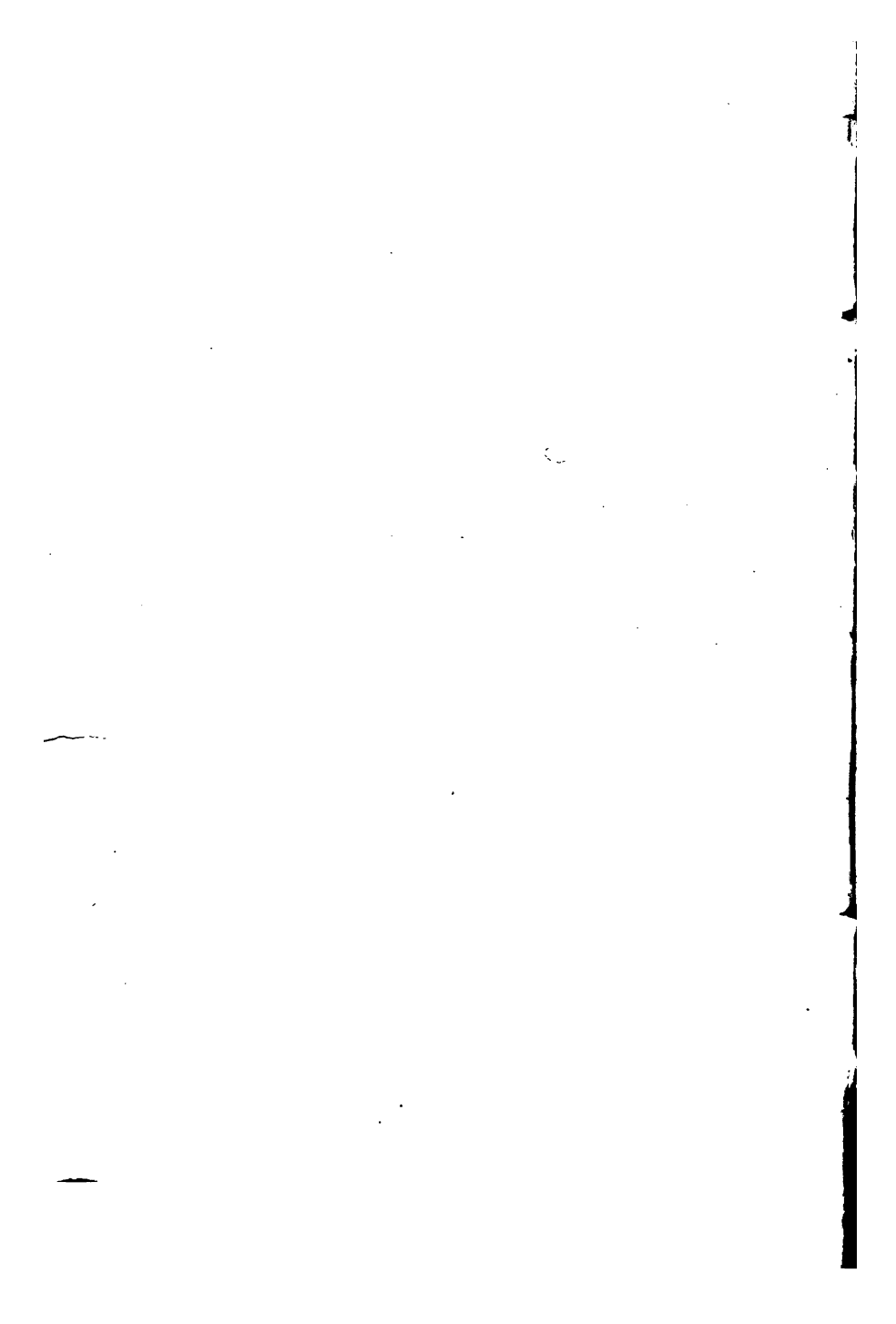
814

A163









152.1

# ROME OF TO-DAY.

BY

*Francis J. Sullivan*  
**EDMOND ABOUT,**

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN QUESTION," "KING OF THE MOUNTAINS," "GERMANIE,"  
ETC., ETC.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

NEW YORK:  
JAMES O. NOYES, PUBLISHER,  
25 HOWARD STREET.  
1861.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by  
JAMES O. NOYES,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the  
Southern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED BY  
SMITH & McDOUGAL,  
82 & 84 Beekman-st.

PRINTED BY  
GEO. RUSSELL & CO.,  
66 Duane-street.

## PREFACE.

THIS is neither a pamphlet nor even a political work. If the reader expects to find in it general considerations upon the Papal Government, he will be disappointed.

All has been said for and against the Temporal Power that can be said, and I have neither sufficient authority nor sufficient liberty to resume the controversy. I have played too active a part, both as accuser and accused, not to have my impartiality suspected. The word belongs to the chief, who is silent.

It may also be suggested that the time for discussion is passed, like the time for wise counsels and useful reforms. The Roman question has been sufficiently elucidated to enable the least clairvoyant to distinguish the truth, and the most hesitating to choose their part. Some are decided by reasons of conscience, others by reasons of interest or policy; but it is certain that action has succeeded words.

The work which I offer to the public is, then, nothing more than a literary study on the Papal States. I have put together in a volume all the observations made during a journey of six months.

The materials were collected two years ago, but it seems to me that they have matured rather than grown old. Rome has not sensibly changed under a régime that boasts of being immutable. Bologna and some other cities have only proclaimed a revolution which was long since accomplished in the minds of the citizens.

The day when all the subjects of the Holy Father shall have the same ideas, the same customs, and the same rights as the citizens of Bologna in 1860, my book will be but an archeological curiosity; yet I will not complain of that.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
PREFACE.....	iii
I.—THE JOURNEY.....	5
II.—MY INN.....	41
III.—THE PLEBEIAN.....	52
IV.—THE GHETTO.....	63
V.—THE TRASTEVERE.....	77
VI.—GAME OF KNIVES.....	89
VII.—THE LOTTERY.....	98
VIII.—THE MIDDLE CLASS.....	108
IX.—THE ARTISTS.....	122
X.—THE ROMAN NOBILITY.....	138
XI.—THE ARMY.....	149
XII.—THE GOVERNMENT.....	157
XIII.—ROMAN CUSTOMS.....	166
XIV.—DEATH.....	183
XV.—THE CATTLE.....	193
XVI.—AN EXCURSION SOUTH.....	200
XVII.—THE VETTURINO.....	230

# ROME OF TODAY.

---

## THE JOURNEY.



ALL roads, they say, lead to Rome. Still, for us citizens of Paris, the shortest road is that which goes through Marseilles.

Why is the name of the Canebière ridiculous in Paris? Whence comes it that Marseilles and the Marseillaise have inherited the privilege of making us laugh, now that the Garonne and the Gascons no

longer amuse us? The "Sandis!" and the "Cadédis!" that amused the contemporaries of Molière, have fallen into the domain of history, like the military pleasantries inscribed on the walls of Pompeii; we now laugh at none but the oaths of Marseilles. In gatherings of young men, a story-teller who can play the Marseillaise is sure of carrying his audience; certain jokes, assisted by certain grimaces, and spiced with a certain accent, act with an unfailing charm on the most stubborn spleen. Everything is laughable in the conventional Marseilles, which the wits have given us: its parched soil, filthy streets, pestilential harbor, and rough-mannered men. The stage Marseillaise is a sort of cross-grained ape, who is a drinker of ale, a refiner of oil, a dealer in negroes, and "thou's" everybody. Why has this ridicule fallen upon the most active and most interesting people

in France? Why do the most direct descendants of ancient Greece serve as a butt to the Athenians of Paris? Why all these minor offences of high treason against the queen of the Mediterranean? Why? Why? Why?

Because Marseilles has furnished the journals of Paris with a dozen spiteful editors, who have done the honors of their country a trifle too wittily. I do not speak of M. Amédée Achard, nor of M. Méry, nor of M. Louis Reybaud, nor of M. Léon Gozlan, nor of those who were rich enough in their own resources to leave Marseilles in peace. But after the emigration of the princes came the emigration of the people. Whenever a little Provençal, with fidgetty ambition and without an idea, enters on his career in the office of some little journal, his first article, as a matter of course, is on the *Canebière*. The first of them joked, and those that followed went further; comedy gave place to buffoonery, buffoonery to broad farce; and Marseilles has received from the hands of its own children some five or six coats of ridicule which will not be wiped out in a day. She comforts herself by saying, "It is my own fault. I should not be ridiculous if I had not given birth to all those men of talent."

For my own part, I humbly confess, Marseilles did not make me laugh. It is a sight to give one food for thought. However little you may be interested in the future of France, you would observe with passionate curiosity that living and growing city, growing almost visibly, like a tropical plant; you hold your breath to watch the course of that adventurous people, galloping madly, at the risk of broken necks, in all the ways of progress.

I had left Paris in the middle of March, a full month before the end of winter. But winter in Paris is so agreeable that a man of occupation can not tear himself away from it too soon. I was going far away, and for a long time burdened with a thousand questions to be settled, happy in having an object, and quieting all my regrets by the hope of bringing back a book.

The journey from Paris to Marseilles seemed to me very long, for I felt that in a little time we should be able to do it more quickly. No doubt it is pleasant to cross France in twenty hours in an excellent carriage, but steam does not yet keep all its promises. When you travel for the sake of travel, that is to say, for enjoying the variety of things at every step, you can not go too slow; but when you take the cars, it is to reach your



journey's end, and for nothing else ; therefore you can not go too fast. On the road from Paris to the Mediterranean, one of the most perfect in France, the passenger trains still make too many and too long stoppages. It carries the Indian mail through in twelve hours, and has done still better within the last few days : a locomotive, sent from Marseilles with government despatches, fell, nine hours after, like a bombshell, in the depot at Paris. That is the true use of railroads. For mere traveling a cane is enough.

After leaving Lyons, where we lost an hour, the climate grew milder, the sun became powerful, the trees by the road-side were in leaf. You would have said that spring was running to meet us. They had given us foot-warmers at Paris—they offered us ices at Valence. These transitions will seem yet much more marvelous when we can fall asleep at the Bastille and wake up in sight of the Château d'If.

Between the city of Arles and the marsh of Berre, the road skirts a vast plain, more gloomy than the dreariest moorland. It is called the Crau. Nature has taken pains to sow it with stones in fabulous quantities. Man has tried here and there to sow something else, but the crop is still to come. As the eye surveys this extent of desert soil, you regret the times when nothing was beyond the power of a fairy's wand. I trust that practical chemistry, that fairy of modern times, will yet be able to raise wheat there, from the gardens of Arles to the salt-pits of Berre. The question is under consideration ; I even know a young man of science who flatters himself on solving it.

But forgive me this delay ; the railroads make some that are far longer.

Travelers leaving the railway station, enter Marseilles by wide roads, flanked with fine houses, and planted with old trees. It is the entrance to a great city. The road stops abruptly at the foot of the Rue Noailles ; you take a hundred steps in the dark in a kind of stifling passage. But suddenly air, light, space, everything abounds at once. A monumental square expands before you ; two great avenues stretch away to the right and left. In front, a street, much wider but infinitely shorter than the Rue de Rivoli, shows you the old harbor crowded with vessels. Hail to the Rue Canebière !

The Canebière is a door opening on the Mediterranean and the

whole universe; for the watery road which leads from it goes round the world. In 1856 the Canebière witnessed the landing of four hundred thousand travelers, and two millions of tons of goods, two thousand million kilogrammes. Land on the Canebière sells at the rate of a thousand francs the square yard, or ten millions an acre. The Canebière is, therefore, one of the busiest, most useful, and most respectable streets in the civilized world.

The harbor which finishes, or rather continues it, gives it an original appearance. A few years ago the picturesque costumes of the East still enameled it; but that happy time is no more. The East no longer sends its costumes to the world's end. It carefully preserves its few remaining turbans, with which to exalt itself in the eyes of the foreigner, and to prove to him that it is, beyond doubt, the East indeed.

As you follow the line of the Canebière down toward the old harbor, you see at the left the new town, neatly laid out on level ground; at the right, old Marseilles, heaped promiscuously on its hill. The town of the future is situated farther off, beyond the old Marseilles, skirting the Joliette harbors.

The new town is neat and even elegant. It smells of Paris a league off; formerly it smelt of something very different. The time is gone by in which the citizens used to throw the surplus of their houses out of the window. Three large parallel streets traverse the young Marseilles in its whole length. The Rue de Rome is something like our Rue de Richelieu: the likeness must be striking, for Counsellor de Brosse noticed it a hundred years ago. The Rue St. Ferréol is a pleasant copy of the Rue Vivienne, though the Exchange is held in the Rue Paradis. It is in the open air, under the sky, that the Marseillaise meet twice a day, to transact their business. It is true they have a small shed, of zinc or pasteboard, to shelter them in case of rain, but they hardly ever use it. Their custom is so well established, that in the morning between eleven and half-past one, and between four and five in the afternoon, drivers take a circuitous route to avoid the Rue Paradis. When the new Exchange, which is finishing on the Canebière, is thrown open to the merchants and speculators, they will only go there when driven, and only stay there when locked in.

Marseilles has its Champs Elysées. In the neighborhood

of the Bonaparte Drive you may see whole streets of small, well-built, comfortable mansions, decorated even with a degree of taste. I could mention one which would be noticed any where—even at Paris. This new town, although wanting neither for air nor for light, has allowed itself the luxury of two considerable promenades. One of them is a path cut out of the rock above the sea, at a respectful distance from the harbor; it is called the Prado. The other is a zoological garden, pleasantly situated, well planted, and stocked with abundance of live furniture. The theaters, the Chateaux des Fleurs, the cafés, the statues (for Marseilles has two), the museum, and the lyceum are in the new town; you can readily believe it.

As for the old town, I should like to give you an idea of it, by a comparison with some quarter of Paris; but, happily for us, we have nothing like it. That hill, impassable for vehicles, inaccessible to ladies, revolting to the sight and smell, paved with stinking mud, watered by drains like torrents, resembles nothing in the world, unless it be the Ghetto at Rome, which a writer of the eighteenth century called the *arch-filthiness*. Business, wretchedness, and vice divide this delectable place among them.

Considerable districts may be noticed there, devoted to the diversion of sailors; and by a toleration which I can not quite understand, the tri-color flag serves as a sign for the trade which reflects the least credit on France. Never did such noble flag cover such foul merchandise.

A man must be a very determined antiquarian to go looking for pearls in this dung-hill. Nevertheless, I plunged into it one fine morning, under the guidance of a very learned young magistrate, M. Camoin de Vance. We sketched together some houses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and a fine house-front carved with dog-tooth ornament; a hall of justice, which is not a masterpiece of architecture, and a prison, which is like all the prisons of the good old times. The city hall is not wanting in grandeur; and in the Consegne may be seen half a dozen tolerable pictures, and an excellent bas relief, by Puget, of Marseilles. The fish-market is worth stopping at for a moment, to hear the women talk; the eloquence of our fish-women is very feeble compared to that which flourishes there.

There still remains a slice of the old cathedral, which the Marseillais call *La Majeure*, or *La Major*. This venerable building

was erected on the ruins of a pagan temple, and it has been so much and so thoroughly cut down, that between ancient and modern, pagan and Christian, there is not enough left to make a village church.

But, a few steps further on, between the old town, which is doomed to disappear, and the town of the future, which is growing fast, may be seen rising from the ground the foundations of a new cathedral of some promise.

The old town has had its day; not only will the rookeries which abound there be razed, but even the hill on which they stand. The future of La Joliette depends upon it, and two words will make you understand it. Would Paris push toward the Champs Elysées if the hill of St. Genviève stood upon the Place de la Concorde?

At present the birds and fishes travel from Marseilles to the Joliette with greater ease than men. Still the future town is building for a numerous population. I saw seven enormous houses, all alike, and of an architecture too rich for my taste. The merchants of Carthage never stored their bales in such magnificent temples, and M. Mirès can already give a lesson to Dido.

The Society of the Harbors of Marseilles, founded and named by that great financier, was formed to reclaim several acres of land that front on the new harbors. It has no connection with the construction of the harbors and the works of maritime engineering; it does not open a haven for vessels buffeted by the mistral; those are none of its affairs. Its relations with the docks in course of construction at the Joliette, are the relations of neighborhood, and it is called the Society of the Harbors because it is established by the side of them.

This does not mean that the speculation of M. Mirès and his shareholders has been useless to the people of Marseilles. The city had lands to sell; lands that were pestilential, marshy, rotten with the refuse of the soap works, difficult to build upon, and, to crown their disgrace, beaten by every wind that rages in that country. These trifling defects were balanced by the immediate proximity of a harbor which has a future; nevertheless, none of the purchasers who came forward offered more than twenty francs a yard. M. Mirès gave fifty, and the Marseillaise shook hands with him on the bargain.

The transaction is a profitable one for the city even now; and

will be so one day for M. Mirès. The city pockets some millions, which are no inconvenience to it, for it is enterprising and in debt. M. Mirès will get his money back when his lands are built upon, and especially when they have a direct communication with Marseilles. The old town, which annoys every body, annoys him more than any one else. Accordingly, he offers to uproot the hill on the most equitable terms.

In this state of things I will not commit the imprudence of describing at greater length a city which will perhaps be overturned to-morrow. Marseilles has this in common with Paris, that one must give up the attempt to paint it, unless prepared to begin the portrait every day afresh. I will wager that Bordeaux, on the contrary, is, almost to a single paving-stone, what it was in the month of April last year. And I promise to give you a picture of Rome which our great grandchildren will be able to verify, word for word, if the revolution does not meddle with it.

Progress is bestirring itself in the outskirts of Marseilles, as well as in its streets; it invades with the same step the town, the suburbs, and the most distant environs. This district was celebrated formerly for being parched, and now, God forgive me, it is green! The Marseillaise went in search of the Durance, and they have led it by the hand even to their doors. The water circulates in all the houses in the town, up to the highest story; it waters the streets in this fatherland of dust; it fertilizes the gardens, and brings grass upon the meadows.

Yet you need not fear that Provence will become a district of the country of Caux; the sun is always there. It throws upon the blue waters the charming outlines of Ratonneau, of Pomègue, or of the Château d'If; it tinges with a delicate silver the beautiful gray hills overhanging Montredon; it fosters among the rocks the rosemary and cactus, and the gigantic stalks of the aloe; and distils the penetrating perfume of the arbutus and lentiscus.

So much for what a newly arrived traveler sees at the first glance on entering Marseilles. And now, if you please, let us chat a little with the inhabitants, who like nothing better.

Those who saw Marseilles in 1815 speak of it as of a forecourt of the great desert. The solitary harbor of the town was empty; the population amounted to ninety thousand inhabitants, who were dying of hunger. Things have greatly changed, especially in the last few years. The census of 1841 counted one

hundred and forty-seven thousand Marseillaise; that of 1856 gives two hundred and thirty-five thousand, an increase of nearly ninety thousand souls in fifteen years. The number of births increased one-eighth in 1857, so that we must add one-eighth to the number of the population, which brings it to two hundred and sixty-five thousand. Add the floating population, the foreigners not included in the census, Frenchmen voluntarily\* omitted for local reasons, and you will see that Marseilles is a city of two hundred and ninety thousand souls, two hundred thousand more than in 1815.

I have no need to add that these two hundred thousand Marseillaise were not all born in Marseilles. The rapid growth of a city is not to be explained by any unusual productiveness in marriages. Everywhere where money is to be made, citizens run together and settle, and the population increases without women being concerned in it. Marseilles is still growing daily by the interested incursions of the North and the South. It contained in the month of December, 1857, more than eighteen thousand Sardinian subjects. Italians, Greeks, and Spaniards are the material of which almost all the Marseillaise are made.

In spite of the diversity of their origin, they have a common expression of face, and, so to speak, a family likeness. Not that there is, strictly speaking, a Marseillaise type, but the sun of the South, the life in the open air, the anxieties of business, the number of excitements, the ceaseless alternation of work and pleasure, have marked all those faces with a stamp which is well known.

The Marseillaise are quick of sight, prompt in speech, indefatigable in gesture. Their adventurous temper and sanguine disposition urge them to great undertakings and great follies. Few Frenchmen are more nimble at making or losing a fortune. In almost every country in the world the father amasses millions to

---

\* There are certain taxes which increase with the population of the town, which is therefore interested in under-estimating its population. I know a hamlet in Lorraine of more than four thousand inhabitants, which has never consented to own to more than three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. When the increase of its population becomes too evident, it will leap at once from three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, like those women who try to remain young, and at length pass in a single day from twenty-nine years of age to thirty-nine.

be squandered by the son ; at Marseilles you can see men of all ages combine the two parts of the father and the son. Keen after gain, lavish of their time and trouble, they now and then stop, like the squirrel on the bough, to taste the fruit of their labor. Their life is divided differently from ours : we work in the age of pleasure, and begin to take our holiday when we can no longer do anything with it ; the Marseillaise does not wait for his last teeth to fall out before he bites his apple.

His mind is open, like the horizon which surrounds him ; he has traveled or will travel ; the Mediterranean is a suburb of Marseilles, which he will visit sooner or later. He thinks that the Senegal is not very far off, and that Paris is at his door. If business keeps him at his desk, he can see the world without going out of doors ; does not the whole universe defile through the Canebière ? He has seen specimens of all countries ; he knows a little of everything without having opened a book ; he is in a condition to reason on all questions, though he rarely takes the pains to exhaust one ; the quickness of his conceptions, the openness of his mind, his readiness to skim the surface of things, make him agreeable in conversation, for which he always finds leisure.

Almost all Marseillaise have the same amount of natural sense and the same degree of information ; little knowledge, and many ideas. The city in France in which the equality of men is least like a delusion, is Marseilles. There are no more castes there than on your hand ; there can be no old nobility in a population that is all new. The chief inhabitants are successful men in the most honorable sense of the word ; the rest are in hopes of succeeding by their exertions. There are, therefore, only two classes at Marseilles, those who have made their fortune, and those who are trying to make it. The first class is less numerous than is generally supposed, and I have explained the reason for this ; it is that the rage for enjoyment is stronger than the desire of accumulation. There are not ten fortunes of five million francs in the city. The simple millionaires, if a census of them were taken, would not be more than forty. These favorites of fortune do not become inflated by their financial superiority, and, whether from remembering what they were, or from meditating sometimes on the instability of the best secured fortunes, they receive with friendliness those who have not yet made their way. The

Marseillaise, whether rich or poor, is in all cases familiar, unaffected, and good-natured. I know few towns in which "thou" is more used, or where less value is attached to unnecessary politeness; men must have been of this fashion in the commercial republics of Greece.

This bonhomie prevails not only in their language; it is found in their manners, and even in their business. It goes so far, sometimes, that merchants of the old stamp would be astonished at it. In the days when flourished the Seigneur Arnolphe, the worthy Orgon, and that good Monsieur Dimanche, a merchant who did not honor his signature was a lost man; nothing remained but to throw himself head foremost into the water. These strict principles are still in vigor in some departments of France. If a commercial crisis should interrupt, for six months, the prosperity of Rouen, every Norman, strong in his right, and penetrated with his old ideas, would proceed to extremities against his neighbor and his crony, without pity, and would sleep without remorse. But let the same accident occur at Marseilles: everything will be arranged by friendly agreement, and you will see fifty liquidations allowed for one bankruptcy that is declared. Does it arise from good will or from foresight? from compassion for the difficulties of one's neighbor, or consideration for one's self? I do not venture to pronounce an opinion. In either case the fact remains that in Marseilles a creditor prefers to take ten per cent. and hold his tongue, rather than to be severe with his debtor.

Some years ago, a Marseillaise who had made a fortune abroad, after various vicissitudes, bequeathed his property to his native city, and stipulated that the income should be employed in freeing prisoners for debt. Thereupon was seen an embarrassed legatee, namely, the municipal council of Marseilles. In vain they sought for prisoners for debt; none such were made in the district. The legacy came near being sent back to the other world, as useless, injurious, and incompatible with established custom. Matters were in this state, when a sage citizen said to his neighbor, "Have me put into prison for debt. I shall be liberated by the old fellow's legacy, and we will divide the money." The invention seemed so good that the prison eventually found a few tenants. It would never have had any but for the legacy of the good Marseillaise.



This American toleration, this indifference on the score of commercial religion, has inconveniences which I need not point out. It is not, however, without some advantages. By loosening the rein to bold speculators, and encouraging those who had taken fright, it has quickened the progress of the city, and contributed to the prosperity of France. I know all that can be justly said against the spirit of adventure, but when I see what an impetus the Marseillaise give to the public fortune, with what spirit they throw themselves into an affair, with what readiness they subscribe for an enterprise the moment that it looks sound, how bold is their capital, how ready for investment, and inclined to increase by circulation, I feel a kind of secret longing to excuse this romance of commerce which they are naturalizing among us.

Need I add that the magnitude of their interests, and the boldness of their enterprises, make them large-hearted, hospitable, and generous to prodigality. Merchants of the primitive school (a few specimens are still found at Rouen, Lyons, and St. Etienne) would be astonished to see how gold slips through the fingers of a Marseillaise merchant. The twenty-franc piece is no more timid at Marseilles than at Paris. It hides itself just as little, and plays the same pranks. Luxury, a vice that is excellent, wholesome, and honorable among all men when sustained by labor, flaunts in the Canebière as insolently as on our boulevards. Marseilles consumes more silks than Lyons, and more ribbons than St. Etienne. The *Réserve* sees more corks fly than the *Moulin-Rouge* or the *Pavillon d'Armenonville*; and, finally, incredible to relate, all the boxes at the great theater are rented by the year.

I passed a week of eight or ten days at Marseilles. The inhabitants did the honors of their country and of themselves with charming cordiality. I found their hearts and houses open, and became convinced that they are no more miserly in their friendship than in anything else. What I know about their little faults they told me themselves, for they are ready at confession. They own that a love for the open air, and a certain vagabond spirit, take them too often out of the house. If they show themselves at home two or three times a day, they scarcely live there. Business, the club, gaming, the noise, the motion, the cigar—a certain freedom which they would not allow themselves at home—these are the bonds that unite the men in groups, and

keep them at a distance from the house. This out-door life begins with puberty and is prolonged until old age. Marriage interrupts it for the whole length of a honeymoon, and then habit resumes its sway. There are many neglected women. For consolation they throw themselves into the arms of religion, and go to the churches. They might easily go further, for they are pretty, or at least very piquant. But they have no life except in the eyes; and so much the happier for their husbands.

—You can well conceive that such outrageous walkers do not lose much time in reading. They are small consumers of books, and consider that it is quite handsome enough in them to turn over the leaves of a newspaper. If the booksellers told me the truth, not ten copies of Molière are sold in a year, in this city of two hundred and ninety thousand souls, and, except for New Year's gifts, not one. The booksellers are well posted in this kind of statistics, since they undertake to provide for the mind. Nevertheless some serious and cultivated men are known to be in Marseilles; they are from forty-five to sixty years of age—a generation that is passing away. There are also two amateurs of painting, one of them, moreover, a learned connoisseur. He owns five pictures, if I remember rightly; but the number matters nothing. They are Van Dyck's Magdalene, an admirable Christ by Rembrandt, and three Poussins, one of them a masterpiece. These five pictures are preserved by their master with religious respect, in a saloon built expressly for them, lighted from above—idols in a temple. The other gallery does not bear comparison with this, though it has cost more, and may perhaps be worth as much (about one hundred and fifty thousand francs).

Modern paintings are not in great honor at Marseilles, and whenever an artist of talent is born there, you may pity him. Hunger will soon drive him toward Lyons, toward Paris, or even (such a thing has been known) as far as Constantinople. One may well be astonished that the rich merchants, when building in the town or in the country are prodigal of marbles, stuccos, rare woods, and precious metals, and are penurious only in art, which is the most beautiful luxury of life. I have visited by the sea-side very elegant country-seats, marvelously situated, well built, well furnished, carpeted with rare plants, surrounded by delicious fountains, peopled with miracles of birds, and disgraced by pot-house frescoes. One millionaire only has

had the courage to introduce artists into his house in Marseilles, and his villa at Montredon. Will the example be followed? I hope so, but I do not expect it. It is not impossible that the new generation may be seized with a curiosity for the arts, but if I am to trust my presentiments, it will take by preference to horses, carriages, and all the silliness of "sport."

Shooting is already in high honor in the neighborhood of the Canebière. It is pleasant to hear the Marseillaise themselves ridicule their passion for that noisy exercise. In fact, they are more noisy than successful over it, for game is almost impossible to find in the district. A sportsman will go off into the country with seven-league boots, and bring home a lark. Every château, every villa, every country-house, and even the most modest cottage, is provided with a snare for thrushes. This is an arbor of foliage surrounded by perches which await the bird. Woe to the poor creature that trespasses in the department of the mouths of the Rhone. Every tree on which it tries to alight, brings it under the fire of an enemy. It flees from one snare to another, in the midst of lead, noise, and smoke, until it falls dead, and a hundred sportsmen rush in pell-mell to dispute the prey. In the absence of thrushes, they shoot blackbirds; in the absence of blackbirds, sparrows; in the absence of sparrows, swallows. A swallow, they say, sells for four sous in the market. The country is depopulated of birds, for the Marseillaise marksmen have an eye that never misses its aim. If, in the deep quiet of a night in spring, the nightingale should imprudently raise her beautiful, clear voice, the sportsmen would soon take the field, and would not miss her.

I was not present at any of this unreal shooting, and I repeat what my friends at Marseilles told me on the subject. But I have seen with my own eyes the Marseillaise at the theater, and it is always an interesting sight. They are sincere lovers of music, like all the peoples of the South: I can not get rid of the idea that a trifle of affectation enters into the dilettantism of the North. The Marseillaise, then, are fond of music, and go to the opera for something besides saying, "I went there." Are they great connoisseurs? I would not swear to it. Is there really a public among them that understands it? I heard last evening an Italian parterre applaud the singers every time they shrieked too high; and the same phenomenon often occurs at Marseilles.

The pure and classical talent of Mme. Caroline Duprez meets with a hearty triumph there; but when M. Armandi is in voice, that is quite a different thing. M. Armandi is a more than mediocre tenor; we have seen him suffer shipwreck at the opera, in the character of Robert. In due time he came to Marseilles, and there, for the trifle of five thousand francs a month, he excites alternately the enthusiasm and the rage of the public. He is hissed and applauded in the same air; apples are thrown at him as well as bouquets; they praise him to the skies, and threaten to drown him in the harbor. The device of this public should be, "Thorough."

Dramas and vaudevilles are served up to it in a hall that is tolerably dirty, but always full; it is in fashion. I saw there the first representation of an unpublished drama of M. Alexandre Dumas, "Les Gardes Forestiers." The piece was an improvisation, but in more than one place might be felt the hand of the master. The public showed itself undecided until the end of the third act; would neither say yes nor no. It was flattered to learn that a man of talent and reputation had come from Paris purposely to offer it his first performance, but its suspicious vanity was not willing to be duped by accepting a rejected piece. Two or three excellent scenes completely reassured it, and proved conclusively that it was not being laughed at. Then began a mad demonstration of joy, a frenzy of admiration, which was not appeased three hours after the fall of the curtain. The name of the author was proclaimed in the midst of a shower of bouquets; the Workmen's Athenæum threw upon the stage a crown of gilt paper, as large as Saturn's ring; the director brought in, on a velvet cushion, a crown of massive silver; the author, dragged to the footlights, underwent a broadside of acclamations which almost threw him backward. He fled to his hotel; the whole hall followed him. An instrumental concert was organized under his windows. Willy nilly, he was obliged to appear at the balcony, go down into the street, listen to speeches, talk to the people, embrace the crowd; the town did not go to bed before three o'clock in the morning. There you have the Marseillaise, when they throw themselves into a thing. The next day, the piece did not pay its expenses. The Marseillaise had made their reflections, and they thought, everything fairly considered, that the drama which had made them tremble, weep, and

laugh, was too easily written. Still the bill of the Gymnase announced in large letters, "Les Gardes Forestiers, by M. Alexandre Dumas, member of the Workmen's Athenæum of Marseilles." The same day was given at the opera, "The Barber of Seville, by MM. Beaumarchais, and Castilblaze." I like that *Monsieur* Beaumarchais.

You would only half know the people of Marseilles if I forgot to tell you that they are the sworn enemies of the people of Aix. Athens was never more incensed against her neighbors at Ægina. Aix is a superannuated great city; she has undergone misfortunes; she still has traces of beauty. Especially she still has an Imperial Court, an archbishopric, and a little Sarbonne, which would greatly please the citizens of Marseilles. They ask themselves with some dissatisfaction why these things are not for sale at the market.

The inhabitants of Aix do no business and make no money. They have good names, fine houses, considerable chateaux, burdened with some mortgages. They look from pretty high ground upon the mercantile spirit and restless activity of the Marseillaise; they pride themselves on disdaining material things; they attend the lectures of the Faculty of Literature; their kingdom is not of this world; they are pure spirits; they are like the lily of the valley, which can neither spin nor weave, but wear white garments for all that. If all the towns of France were animated with that spirit, we should not be at the head of civilization.

You should hear the Marseillaise on the subject of their neighbors! I remember, one day, in the month of March, there was a score of us seated, all talkative, after dinner, in the conservatory of a chateau which overlooks the sea. The conversation had already gone two or three times round the world. One guest had told us how a certain Egyptian Pasha, desirous of heading his troops with European music, wrote to his correspondent at Marseilles to send him some. The merchant bought the most improved instruments and shipped them for Alexandria. The Pasha, delighted with the beauty of so many brass instruments, distributed them immediately among the most vigorous soldiers of his army, and bade them, under the penalty of the stick, play him something. They executed a cacophony so monstrous that they were lustily beaten and others sent for. After several experiments, equally unsuccessful, the Pasha con-

ceived doubts as to the quality of the merchandise which had been sent to him. He made a complaint; his agent protested that he had done his best, and a long correspondence ensued. At length it occurred to the Marseillaise to ask the Pasha if he had any musicians. "Parbleu!" replied the other, "if I had musicians I should not be in want of music."

Another had told us the much more recent story of that King of the Gaboon who wrote (also to Marseilles) to order some cuirasses. Upon their delivery he proceeded himself to make the first experiment; gathered together his council of ministers, put the armor on them with his own hands, stationed them in a compact group, and fired at the mass a cannon loaded with grape. Not only does the black monarch decline paying for the armor, but he demands the price of seven or eight excellencies injured by the cannon.

Aix was in its turn depicted to us in more fantastic colors than Egypt or the Gaboon. No one had gone there but had seen reaping in the streets, found tortoises in the public square, met sedan-chairs, heard the curfew rung at four in the afternoon, or brushed away some huge spider's web from the door of a shop. One of the company had made himself famous, some years back, by proposing to the municipal council of Marseilles to buy the houses of Aix for a score of millions, and to turn out all the natives. After this fashion, archbishopric, Imperial Court, and the three faculties would have had, willing or unwilling, to move to Marseilles. This idea, amusing enough in itself, would seem infinitely more comic to you, if I could transcribe here the gestures of the speaker, the liveliness of his expression, the brilliancy of his eyes, and all the wit, all the mirth, all the good nature, and all the humor which lighted up every face in the audience. M. Alexandre Dumas is perhaps the first talker in France—in this conversation he almost played the part of a dumb person. The Marseillaise eloquence of M. Berteaud had overwhelmed him.

Manufactures, commerce, and speculation divide the city of Marseilles.

Industry formerly dwelt on the tops of mountains, by the side of torrents, in the depth of forests; I think it is better placed in harbors. The sea brings the raw materials and takes away the manufactured products. The great workman, the universal motor, the coal which makes the hammers of the workshop ring,

is carried economically over the whole surface of the sea. Marseilles will shortly become one of the capitals of French industry, and its factories will make a din loud enough to wake Bordeaux.

Meanwhile, the chief branches of manufacturing in the city already employ some twenty thousand workmen. Abundance of sugar, oil, and soap are made here; for we are in the metropolis of the French grocery business.

Cane sugar comes to us from the colonies in boxes or in bags, in the form of blackish, grumous dust. The Marseilles refiners mix it, melt it, boil it, clarify it, dry it in loaves, and pulverize it again. They scatter on all the shores of the Mediterranean this white, crystalline, shining powder, of which the people of the South are so fond. The transformation of brown sugar into white used to take three or four weeks at the time when the voyage from Marseilles to Constantinople took three or four months. Now, steam, which can do every thing, transforms sugar in eight days, and transports it in a week, and our refiners turn over their capital every moment, so to speak. Of a hundred million kilogrammes consumed every year in the Mediterranean, Marseilles furnishes twenty. The Belgians and Dutch do the rest. Within ten years, if it pleases God, the whole market will be ours, and Marseilles will be in a condition to sugar the Mediterranean as if it were a simple cup of coffee.

It is not olive oil that is made at Marseilles: get that prejudice out of your mind. Olive oil is made in the country, on a small scale, in proportion to the crops, which are always moderate; it is almost a domestic manufacture. The mills of the city which run twenty-four hours a day, would crush in one moment all the olives of Provence. Olives are too unsubstantial food to put under their teeth; bring them vessels laden with sesame, earth-nuts, or cocoa-nuts; that is the food that agrees with them.

*Open, Sesame!* It is the phrase of Aladdin in the story of the Thousand and One Nights. At that magic phrase, the treasure cave opened wide. Who would have told us, when we were children, that the sesame, apart from all magic, contained inexhaustible treasures? It is a little grain from India, flat, long, and blackish. I have seen some mountains of it in the store-houses of Marseilles. They pass it into the rolling mill. *Open, Sesame!* A white oil issues from it, clear, and excellent for food. Then they roll it under enormous mill-stones of Scotch

granite. *Open, Sesame!* They submit it to the action of hydraulic presses, which break a column of steel as easily as a child breaks a toy. *Open, Sesame!* They crush it with hot rollers; they extract from it oil for soap-making, oil for lamps, and when they have exhausted it to the last drop, there remains a paste or cake, which still serves to fertilize the fields.

The sesame of Aladdin is called to the highest destinies. It will dethrone the earth-nut, the colza, the poppy, the beech-nut, the nut, and even the olive, when freight on vessels from India does not cost quite so much. The little grain will become a great one after the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez.

I can not leave the oils and sugars without speaking to you of a most interesting thing which I saw at Marseilles. In a dirty, smoky office, not even plainly furnished, there was shown me a widow, still young, who, attired in black, and with pen in hand, received the ambassadors of commerce. She managed profitably two extensive oil mills and an enormous refinery; bought and leased out large amounts of real estate north of the city, acquired a property worth a million francs in an adjoining department; discovered in it some iron mines; established blast furnaces; won a law suit brought by her against the communes along the river for a million and a half of francs; found a copper mine, the only one, perhaps, in France, and set about working it: and all this while rearing seventeen children, sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, to say nothing about grand-children. This remarkable and in no wise eccentric person, who managed with so little difficulty ten millions of francs, laid the foundation for the whole of her fortune herself. You see, consequently, what a near relationship there is between the grocery business and magic. *Open, Sesame!*

The manufacture of soap is not susceptible of much improvement, like that of oil and sugar. It has but slightly changed in the past two hundred years. It was mature at the time of its birth, like Minerva, when she sprang completely armed from the brain of Jupiter. The only modification worth mentioning is, that since the discovery of artificial soda, the oil of sesame has acquired citizenship in the realm of soap-making. The soap-factories, whose odors so disagreeably load the air of the whole quarter south of the old harbor, have preserved their ancient and primitive appearance. Imagine a vast hall, in which some



enormous cauldrons, heated by invisible fires, silently boil and foam. A short distance from them the soap is cooling in large reservoirs. The cutting it into blocks, the weighing and packing, are all done by hand, steam having nothing to do with it. These enormous buildings are temples of patriarchal industry and hereditary probity. The manufacturer's constant endeavor is to maintain the reputation of his brand, and that is no easy matter. The slightest adulteration of the oils he uses may spoil a vat-full of soap. It is especially to its soap factories that Marseilles formerly owed its reputation for filth and unhealthiness. Nothing is more nauseous than the process of soap-making. There is a liquid and solid residue left after it is made, which the Marseillaise of the golden age deposited at their doors, or allowed to drain into the harbor. The government no longer permits this liberty, but compels them to carry the liquid portion far outside the harbor, and the fetid, earthy residue to a distance from the city. Perhaps the soap-making interest will at some time be transferred to the suburbs. Should the manufacturers decide to move the distance of a few kilometers, they will save the cost of transportation and the city dues which now diminish their profits; they will restore to the well-to-do Marseillaise a handsomely-laid-out, well-built section of the city, which the stench now renders uninhabitable. Factories for making soda could be established in the vicinity, where a thousand workmen might labor for them. I do not stray too far from the grocery business if I mention that there are in Marseilles eighteen sulphur refineries and forty factories of Italian paste. There also are prepared those sweetmeats of the South which have given Castelmuro a reputation over all Europe. But the canal of the Durance, by enriching a loamy soil, has increased the beauty of the fruits, to the detriment of their flavor. The crop is more plentiful, and they are larger in consequence of being better nourished; but they have lost the delicate taste which distinguishes those produced in more barren soils. Fruits are like men—a little poverty makes them better.

I also saw at Marseilles truly a curious little machine, and if I mistake not, the only one of its kind. It was for the manufacture of bottle corks, where all was done by steam. I have sometimes seen a workman cut out corks from the bark of a cork tree with a sharp knife, and it seemed to me impossible that

such delicate work could ever be done by any blind or unintelligent power. But the machine which I saw seemed to be gifted with the intelligence of a human being and the skill of a fairy. If the locksmith, or rather jeweler, who invented it, had taken the precaution to be born two or three thousand years earlier, he would certainly have been ranked among the gods. I wish I could show you those little polished steel hands, how they seized a piece of the rough cork, turned it over and back, cut it into the shape of a cylinder, bevelled it off slightly in the form of a cone, stopped to see if it was all right, threw it aside if defective, retouched if necessary, and finally dropped it, a perfect cork, into a basket under the eye of the overseer. It is a real pleasure to watch these iron workmen, who labor so indefatigably from morning to night, with no other stimulant than a stroke of a piston, no other nourishment than an occasional drop of oil. I was informed that these little steel hands spoiled a fraction more of the cork than the great paws of a cork-maker. I can scarcely believe it, but, even if so, the saving of manual labor must largely compensate their waste.

I have said nothing of the minoteries of Marseilles, although they give employment to more than eleven hundred workmen, nor of the tanneries, nor the forges, nor the founderies, nor of those magnificent dockyards of La Ciotat. It is enough if you have seen from what precedes that the citizens of Marseilles have the good sense to take the lead in commerce and manufactures. Let us speak of commerce. The old harbor of Marseilles is excellent, the new one is good enough; the third, now being built, will be passable. The city will soon have a protected water surface equal to one hundred and sixty hectares. It would not require much more to shelter the entire commercial marine of the Mediterranean. The harbor privileges are sufficiently great to attract navigators from all parts, and even offer competition to those of Trieste. Foreign vessels touching at Marseilles are exempt from all port dues. French vessels are subject only to certain charges for registry and clearance. Merchandise upon which the primary duty is less than fifteen francs per one hundred kilogrammes, may be imported by the way of Marseilles free from the extra charge of ten francs per one hundred. The right to the city warehouses, which everywhere else is one year, is here two years, and may be extended even further.

These little facilities produce very great results. The bonded warehouse of Marseilles received in 1856 eight millions and a half quintals, by measurement, representing property valued at four hundred and seventy-nine millions of francs. This is almost four-ninths of the goods received at the warehouses throughout France. The same year the revenue from the custom house at Marseilles gave a total of more than thirty-six millions five hundred thousand francs. On the 31st of December there were eight hundred and eighty-two sailing vessels owned in the city, registered at one hundred and one thousand two hundred and forty-two tons. But the real source of her future greatness and wealth lies in her steam marine. You would be astonished if I should tell you all about a company, unpretending, and making little noise, which has its offices at Marseilles, its boats at La Joliette, and its dockyards at La Ciotat. It controls a capital of thirty million francs, transports two hundred and thirty thousand passengers, and sixty-seven thousand tons of merchandise in its vessels, which traverse a distance of three hundred thousand leagues, and all this with little ostentation or heraldry. You can get some idea of the variety and magnitude of its operations when I tell you that every year there is sent to its address at Marseilles alone, more than forty thousand letters.

I refer, of course to the Company of the Messageries Impériales, which was first started on the 8th of July, 1851. Up to that time the transportation of dispatches, passengers, and freight on the Mediterranean was the privilege of the post office department. Its vessels, generally slow, traversed only about ninety thousand leagues, and realized, in 1847, a deficit for the year of four millions and a half, exclusive of the general expenses, the interest on the capital invested, the insurance and the depreciation of property. Not more than twenty-seven thousand passengers and nine thousand tons of freight were transported by it. The law of the 8th of July, by substituting the activity of private interest for the stagnation of official routine, increased almost ten-fold the number of passengers and quantity of freight; and this miracle has been accomplished in less than ten years.

I traveled, seven years ago, in the boats of this Company, and I can therefore estimate the progress which has been made. The old hulls, bequeathed by the department, have been cast aside. The fifty ships which now plow the waves of the Medi-

terranean, form, of themselves, a fine navy. They do not make five leagues an hour, like the *Le Valletta* and *Le Vectis* of the Peninsular Company, but they average ten knots, no matter how heavily loaded, or what weather. The passenger will find all the comforts of life on board, but, above all, that cleanliness so peculiarly French, which any one who has made a voyage or two under a foreign flag can highly appreciate. Lastly, their commanders are gentlemen, no more wolfish than you or I.

The Company, which provides for everything, employs screw steamers for the direct routes, and side-wheel steamers for the voyages along the coast. Travelers pressed for time do not stop to think of the rolling of the ship, but the young couples spending their honeymoon traveling from Marseilles to Genoa, from Genoa to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Civita-Vecchia, and from thence to Naples, sleep in a more stable equilibrium between the large wheels of the paddle steamers.

Rapidity of transportation has given wings to the commerce of Marseilles. Every day steam monopolizes more and more of the coasting trade of the Mediterranean, which is becoming a Marseillaise lake. It is not worth the while to enumerate here the various kinds of merchandise which the city exports to the East; the eight pages of a newspaper would hardly suffice for the list. I prefer to tell you, in short, that the merchants of Marseilles sell everything. In exchange they import the raw products of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, the harvests of America, Africa and India, cotton, leather, spirits, sugar; but before and above all, every species of grain. I have just said a word about the oil-producing grain, but a book could be written concerning the importation of those that are edible. France made five wretched crops between 1852 and 1857. Who nourished us meanwhile? Marseilles. The Canebière has, in six years, seen pass from it more than thirteen millions of loads of grain. In the beginning of the year 1856, when the harvests of Russia were blockaded in the Sea of Azoff, when the mercury of our markets went up higher and higher, the merchants of Marseilles ran to Naples, and to Alexandria, and emptied the granaries of Egypt, and of the Sicilies.

During this advance in prices, the end of which no one could foretell, speculation in grain rose to a most dangerous height. The trader sought for it even at the source, and paid no matter

what price, sure of selling it again at a profit. Indeed, while the cargo was on its way, wafted by a prosperous wind toward Marseilles, it was called for in the market, sold, resold—always with an increase in price—until it sometimes changed hands twenty times before it reached the harbor. Between the buyer and the seller stood the broker, a cunning man, interested in multiplying the transactions, and increasing the prices. These cargoes of grain frequently passed through so many hands that the sale realized only enough to pay the commission upon it. One of the principal brokers of Marseilles, a young man, who veritably has a genius for the business, gained in one year one million two hundred thousand francs.

This wild speculation of the citizens may have occasioned failures, and affected trade, but let us not forget that it furnished us with bread.

It was unavoidable that the return of more prosperous times and the consequent fall in prices of all kinds of food, should affect many of these dealers. The financial crises affecting certain branches of trade are the inevitable consequences of the development of credit. Our fathers were not acquainted with them, but they knew perfectly what a famine is.

Speculation in government and manufacturing stocks is comparatively a recent thing in Marseilles. Nevertheless, it is calculated that between the first of January, 1855, and the first of January, 1858, more than a hundred million francs worth of stock certificates were sold in Marseilles alone. By stocks I mean those possessing a value, such as government funds, railroad stocks, and guaranteed bonds. Up to that time the board of brokers had carried on a thankless business. The members were in the habit of negotiating stocks of very little value, on account of penniless speculators. They sold interests in mines whose locality even was doubtful, in turf-pits equally hard to find, and stocks of banks without foundation. At last, capital was obliged to hide itself in the deepest recesses of the cash-box whenever a broker came in sight. It is truth to say that the company of brokers, composed of divers elements, offered but few guaranties for safety. Seats at the board were offered at fifty thousand francs without takers; ten brokers out of every twenty were obliged to suspend. In addition to the regular board, another of curb-stone brokers had been organized, with a president

and place of meeting. The public, without meaning to injure the regular board, began at last to look upon these outsiders in the same light as the others. This by no means pleased the regulars, who did not wish to be compared with men of such poor credit, so deeply in debt, and so covered with judgments. It happened, luckily for the reputation of the place, that the new board of officers directed their attention to this state of affairs. The president himself, M. Paul Blouet, was a young man of energy and integrity, and at once commenced legal proceedings against the factitious board. The legal tribunal condemned the whole set as if it had been one man, and thus freed the corporation of this parasitical and compromising competition.

The dispersion of the curb-stone brokers was succeeded by attacks upon the entire class of unlicensed brokers, who then found employment in the requirements of trade. This class was composed principally of hard-working, sober men, moderately supplied with money, doing a fair business, and admitted to the best society. They were quietly followed up, more with the idea of compelling them to procure licenses than with the hope of entirely exterminating them. Every one of them was forced to purchase one of the seats then vacant, and in the end the board was left without a rival.

These men being reliable, managed their business in an honest manner. Stocks of local value were never allowed to be quoted at rates on time, but only as sales for cash. Investments on a large scale, like those on the Paris exchange, were the result. Stock transactions daily increased in magnitude, until to-day the cost of a seat at the board, which was offered not long ago for fifty thousand francs, is now worth from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty thousand.

It is only necessary to visit Bordeaux, Lyons, or Marseilles, to discover that the brokers' boards of provincial cities, if well managed, tend to draw away stock speculation from one central point. Formerly Paris was the only market. Orders to purchase or sell were sent thither from the whole of France. The provincial agents had been appointed only for the sale and purchase of notes and bills of exchange, precisely like the merchandise brokers; in proof of which they are still classed with them, and are under the supervision of the Minister of Commerce. The brokers of Paris, who engaged only in transactions in stocks, were placed

in a special category, and under the supervision of the Minister of Finance. Whenever any individual at Marseilles, Bordeaux, or Lyons wished to buy or sell some stock, he was obliged to apply to the Receiver-General, who directed the completion of the transaction at Paris through the agency of a broker. But since the regulation of the provincial boards, stocks can be bought and sold equally well at Marseilles and at Paris, and the merchants of Bordeaux or Lyons can speculate on the rise and fall through their own brokers, without the trouble of communicating through the Receiver-General. This change is much more important and serviceable to the provinces than would be supposed at first sight. In times of political crisis or financial panic the collections of large numbers of orders for sale at one point have a direct tendency to depreciate credit and enhance the decline. Their distribution through the provincial markets, by dividing the blow, lessens its severity.

It is exactly a year since I blamed with all my power the Municipal Council of Bordeaux. I reproached it with being rich from ill-gotten gains. I charged it with a niggardly management of the funds of a wealthy and powerful city, and blamed it for seeming to creep along in the road to luxury and progress in which all the rest of France, imitating Paris, was rushing at a gallop. Of all the virtues, economy is certainly the most stupid and uninteresting. Whenever an expense is necessary, it should be incurred, without bargaining or waiting. I know a man who is compelled to travel six months in a year, and who makes it a principle never to pay too dearly for anything. This habit of beating down saves him about ten francs a day, and detracts more than a hundred francs' worth from his happiness. My grandfather was a very worthy farmer, but most careful, to his misfortune as well as mine. He possessed at the "Reign of Terror," twelve thousand francs and six children. By chance an opportunity occurred to purchase at a low rate the chateau of the village, and a large adjoining domain, now worth at least a million of francs. My grandfather was not such a fool as to buy. He prudently held on to his money, and when he died, in 1845, the twelve thousand francs were found safely locked up in a chest. I, myself, and I profess to be no more economical than any other man, saw, a few days ago, in a shop at Rome, the dagger of Trivulcius, a memento well authenticated, and of the

greatest interest. The scabbard, at least half a yard in length, was of bone, and bore the name of the original owner, his portrait, the likeness of Louis XII., and also of an unknown female, whose name seems to be ignored by history. This beautiful weapon was for sale at only one hundred and fifty francs—it was worth at least four times that sum. I allowed it to be carried off by a second-hand dealer in Paris. What should I have done? I waited, like my grandfather, with this difference, that the one hundred and fifty francs will never be discovered by my heirs. No one would ever think of practicing economy, who is fully aware of this incontestable fact, namely, that gold and silver are depreciating almost imperceptibly day by day, while human labor and ingenuity are increasing in value. The seven and a half Louis, which I so stupidly kept in my drawer, are already worth something less than last week; while the dagger of Trivulcius, in four or five hundred years, will be worth ten times its weight in gold.

If economy is ridiculous in private individuals, it is almost a crime when practiced by a government. The wealth and greatness of a country do not come from the quantity of silver hoarded up by its sovereigns, but from that which has been judiciously spent. The money which is expended alone remains, the money which is treasured up will in the end disappear. The authorities in the rural districts do not accept this creed, because they belong to the same school as my grandfather, and choose to be mean for the present, without regard to prospective advantages. Panurge went a little too far in his Salmigundian kingdom, but there was more sense in the little finger of Panurge than in the body of a whole parliament. The habit of cutting down appropriations, and especially the systematic procrastination of useful works, have cost France very dear. If the railroad from Paris to Marseilles had been completed a few years earlier, the port of Trieste would never have attained its present wealth at our expense. The improvements which are now being so rapidly made in the crowded quarters of Paris, could have been effected for one half the outlay in 1758. They will cost ten times as much, if the delay of official routine postpones them, from year to year, until 1958. It follows from this, that in all works of ornament or public utility, nothing is more prudent than to be precipitate, nothing is more economical than outlay.



History, from whose judgment of the acts of governments there is no appeal, looks with little favor upon the millions they have hoarded. It regards Galba as a miser, and holds Vespasian far removed from the odor of sanctity. The extravagances of Louis XIV., although somewhat selfish, have left a more pleasant souvenir than the meannesses of Louis XI. For this reason, if we wish to be blessed by our children, and admired by posterity, we should expend all our revenues in great and useful works: it will be the best investment.

We say then that the city of Bordeaux drew too little from her revenues to pay for improvements. It is true the previous centuries have left her but a small task. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Marseilles, who had everything to accomplish, worked like veritable magicians for the glory of their country. They postponed nothing; they began ten things at a time, took the lead in the useful, the ornamental, and the imposing. Two harbors, a canal, a city hall, an imperial residence, an exchange, a cathedral, a zoological garden, were the results. Do I forget anything? Nothing, except the widening of the Rue Noailles and Rue d'Aix. It was a slight expenditure of nine millions, that widening of the Rue Noailles, and of seventeen millions for the other; twenty-six millions of francs spent for the simple purpose of allowing carriages to pass more freely at the entrance of the city. Louis XI. and people of his class would decide un-animously that they were crazy.

I allow that at the outset, this apparent madness completely astounded me. I asked myself—Is not this young and energetic Marseilles blindly squandering its present and future resources—would it not be wise to give her a judicial in place of a municipal council? The city treasury has answered my question. Expenses the most enormous and apparently the most unwise, become trivial when he who incurs them is on the high road to prosperity, when all his undertakings are successful, and silver thrown from the window returns immediately by the door in the form of gold.

The private enterprises that flourish so well at Marseilles fully prove the truth of this assertion. The directors of the theaters pay annually seventy-five thousand francs for rent, five thousand francs a month to the principal tenor, two thousand five hundred to the basso, four thousand francs to the *prima donna*, and every-

thing else in the same proportion. Nevertheless, they deposited in bank seventy-five thousand francs as profits for the year 1857. The concert gardens of the Casino and l'Alcozar display a degree of luxury which is almost ridiculous, which would astonish the inhabitants of Paris; but the more they spend, the more they make, and the folly of their extravagance seems to enrich them in no time.

The shareholders of the zoological garden bought their grounds in 1855. They paid for them one hundred and eighteen thousand francs, in addition to the expenses for buildings and animals. But the income, the receipts for the year 1857 alone were ninety-five thousand six hundred and sixty francs; that is, the capital has almost wholly returned in one year, as happens in the culture of flax.

But to pass from small things to great—the result is the same. The expenses of the city increase every year rather too fast, but what matters it, if the receipts are always one or two millions in advance? In 1855 they spent nearly ten millions, and received in return more than twelve; the next year, for eleven expended, there were thirteen returned. In 1857 the expenses seemed outrageously large, being eighteen millions and a half, but the receipts were almost twenty millions. Do you know that there are countries in Europe whose whole budget is not so large as that? In any case I know of none making such rapid strides in prosperity.

Everybody has so much confidence in the ultimate destiny of Marseilles, its resources are so well known, its financial integrity so established, that it can borrow whatever sum it pleases. Every loan it has authorized has been taken up at once by the inhabitants at a most moderate discount: four and a half per cent. for by far the largest portion. Its financial report can be balanced in a few lines, and it will prove the wisdom of the government. The city, by laws passed at various times, is authorized to borrow forty-three million two hundred and fifty thousand francs. It has availed itself of only thirty-five million seven hundred and fifty thousand francs; it has already reimbursed eight million nine hundred thousand francs, so that the debt is really only twenty-six million eight hundred and fifty thousand francs. Poor! why any man who has an income of twenty thousand francs, and spends only eighteen thousand five hundred, can contract twenty-seven thousand francs of debts without incurring

any legal restraint. He would be permitted to run in debt to thrice this amount, if he had any reason to expect a future bequest. But my Marseilles is the son of commerce and manufactures, and possesses in the future an incalculable legacy—has no limit to its expectations.

The principal item of expense has been the construction of the Canal of the Durance, which cost nearly thirty-five millions and a half; but the sale of its waters gives already an annual profit of four hundred and fifty thousand francs, without mentioning the improvement in the sanitary condition of the city, and the gain from the laying of the dust in the streets, and the general improvement of the neighboring country. The expenses for the construction of the harbors have been shared by the city, the department, and the state. The city will be the first to realize the benefit. The building of the cathedral will be expensive. How much? No one can tell. The estimate for the foundations is about one million three hundred thousand francs. But then the Bishop of Marseilles can no longer officiate in a village church. The state has appropriated two millions and a half to this object; the city will furnish four, one to come from the revenue, three from the sale of the lands at La Joliette. The city hall will cost four millions; but this the department pays for. The Exchange is to cost six and a half millions, but the chamber of commerce assumes nearly the whole of the expense. The city is to furnish a subsidy of six hundred thousand francs, payable in ten years. Why, it has granted no more than the dirt from the streets!

The construction of an imperial residence has been begun south of the old harbor, on the square of La Réserve, near that village of the Catalans whom Monte Christo has rendered celebrated. For a long time past, this village has been but a mere name. This republic of fishermen, who have all come from abroad, talks about emigrating. Is it because of the conscription for the navy? Is it because the fishes have left our shores? I can not say. But their little port looks always deserted, and their whitewashed cabins are nearly empty. In that solitude the guttural sound of a Spanish word is rarely heard. One must wander a long time among its ruins before coming across a bronze-visaged old woman at a threshold, picking over the head of her grand-child.

The Marseillaise spend their revenue like sensible people, perhaps not very artistically. As men of spirit I stand ready to award them every degree of praise justly their due; but in the matter of art I should not go to them for instruction. The appreciation of the beautiful is the result of education rather than a gift of nature, and the Marseillaise have not yet directed their attention that way. They lack that traditionary love of art which is preserved in certain cities of France, as Lisle, Valenciennes, Dijon, Grenoble, and Lyons; I will include even Bordeaux. The new edifices of Marseilles can hardly be considered models of architecture; you can find them of equally pure style at Washington or Cincinnati. In front of the new Exchange, which is conspicuously ugly, you can see an executioner showing to the people a freshly decapitated head. It is the statue of Puget, sculptured by M. Rameis, and presented to the city by a grand seigneur of Jerusalem. The museum has some good paintings, but they are neither well arranged, well lighted, nor well cared for. It is for this cause that I complain of the municipal council of Marseilles. It is too bad that of the two picture galleries, the first is badly lighted, the second is not lighted at all. One regrets to see enthroned in the place of honor five or six daubs of the modern school, while the *Mercury* of Raphael, painted in the Farnesine style by M. Ingres, is hung just under the ceiling, in the darkest corner of a gloomy room. Finally, those who have been employed to restore them are almost as unscrupulous as our Parisian vandals.

Do you know what municipal privilege is most highly prized in the provinces? that on which they pride themselves the most? that which they defend with the most obstinacy against the encroachments of the capital? I will tell you. It is the right to tear down a handsome edifice for the sake of building an ugly one. To choose a bad statue out of ten good ones. To make night and day in a museum. To appoint a professor of drawing who does not know how to draw. This ambition is by no means peculiarly French; the same thing can be observed at leisure throughout civilized Europe, and it has been contributing for a number of years to the decline of art which we now witness. In every city of ten thousand souls the principal men unanimously declare, "We have the right to spend our money as we please in patronizing art. No human power shall prevent

us from sailing our ships broadside on, provided the cargo belongs to us."

A Bavarian who was living at Rome told me the following anecdote. I will give you the whole of it, although it has little to do with Italy, or even Marseilles, but simply because it touches a question that interests educated men of every country. Listen attentively, for it is the Bavarian who speaks:

"I was born at Niguenau, a city of twelve thousand inhabitants, situated sixty miles from Munich, and the chief city of that province. My fellow-citizens were all in good circumstances, having acquired fortunes by manufacturing cotton stuffs and porcelain dolls. Their chief pleasure consisted in eating sausages and drinking the beer of the country, which is really excellent: they know nothing better or more worthy of a man's ambition than to drink beer and eat sausages. Nevertheless, as the study of art has been rather fashionable in Bavaria for a number of years past, and as everybody's attention was directed to it in Munich, the most respectable citizens of Niguenau, in order to maintain their rank in the kingdom of art, appropriated yearly some thousands of florins for its encouragement. They employed a sworn architect, who was charged with the repairs of the public buildings, and to repaint them red. They had a museum, whose contents were picked up by chance, but chance is sometimes lucky. Finally, they supported, in one way and another, a professor of painting. In conformity with the municipal axiom, 'Give none of the money of the commune to a stranger,' the professor, the superintendent, and the architect were all natives of the province. These three persons depended for their living upon the burgomaster, and consequently looked to him alone. It happened, however, that the burgomaster was a most excellent man, a skillful physician, and one of the most intelligent individuals in Niguenau, but in matters of art a perfect ass. Consequently he was all the more jealous of his prerogative, and arguments relating to art were the only ones to which he would not listen.

"The administrator of the province (he would be called prefect in France) was a connoisseur whose taste had been refined by travel, life at Munich, and his intercourse with great artists. For this reason they were careful not to consult with him. Finally, when he obligingly ventured to give a little good advice,

the burgomaster wrapped himself up in his official conceit, and replied in terms of most studied impertinence, 'Monsieur, the Prefect, no doubt knows more than we do, and we are persons liable to be deceived, but Niguenau is rich enough to pay for our blunders, and I can assure you it shall not cost the government one kreutzer.'

"When the question arose as to rebuilding the city hall, which had almost tumbled down in ruins, the burgomaster and his architect devised a kind of diminutive Grecian temple, surmounted with a gothic bell-tower, and surrounded by a balcony in the Swiss style. The prefect accidentally saw the plans of this hybrid edifice, and could not suppress his surprise. With the utmost suavity he was answered, 'The city pays for it.' About the same time the superintendent of the museum, who had never touched a pencil in his life, stepped in front of a painting by Perugino. We have only one, but that is the gem of the collection. That animal (excuse me for not using a more respectful term) took it into his head that the painting was too yellow, and accordingly set to work scraping it with some instrument until at last he came down upon the wood. Perceiving that he had made that place a little too clear, and in order to remedy his clumsiness, he spread over the whole surface he had thus whitened a coat of bitumen. Then remembering, luckily, that the painting originally had certain portions light and others dark, he fell to scratching with his penknife where he thought there should be strong lights. The prefect surprised him in the midst of his labors, and shouted with anger. His first impulse was to kick him over, but finally contented himself with demanding his discharge. 'You will excuse us,' replied the burgomaster, 'but this officer is of our appointment; we pay him.'

"The professor of painting in the school of the commune died about this time. He never knew any thing in his life, and for twenty years had taught the young people of Niguenau a style of painting *à la pommade*, to the admiration of their relatives. The prefect persuaded himself that this lucky event was likely to preserve the taste of the city. He wanted to call from Munich an elderly man, who was talented, a favorite at the exhibition, honored by several rewards, and yet sufficiently modest to prefer an established position in the provinces to the precarious life of the capital. But the burgomaster and his councilors had another

candidate in view. This was a young man, a native of the place, who had distinguished himself by some happy efforts at the age of twelve. He had been sent to Munich with an income of three hundred florins, in the hope that he could gain the Roman prize, and thus confer luster on the city of Niguenau. He had done as well as he could, considering his age of thirteen years, and yet had not gained even a second prize. The reason was, not that he painted in the pomatum style, but that he sketched his pictures with the point of a nail. He was unanimously elected by the city council, and the burgomaster, as in duty bound, informed the prefect. 'Your lordship,' he said, 'will appreciate the sentiments which have inspired us. We alone have carved out for this young man a pathway in the realm of art, by furnishing him with the means to study. As he has not succeeded, it becomes our duty to furnish for him the means of subsistence.' 'But why,' answered the prefect, 'because this young man has proved his want of capacity at Munich, do you give him a place which should be filled by a competent person? You can not be aware of the evil an incompetent professor of drawing can do in a country, and what a deplorable influence he can exercise upon the public taste.' 'We alone run the risk,' replied the burgomaster; 'besides, it is we who pay him.' Morbleu! has a man the right to poison his children under the simple pretext that he has paid for the poison?

"These three ignoramuses—the architect, the superintendent, and the professor—had just gained this triumph over the prefect, when the King happened to be traveling in that direction, and stopped at the city. You very well know how gentle the disposition of the King was, but also that he was a devoted admirer of art, and decided when a question of taste was concerned. He called the burgomaster and his councillors to his hotel, and addressed them as follows:

"My good citizens, you imagine that you have a right to build hideous buildings, ruin the pictures in your gallery, and deprave the taste of your children, because your master of drawing, the superintendent of your museum, and the architect of the city are paid out of your own revenues. This mistake exists in all the chief places of my kingdom, in consequence of which there are not ten men with any amount of good taste outside of Munich. It is high time to remedy this error. Henceforth I wish all the

public edifices to be designed by my own architects, that all the superintendents of the museums gain first an established reputation at the capital, and that all the professors of painting be appointed by my minister, as the professors of Greek and Latin in the royal colleges are chosen. You may raise the objection that these gentlemen are appointed by you because their expenses are paid by you; so says the law. But the law also says that when an officer is paid by the state, or a city, the right to make the appointment rests with the government. For this reason, from this day forth, I shall appropriate one florin a year for the support of the architect, the superintendent of the gallery, and the professor of drawing at Niguenau, and they shall be appointed by me.'

"Since this act of regal power, there has been a city hall built at Niguenau, against which no objections can be raised, the pupils at the school of design no longer turn out daubs, nor make their original designs with nails, and the museum is well lighted, well kept, and admirably arranged; under each picture there has been painted the name of the artist, and the period when he lived. The gems are properly hung in the most conspicuous places, so that the public can be instructed at once what it is their duty to admire; and if the collection is not the most valuable in existence, it very well compares with the one at Munich."

The translation of this conversation from the German has taken me so far away from Marseilles, that, upon my word, I am almost tempted not to go back to it. I shall have done very well, however, if I have succeeded in these few pages in convincing you of what it took me ten days to study out. I have told you what I think of the Phocians, both good and bad, and I am sure you will agree with me, that the amount of good largely preponderates. Now, if you please, we will return to Rome, and enter it on foot. If I had concluded to go in the guise of a pilgrim, with knapsack on my back, like the artists of the good old times, I should have had all the more landscapes to describe to you, and adventures at the little country inns to relate. But I left in a steamer of the Messageries, at ten o'clock in the evening, promptly to the minute, and debarked at Civita Vecchia, thirty hours afterward, without having been the least sea-sick. That is all the history I can give of my sea voyage. The scenery round me did not change for one moment; every-



thing about me was blue. If needful, I could paint you the portraits of my fellow-voyagers; but then I could say nothing but in praise of them; and besides, as they were not public men, their affairs are none of your business. There was one of them, however, whom I recall with too much pleasure, not to devote a few words to him. This was M. de Baillencourt, colonel of the 40th regiment of the line, one of the most agreeable, gentlemanly, disinterested men I ever met in any country. I have always had an admiration for soldiers; a singular taste, you may say, for an author who so prides himself on his philosophy. Fudge! I know as well as you that man was not placed upon this earth for the sake of killing his fellow-men. Energy, courage, and intellect, have a thousand other ways of finding employment more useful and more dignified. I shall not enter into a discussion on that score. But I love soldiers for all that, and the reason is beyond my comprehension. I love them for their good qualities and their faults, their intelligence and their ignorance, their magnanimity and their eccentricity, but especially for that perpetual youthful feeling which distinguishes them so much from the rest of us. What fascinates nurses, grisettes, and oftentimes fine ladies, is a uniform. What attracts me in a soldier, no matter what rank he may hold, is the strange, honest simplicity, the generous ignorance of wrong, the ingenuousness which is preserved under a uniform, even to old age. My distinguished companion on that voyage is still young. I think he graduated from the school of St. Cyr at the same time with Marshal Canrobert. And yet he is an old soldier. He adored the army as our common country, his regiment as his family, and his flag as if it were the church of his birth-place. The sight of a number upon a coat-button made his heart beat with emotion. When we landed at Civita Vecchia, he shouted with joy on recognizing one of the men of his own regiment. He told me, at the same time gently stroking his moustache to subdue his feeling, "tomorrow they are to bring me my colors, with the full band at the head of the column." This man of good parentage, this man of the world, had procured a leave of absence for a month, for the sake of visiting his family, from whom he had been absent several years. On his return to his regiment, at the expiration of the term, the flag mania, if we can so call it, had attacked him.

At Civita Vecchia I took the mail carriage, like a man of

means. It costs two or three francs less to travel by it than the diligence—if a man knows how to manage—and transports you much more quickly. I firmly believe—may God pardon me for the assertion—that we made the journey in seven hours. My four horses thundered over the streets of the Eternal City, with an amazing jingle of bells, and deposited me in the Place d'Espagne, where I took leave of them. I was at home: at least I had but two or three hundred steps to mount.

## II.

### M Y I N N.

CHARLEMAGNE was lodged in the palace of the-Cæsars upon Mount Palatine. This imperial hostelry, which the barbarians respected until 800, is no longer inhabited. There remains but heaps of stones, where even the owls with difficulty find a comfortable nest.

Charles VIII., when he made his triumphal escapade, dwelt at the end of the Corso in the great Venetian palace, so ugly and so black, where the Count Colloredo gave the finest fêtes of Rome.

Montaigne was encamped at the Hotel de l'Ours; pedants are no longer encountered there, but plenty of drivers.

Our divine Rabelais, lodged at the same sign, but, they came very near giving him the finest apartment of the fortress of Saint Angelo for nothing. The father of French wit would have been well situated there to ratiocinate at leisure upon the manners and customs of the island of Sonnante.

Nicolas Poussin lived near here in front of the Church of the Trinità dei Monti, two steps from the beautiful fresco of Daniel de Volterre, which he held at so high a price, and which the French government once thought to place in the Louvre.

The President de Brogues, at the time when he was councilor and when he showed such strange figures on his carriage-door, lived in the Place d'Espagne. M. de Chateaubriand kept himself at the French Embassy, and Mad. de Staël in the clouds.

I, poor devil, am better lodged than so many illustrious Frenchmen, and from the two windows of my observatory I see things from a loftier point of view.

I have just counted again the steps which raise me above the

Place d'Espagne, where the strangers have their rendezvous. They number three hundred and twenty-seven; not one more or less. A hundred and thirty-five carry you to the level of the Academy of France, add seventy-seven to the soil of the garden, for the garden is in the second story, like the palace of Semiramis. Finally you will, with great effort, mount still one hundred and fifteen steps, before entering into the Turkish chamber, which is mine.

You can not miss the door—we are at the top of this winding stair, on the summit of the right bell-turret. The only lodgers above me, from time to time, are the crows perched upon the roof. An iron crescent traced above my lock, announces to you that you will enter into Turkey, and that this (porte) <sup>chambre</sup> door is great-grand cousin of the Sublime Porte.

An H and a V, designed upon the key, indicate to you that it was made for M. Horace Vernet.

For my inn also has sheltered illustrious guests. It is the ancient Villa of the Medicis. Galileo was detained here, if tradition be true. The prison of the great astronomer is a beautiful and marvelously situated chamber. I wish that every martyr for truth may have a like dungeon.

It was in 1803 that the French Academy, founded by the munificence of Louis XIV., was transported away from the tumult of the streets to the Villa of the Medicis. Since the removal, almost all the great artists of our country have lived in this palace and dreamed under its fine trees. David, Pradier, Delaroche, M. Ingres, and M. Vernet have written their names upon its walls.

The first aspect of the palace is grand and majestic, but without many ornaments. From a distance the arms and flag of France may be recognized above the door. The only luxury of the entrance consists in an avenue of evergreens and a jet of water falling into a large vase. You pass between the door posts of antique marble, very rare and very beautiful, but very modest; they are not there for less than six thousand francs.

The porter is in appearance one of the finest types of the Roman race; tall, large, well-made, full-faced, a fan-shaped beard, he carries with dignity the cane of the tambour-majors and the Swiss of the establishment. He is an important man; he has his servants; his son kisses his hands every time that he

enters or goes out. Fête-days, when he is in full livery at the doorway of the Academy, the idlers form an admiring circle around him. He allows them to come, but by squads, to avoid confusion. Every five minutes he gently motions them away with his cane, saying to them in a paternal tone, "Enough ; you have had your look—let the others come !"

The first story is occupied by the large and magnificent reception rooms, adorned with the finest specimens of Gobelin tapestry, and in all points worthy of the grandeur of France. Continuous and dependent upon it is an admirable vestibule, adorned with antique columns and statues modeled after the antique. But the greatest affectation of the house is the back front. It ranks among the *chef d'œuvres* of the Renaissance. One would say that the architect had exhausted a mine of Greek and Roman bas-reliefs to adorn his palace. The garden is of the same epoch ; it dates from the time when the Roman aristocracy professed the most profound contempt for flowers. Nothing is seen but groups of verdure, laid out with scrupulous care. Six green swards, surrounded with hedges breast-high, spread out before the Villa, and allow the sight to extend even to Mount Soracte, which shuts in the horizon. To the left, four times four squares of grass plot are enclosed within high walls of laurel, gigantic box and evergreens. The walls meet again over the alleys and envelop them in a fresh and mysterious shade. To the right, a terrace of a noble style encloses a wood of evergreens, split and twisted by time. I sometimes go there to work in the shade, and the blackbird rivals the nightingale above my head, as a fine village singer might compete with Mario or Roger. A little further, a rustic vineyard extends quite to the Pincian gate, where Belisarius is said to have begged. At any rate, a stone is there to be seen, adorned with this celebrated inscription—*Date obolum Belisario*. The gardens both small and great, are sprinkled with statues, with Mercuries, and marbles of all kinds. The water flows into antique sarcophagi or gushes out from vases of marble. Marble and water are the two luxuries of Rome—we know them only by reputation in Paris.

This fine property of France has in the rear, throughout its whole length, the ramparts of the city. It is bounded on one side by the promenade of the Pincio, on the other by the French

Convent of the Trinity. As it overlooks all Rome, it takes it in with a single glance of the eye.

The Academy practices hospitality largely. Its gardens are public; its galleries for study, and its sittings for models are accessible to the young artists of all countries; its salons are open once a week to all French of good society; its territory is an inviolable asylum, where the Roman police has not the right to pursue an accused person.

The artists who by competition obtain the right to complete their studies there, have not all the same talent, although they have obtained the same prize. If each of them returned to France in the state of a man of genius, France would not know where to put them, and this excess of our glory would cause us great embarrassment. But it may be boldly affirmed that a residence of some years in such a dwelling, and in such a country, is never useless for the development of a man. An unpretending life, without the care for daily bread; the strict obligation to labor, joined to an absolute liberty of the laborer; the spectacle of the finest scenery, of the grandest buildings, and the most picturesque inhabitants; the neighborhood of the richest collections; the perpetual contact with the souvenirs of a past more living than the present—all this makes the Academy the healthiest dwelling in the world. Necessarily I must be convinced of this, since I have placed myself here as a lodger.

To all the excellent things I have enumerated, add the penetrating calmness which emanates from the Eternal City—a certain spirit of peace and harmony, of steadiness and dignity—which insensibly affect the most troubled mind. In this inhabited solitude, which extends from St. Peter's to St. John of Latran, the souvenirs of military life appear as distant to us as the dreams of a stormy night. He who beholds the agitation of Paris without mingling in it, perceives the same astonishment, the same uneasiness, and the same disdain as when he sees a whirling carnival-ball, without hearing the violins.

The blustering journals which deafen the Parisians do not get to Rome; the most celebrated loafers and the most distinguished artists are not even known; the patois of the petty press will not be comprehended. One works at his ease, and without excitement, in honest meditation, without suspicion of what may be

said, without regard to the passing caprices of the public, with the eyes turned alternately to nature and to the great masters.

Rome is, after Athens, perhaps the city of the world where one is least amused. Still the young people themselves avow that there is nothing more attractive. The first experience of the pensioners of the Academy is to become *ennuyée*, as at a task, and to count the days of exile that separate them from Paris; they all depart with regret, or rather are torn away.

It may be said of Rome what a critic said of the greatest poet of antiquity, *C'est avoir profité que de savoir s'y plaire*. The elevated pleasure which a great city gives, is not enjoyed at the end of eight days. A copy of the *Guide Joanne* was shown me, enriched with manuscript notes by a drumming clerk. This fine bird of passage had written on the margin at the article on St. Peter's at Rome, "I have seen better than that." I do not know precisely where he could have seen better, but I excuse these blunders in an eight days' traveler.

The Pope Gregory XVI., who was a spiritual old man, willingly gave audience to strangers. He regularly inquired how long a time they had been in Rome. When they answered "for three weeks," he smiled shrewdly, and said, "*Allons! Adieu!*" But if the traveler had passed three or four months in the city, the holy father said to him, "*Au revoir!*"

In fact, all those who have known Rome long enough to enjoy it, are possessed with a desire to return there, as if they had forgotten something of themselves. They know each other, or at least they recognize each other after ten minutes' conversation. They exchange a masonic grip of the hand, as men who have loved the same person at some years' distance, and who have been equally well treated. Finally, they rendezvous on the Forum, the Vatican, or at the eternal Plaza d'Espagne.

The actual director of the Academy, M. Schnetz, came here for the first time in 1816, nearly half a century ago. He made the journey on foot, following the excellent example of artists of that time. Since the day of his arrival he has not quitted the city except with the intention to return. He has lived here twenty-four years, and he finds it short. M. Schnetz is seventy-two years old, but he would not be suspected of more than sixty; the climate of Rome is as favorable to painters as to pictures. This excellent man has preserved all the vigor of both body and

mind; he surveys rapidly, and with an equally assured step, the ruins and the souvenirs of the city. No Frenchman better knows the Romans, or is better known. The indigenous nobility look upon him as belonging to them; he has the same train as the princes, and the same opinions as the cardinals. His interior life, except the days of representation, is also of a Roman simplicity. I breakfast with him, and I dine with the pensioners. The only difference between his repast and that of his pupils, is that one is served on the second floor, and the other on the first.

Perhaps it is time to invite you to enter into my chamber. It is not the largest in the house, but I can make seven steps in it, in a straight line, which is all that is necessary for my work. The cupola (I have a cupola) is so high that the air never fails my lungs. M. Horace Vernet had it painted in oriental style from designs copied in Algeria. Tradition has it that the birds of every color which fly over the luster are from the hand of this master. If this be true, the swallow of the Café Foy would have a sister here. The walls are covered with a porcelain paint, the freshness of which pleases me exceedingly. The entrance of the alcove is cut out *à la Mauresque*, between two great bouquets of fantastic flowers. There are Arabic inscriptions over the bed, the door, and the windows. You may sleep upon the carpet, stretch yourself out upon one of these two divans, or you may sit down in the arm-chair, but do not touch this little table; it is here that I make my prose, in front of Mount Mario.

I can not say why I am attached to this window rather than to the other; it is probably because the sun comes into it later. That looks nearly to the south; this almost west. I see the six plots of the Academy in their frames of evergreen; the Lincian comes next; then the green country, the yellow Tiber, and a row of quite low hills. Mount Mario is covered with trees, which my traveling drummer might compare to umbrellas, the pines resembling opened umbrellas, and the cypresses closed umbrellas. I see, to the right, the Villa Borghèse, and to the left the obelisk in the Plaza del Popolo. To sum up, very little of Rome, and not enough of country. Still, when the sun makes his bed in the black clouds marked with great red spots, I regret that all my friends are not here to see them with me.



When I place myself at the other window, I see four-fifths of the city. I count the seven hills, I run over the regular streets which extend between the Corso and the Piazza d'Espagna; I number the palaces, the churches, the domes, and the towers; I lose myself in the Ghetto and in the Trastevere. I do not see the ruins as much as I would wish; they are collected there, on my left, in the environs of the Forum. Still we have near us the column of Antonius and the Mausoleum of Adrian. The view is agreeably closed by the pines of the Villa Pamphilli, which unite their large parasols, and make, as it were, a table with a thousand feet, for the repast of giants. The horizon extends at the left to an infinite distance; the plain is naked, undulating, and blue as the sea. But if you place yourself in the presence of so extended and varied a spectacle, a single object will attract your regard, one alone will strike your attention; you will have eyes only for St. Peter's. My traveling drummer had seen better. I defy him to have ever seen anything so grand. From the greatest distance Rome is seen, it is St. Peter's that outlines the horizon. Its dome is half in the city and half in the heavens. When I open my window, about five o'clock in the morning, I see Rome bathed in a feverish mist; only the dome of St. Peter's is colored by the rosy light of the rising sun. I remember that, one day, in going from Syria to Malta, I saw Sicily at a distance of forty leagues; it was magnificent weather, at the close of day. At least, I was shown a large and high mountain, which seemed to have its roots in the sea. It was *Ætna*, that raises itself above Sicily as St. Peter's above Rome. We did not see Sicily, but we saw *Ætna*.

One grand fête day (it was, I think, during holy week) I met a greatly scandalized man in front of St. Peter's. He was a worthy Normand, peaceful by nature and education, and an old municipal counselor of the city of Avranches. When I saw him shrug his shoulders, and take the sun to witness, I could not refrain from saying, "What is the matter?"

"What the matter? for two hours and more, torrents of people have entered the church, and still there is no crowd in it. The building is too large. These people have not good taste, and they exaggerate every thing."

"Alas! sir," I answered him, "what say you of the parsonage? The Vatican is but a dependency of the church, and it

has been constructed with the same exaggeration. It contains not less than twelve thousand rooms, thirty courts, and three hundred flights of stairs."

"Absurd, truly! It is like that church which they have taken me to see, two or three kilometres from here."

"St. Paul's, outside the walls of the city?"

"Precisely. It is much too large, and out of all proportion to the necessities of the location."

"I believe so! The parish is composed of an inn and two drinking-shops."

"We, sir, when we constructed the new church of Avranches, took our measures so well that there was not a mill spent uselessly."

"I compliment you upon it. But it may be said, as an excuse for the Romans, that they have constructed St. Peter's and St. Paul's, not for parish churches, like that of Avranches, but as central churches for the whole catholic people."

Fine as Rome may be, such as I see it from my window, I imagine that it was still more astonishing three hundred years ago. St. Peter's was not then built, nor any of the edifices which we most admire; but antiquity was living and flourishing, in spite of the invasion of the barbarians and the pillages of Alaric. According to statistics of the sixteenth century, recovered by the Cardinal Mai, and cited by M. Ampère, the great city then enumerated:

Three hundred and eighty large and spacious streets; forty-six thousand six hundred and three houses; seventeen thousand and ninety-seven palaces; thirteen thousand and fifty-two fountains; thirty-one theaters; eleven amphitheatres; two capitols; nine thousand and twenty-five baths; five thousand common sewers; two thousand and ninety-one prisons; eight large gilded statues; sixty-six ivory statues; three thousand seven hundred and eighty-five statues in bronze; eighty-two equestrian statues in bronze; two colossi.

If any think these figures improbable, they do not know the Romans—a nation excessive in everything, and more exaggerated in their actions, than the Greeks themselves in their words.

There are days when I look from my two windows, and see nothing but rain and clouds. Bad weather is worse here than anywhere else in the world. When the wind is from the south-

west, the accursed sirocco begins to blow, long leaden clouds collect in the west, and men and animals are seized with a peculiar discomfort. Over the uniform level of the sea and the land the African wind rolls tumultuously, without meeting any obstacles. Rome is the first resistance which it encounters upon its road. It whirls and whistles around the seven hills, and one would think that the houses were shaken by its concussion. The clouds are heaped one upon another, like mountains piled up by a Titan, to the summit of the vault of heaven. Soon they form but one compact mass, by which daylight is obscured. Then everything bursts, and thick, uniform, exhaustless torrents descend blusteringly upon the city. The wind always blows, brings up new clouds, and fills up the reservoirs of the skies before they are exhausted. Thunder sometimes has a part in it, and water, winds, lightnings, the shocks which cause my chamber to tremble, make for me a finished picture of a ship beaten by the tempest.

The storm also sometimes threatens, passes and disappears without leaving any trace, like a sovereign who is awaited in a city, but who only stops to change horses.

Some one knocks at the door of my observatory: it is a visit for me. The visitor is a man of good sense, although he is not exempt from certain aristocratic prejudices. He installs himself, makes cigarettes of Turkish tobacco, and smokes a full half hour without ceasing to talk. His conversation gives me pleasure and fear at the same time. He offers to teach me all he knows about Italy, but then he defies me to write a book which has common-sense.

"If you would trust to me," he says, "you will devote three or four months to the study of Rome, without regarding either its paintings, statues, ruins, or anything that strangers come here to see. You assuredly have not the intention to repeat that which all the travelers have written: furthermore, the Italy of to-day has nothing in common with antiquity, the middle ages, or the Renaissance. Devote yourself to the examination of the institutions, the manners and characteristics,—it will occupy you a long time if you seek the truth. Try to see all for yourself—count not upon the French nor upon the Italians to inform you. The French observe little, and the division of occupation—to which I have the honor to belong—is not composed of philosophers. We will tell you much good and

much ill of the Italians, according to the house where each may be lodged. We will also tell you some foolish things. One of our soldiers speaking to an Italian, and furious at not being understood, cried out, shaking his fist, 'What? stupid! We have been here nine years and you do not yet understand French.' Every now and then we fall into the reasoning of this soldier. Speak with Italians, and in their tongue, when they can not express themselves in yours. The Roman nobility, commencing with the Holy Father and the Cardinal Antonelli, know French almost as well as you. Still the uneducated Italian is not entirely himself when he does not speak Italian. Furthermore, why should you deprive yourself of the pleasure of hearing this beautiful, harmonious language? To come to Italy to converse in French, is like going to the opera without hearing the music. Go on foot in the streets and try to never know your way; luck will conduct you into good places. If you enter a church, do not regard only what is there; observe also what is said and what is done there. Engage in conversation with every one you meet. You are not in England; do not wait for some one to introduce you to a mason to question him; he will answer—I will not promise you that he will tell you the truth, neither he nor any one. All the Italians, rich and poor, are by nature suspicious, for they have almost always been duped. You will have a good deal of trouble in drawing a yes or no from your interlocutors. Do not be discouraged if you are closely watched, and if an evasive answer is made when you ask what o'clock it is.

"Roman society is divided into three classes—the nobility, the plebeians, and the middle class, which fluctuates between the two. The nobility is hospitable, and will receive you if you desire; but there is little to be said of it. The princes of the Church and the Roman princes long ago put an end to it by nepotism and cicisbeism. The Cardinals are poor, and the fine ladies go about without lovers.

"The plebeians are more curious to observe, but they are known already by the works of the artists, who have met with the most picturesque manners in seeking the picturesque in figures and costumes.

"What is still more interesting and the least known, is the middle class. It is very extensive; it includes all that which is

neither noble nor mendicant, from the most unpretending merchants of the Corso even to the ancient ministers of 1848. All the lawyers, all the doctors, all the employés, and the minister himself, when he happens not to belong to the prelacy, make a part of this intermediate world, which comes into no contact with that of the great. It is the middle class that progresses, works, excites, and threatens. It made the revolution of 1849; it can do better, it may do worse. There is much to fear and much to hope from that sort of people. Where do you meet them? They live by themselves. Many of them pass half the year in the fields. They are called country merchants; they cultivate the lands of the nobility, pay enormous rents, yet grow rich without seeming so. I have been assured that many of them are intelligent and upright, but I doubt whether their company suits you, since you can have but few ideas in common. Supposing that the great people should permit you to frequent their society; supposing that this middle class consents to receive you, it will be more than difficult to go with both at once. They do nothing in the same style, nor at the same hours.

"Nevertheless, granting that you have the patience, the talent, and the good fortune requisite to fathom Roman society, it will be but a step forward. Rome is an exceptional city, that resembles no other. Neither Italy, nor the Roman States even, should be judged by it. It is a magnificent sample, but the piece is of quite another stuff."

"No matter," replied L. "Let us begin by knowing Rome. It seems to me, that if I come out here with credit, the rest will go of itself, and cost me little effort."

### III.

#### THE PLEBEIANS.

THE foreign nobles who have visited Rome in their carriages know but little of the small world which I am about to describe. They remember having been harassed by yelling rascals and followed by indefatigable beggars. They saw only hands open to receive; they heard only shrill voices screaming for alms.

Behind this curtain of mendicity are hidden a hundred thousand persons, almost indigent, but not idle, and hardly earning their daily bread. The gardeners and vinedressers, who cultivate a part of the suburbs of Rome, the mechanics, the laborers, the domestics, the coachmen, the models, the itinerant merchants, the clever vagabonds who look for their supper to a miracle of Providence or a lucky number of the lottery, compose the majority of the population. They almost subsist during the winter, when strangers sow manna over the land; in summer they draw in their waistbands. Many of them are too proud to ask five sous of you, none are rich enough to refuse them if offered. Ignorant and curious, simple and subtle, excessively sensitive, without much dignity, ordinarily more than prudent, but capable of the most glaring imprudences; extreme in friendship and hatred, easily moved, with difficulty convinced; more open to feeling than ideas; habitually sober, terrible in intoxication; sincere in the practice of an excessive devotion, but falling out with the saints as readily as with men; persuaded that they have little to hope for on this earth, but comforted at times by the hope of a better, they live, in a somewhat murmuring resignation, under a paternal government, which gives them bread when there is any. The inequality of conditions, more

apparent in Rome than at Paris, does not drive them to hatred. They comprehend their unpretending lot, and congratulate themselves that there are rich people, so that the poor may have benefactors. No people is less capable of self-direction, and the first comer easily leads them. They have played the part of supernumerary in all the Roman revolutions, and more than one has fought well without comprehending the piece which was performed. They have so little faith in the republic, that in the absence of all the authorities, when the Holy Father and the Sacred College had taken refuge at Gaëta, thirty plebeian families encamped in the palace of Cardinal Antonelli, without breaking a glass. The reëstablishment of the Pope under the protection of a foreign army did not astonish them; they looked for it as a happy event and the return of public tranquillity. They live in peace with our soldiers when our soldiers do not interfere with their households, and the French occupation disturbs them only when they are personally incommoded. They are not afraid to plant the knife under the uniform of a conqueror, but I will answer for it, that they will never celebrate the Sicilian Vespers.

They plume themselves upon their direct descent from the Romans of great Rome, and this innocent boast appears to me well founded. In fine, they are great bread-eaters and very fond of shows. They treat their women as the female animal merely, leaving not a mill at their disposal, but spending everything themselves; every one is the dependant of the dependant of a patrician. They are well built, robust, and capable of giving a blow from the shoulder that would astonish a buffalo; but there is not one who is not looking for a way to live without work. Excellent laborers when they have not a cent, impossible to get hold of while there is a crown in their pocket; honest, unpretending, simple-hearted people, but convinced of their superiority over the rest of mankind; economical to the last point; chewers of dry peas, till they come upon a glorious chance to spend their savings in a single day; they hoard, sou by sou, ten crowns in the year, with which to hire a prince's box at the Carnival or a coach to show themselves at the fête of the Divine Passion. It is thus that the Roman populace forgets the past and the future in the Saturnalias. Their hereditary want of foresight is explained by the irregularity of their resources, their periodical holidays,

and the impossibility of attaining, without a miracle, a better condition. They are wanting in several virtues, and, among others, in delicacy; that was not in their heritage from their ancestors. They are not deficient in steadiness and self-respect. They drag themselves into no vulgar jests or low debauch. You will not find them gratuitously insulting a *gentleman* who is passing, or using an indecent expression before a woman. That class of degraded men, called the *canaille*, is absolutely unknown here—the ignoble is not a Roman commodity.

I passed the whole of yesterday in the plebeian world; it was Sunday. As I descended the staircase of the Academy, I met a begging friar. These are the plebeians of the church. He bowed to me politely, without knowing that I belonged to the house, and stopped to offer me his snuff-box.

"Many thanks," said I, "I do not use snuff."

"So much the worse," he replied, smilingly.

"And why?"

"Because, if you had accepted my pinch, you would have given me some pence for my convent."

I smiled, in my turn, and said to him, "Never mind, I will give you what you want, but on one condition."

"What is it?"

"It is that you will conduct me to the Farnese Gardens, and answer my questions by the way."

"Willingly! I have nothing else to do before breakfast. I have just carried in my last salad."

"What salad?"

"What will be eaten at the Director's table this evening?"

"Why, father, do you sell salad?"

"No, I present it to the benefactor of our order. The Academy, like most of the other great houses, gives us alms every month, and in exchange for the kind attention, we bring a salad here every Sunday."

He related to me, on the way, all the small trades which he practiced gratuitously for the profit of the benefactors of his order. He extracted teeth with a certain dexterity—he stood for a head or beard in the studios of the painters—he attended, candle in hand, the interment of great personages. The profession of the mendicant monk is not a trade of indolence. They are the confidants and familiar friends of the lowly, and the very humble,



very devoted servants of the great. The people listen to them willingly because they are also of the people. They preach in the Coliseum, in the squares, in the streets, in very common language, the hand on the hip, and with perfect plainness. If a coarse word would add force to their rhetoric, they throw it out unreservedly.

"It is just this," said my walking companion to me, "we know little about the telegraph, or steam, or gas, but we know enough to give good advice."

An old woman here cut him short, by calling his name.

"Father," said she, "my number has not come up: give me another. Next Saturday noon the Roman drawing begins."

He pushed her away with his hand, saying, "Walk off with yourself! Wouldn't it be better, when you have ten cents, to buy a loaf and a bottle of wine, which would give you strength, than to lose everything in the lottery?"

"Pardon me," replied the woman, "I should eat the bread, and drink the wine, and hunger and thirst would be back again directly, while, with my ticket in my pocket I am a rich woman till Saturday."

The Capuchin turned his back without a reply. "Sir," said he to me, resuming his walk and conversation, "they will never get it out of their heads that we are in the secret of the lottery. If I were to make up lucky numbers for all who apply for them, there would be none left for myself."

I undertook to question him upon the revenues of his order, and the receipts that may be made by a capuchin in a day. His reply was like that of La Fontain's cobbler:

"Sometimes more, sometimes less. Formerly," said he, "I was in a convent of Tivoli; I begged from the country people, and received alms in kind. On such travels one must go far and sweat much, to get a little. I made four journeys a year in the order of the harvests. On the first trip they gave me wheat and cocoons; on the second Indian corn and beans; at the third wine, and oil at the last. In each village the benefactor of our order offered me hospitality, and kept my small collection, which the convent steward afterward sent for. At Rome, charities are almost always made in money. When I pose in a studio, they are good enough to give me the price of a sitting for a model. When I pull a tooth, the generous patient makes me a present of a ten-

cent piece. When I follow a nobleman's funeral, I bring back five cents and a candle. When an artist wants my elegant boxwood rosary, I rarely come back to the convent without a crown. And, lastly, when I place my little stock of knowledge at the disposal of a pious and charitable stranger, I am almost sure that he will drop twenty cents into this money-box."

Mendicancy is and will be flourishing in the capital of the Christian world. It can not be interdicted, nor limited, since it is a perpetual provocation to the exercise of one of the three cardinal virtues. Every appeal to charity has been permitted there since the earliest days of the Church. The cripple has the right to show the passers-by the pitiful nakedness of his limbs. The Romans, solicited on every hand, satisfy all according to their means, and the precepts of alms-giving. Rich and poor give much. Ostentation goes, perhaps, for something in the exercise of so costly a virtue, but the native kind-heartedness of the people has also its share.

Of all the beggars who swarm in the city, the most honest and the most useful are certainly the begging friars. But it is said that they have the disagreeable habit of entering everywhere, without warning, of penetrating abruptly to the back shop, and begging, in a tone of authority embarrassing to the young and timid.

We will return, if you please, to the Place Farnese; it was there that my distributor of salads left me. Travelers who are eager to behold the imposing pile of the Farnese Palace, its cornice designed by Michael Angelo, and the two fine fountains which play before the façade, may go there at all times. But it is on Sunday morning that I go by choice. On Sunday the country people come into Rome. Those who seek work for their arms, come to hire themselves to the country merchants, that is to say, the farmers. Those who are hired, and who work beyond the walls, come to look after their affairs and renew their provisions. They come into the city at twilight, after walking a large share of the night. Each family leads an ass, which carries the baggage. Men, women, and children, urging on the ass in front, establish themselves in a corner of the Place Farnese or the Place Montanara. The neighboring shops are kept open till noon by special privilege. They go, they come, they buy, they crouch in corners to count the copper change. Meantime the asses stand

on their four feet around the fountains. The women, dressed in their cuirass corset, with a red apron and a barred vest, frame their ruddy faces in a drapery of very white linen. They are like pictures, without exception; when it is not for the beauty of their features, it is for the simplicity of their attitudes. The men have the long, sky-blue cloak and pointed hat. Beneath these their working-clothes do wonderfully well, though of partridge color, reddened by the weather. The costume is not uniform; more than one gray cloak is pieced with bright blue, or a madder red. The straw hat abounds in summer. They are capricious in the matter of shoes; boot, shoes, and sandals successively tread the pavement. The unshod may find large and deep shops, where the desired merchandise is sold. There are shoes of all leathers and all ages among these treasures for the feet; you may find buskins of the year 500 of the republic, by looking well for them. I have just seen a poor fellow who was trying on a pair of top-boots; they fit his legs like a feather in a pig's ear, and it was comical to see the grimace which accompanied each attempt to put his foot to the floor. But the shopkeeper's eloquence kept up his courage.

"Don't be afraid," said he, "thou wilt suffer for five or six days, and then thou wilt think no more of it."

Another merchant measures out nails by the pound, the customer himself drives them into his boot soles; there are benches *ad hoc*. Along the walls five or six straw chairs serve as shops for so many barbers in the open air. It costs one cent to fell a beard of a week's growth. The patient, well smeared with soap, looks with resignation at the sky: the barber pulls his nose, puts his fingers in his mouth, stops to sharpen his razor on a bit of leather fastened to the back of the chair, or to break off a corner from the black loaf hanging on the wall. Still the operation is soon finished, the shaved man rises, and his place is refilled. He might go and wash at the fountain, but he finds it easier to dry himself with his coat-sleeve. The public writers alternate with the barbers. Letters which have been received are brought to them; they read them and write the reply—total, three cents. As soon as a country fellow approaches a table to dictate anything, five or six curious neighbors press closely round him, for the more perfect hearing. There is a certain good nature in this indiscretion; each one puts in a word, each gives his

council. "Thou shouldst have said this;" "No, better say that;" "Let him speak for himself," cries a third, "he knows what he wants to write better than you."

Some wagons, loaded with barley and corn-cake circulate through the crowd. A lemonade dealer, armed with a wooden squeezer, crushes lemons into the glasses. One frugal fellow drinks at the fountain, making an aqueduct of the brim of his hat. The gourmand buys festal viands from a small booth, where odds and ends from some kitchen are sold by the handful. For one cent the retailer fills a scrap of newspaper with hashed beef and the bones from a cutlet. An added pinch of salt sets off the commodity agreeably. The buyer looks to his bargain, not as to the price, which is invariable, but as to the quantity; he adds to the heap some scraps of meat, and he is not interfered with, for no bargain is concluded in Rome without chaffering.

Monks and hermits pass from group to group, begging for the souls in purgatory. I think to myself that these poor laborers have their purgatory in this world, and that it would be better to give them money than to ask it from them; they give, however, and without waiting for importunity.

Sometimes a ready talker amuses himself by telling a story. A circle forms round him, and as the audience grows, he raises his voice. I have seen among these story-tellers some delicate and spirited physiognomies, but I know nothing so charming as the attention of their audience. The painters of the fifteenth century might have taken from the Place Montanara the disciples whom they grouped around Christ.

Music distracts me from the conversation; I run. You know, perhaps, that but little music is heard in Rome. The common people sing almost as false as the Athenians, and with the same nasality. I find myself here, before a blind guitarist, a lame violinist, and an old *prima donna* of the streets, who make as much noise as two Barbary organs. I bought their lamentation, for it is printed by permission. I might translate it for you from beginning to end, but you will understand the libretto, when you have read the title page:

TRAGIC EVENT,  
WHICH OCCURRED AT BURGUNDY.  
DRAWN  
FROM THE HISTORY OF MARGUERITE,  
QUEEN OF THE SAID CITY.

It is unnecessary to add that it is the story of the Tour de Nesle—in Italian Tour de Nesler. They who think that Florence is in England, because Englishmen come from Florence; they who ask which of the two is the largest, France or Paris, do not find it difficult to persuade themselves that Marguerite was queen of a city called Burgundy, and that her husband strangled her last year.

I was still laughing at it when I observed near a booth where cigar stumps were sold at wholesale, a countryman, more than forty years old, who was weeping without speaking a word, or even wiping his eyes. His face was of a commonplace ugliness, and his grief did not serve to embellish him. Two or three men of his own age pressed round him in the attempt to comfort him. In one hand he held an open letter. I approached, and asked him what was the matter, for the indiscretion of these good people is contagious. He listened stupidly, without replying.

One of the bystanders said :

"It is a letter which he has received from his mother!"

"Well?"

"She is dead!"

"Simpleton, since she writes she is not dead."

"Oh, sir!" interrupted the sufferer, "it is the same as dead. But read!"

He offered me his letter, and I read it aloud, slowly, for it was ill written and full of faults in orthography, but antique in style and resignation. The poor fellow, to whom one of the writers of the place had already spelt out the sad news, repeated each word after me with a deep, tranquil sorrow, his tears continuing to run.

This is what his mother had written :

"My son, I write you these lines to tell you that I have received the viaticum and the extreme unction. Hasten, then, to come back here, that I may see you once more before I die. If you delay too long, you will find the house empty of me. I tenderly embrace you, and send you my maternal blessing."

What say you of it? For me, I do not believe that the heroines of old Rome could have faced death more bravely, and do not suppose this to be an exceptional courage. The Romans look upon natural death as a debt to be paid; they dislike everything which may hasten the time of its falling due. They say with a very original simplicity, "I don't like bathing, people are drowned; I don't wish to ride on horseback, one might fall; I shall not go to the war, one might be in the way of a bullet." But when old age or sickness gives them the signal of departure, their knapsacks are soon packed. I shall relate some curious things on this head when we come to speak of death, and you will see that there are good lessons to be learned in this country.

I returned his mother's letter to my rustic, slipping a crown into his hand. He did not think of thanks, but he began again to look through his tears at the sorrowful writing which he could not read.

When the cannon of Saint Angelo sounded noon, every corner of the Place Montanara was crowded with sleepers. Each family formed a heap of magnificent rags, worth a fortune to a painter. The barbers and public writers begin to fold their arms; the neighboring taverns clear themselves; the bakeries, which have not been empty since morning, lose their crowds, and a little silence comes after so much noise. But let a priest go by, with the retinue attending the viaticum, every sleeper wakes with a start, and, hat in hand, falls on his knees.

I quitted the Place Montanara to pay a visit to the Ghetto, but ask me not what way I took. I have forewarned you that I never know my way. I have an idea that the Place Farnese is somewhere near the Chancery, where fell poor Count Rossi. I think I am sure that the Place Montanara is nearly at the foot of the Tarpeian Rock; the Ghetto borders, in some part, the Tiber. There are few straight streets in Rome, except between the Corso and the Piazza d'Espagne. All the lines run zig-zag, and half the city must be demolished before a Rue de Rivoli can be drawn. The Tiber, which has no wharves, winds so capriciously that one meets it every where. You discover its yellow waters here, through a door; there, by an open window. You think you have turned your back upon it! Not at all; it

is there before you. Look for a boat or a bridge; they may always be found.

Thanks to my favorite system, I often occupy half a day in discovering the house where I happen to have business; but the adventures by the way make up for lost time. What makes Rome the most agreeable city in the world, and the very best to live in, is that there is always something new to be found. Old men of a hundred years, who have never left it, still make discoveries at their very door. The complication of the streets, the mystery of the divisions, adds to each discovery the charm of surprise. I begin to relish that Roman delicacy which is called the uncertain. Uncertainty here is the main-spring of society. How many there are who exert themselves only in the hope of the uncertain! A servant would allow you to cut off a hundred francs from his yearly wages, rather than renounce the forty or fifty francs of *bonne main* which compose the uncertain in his revenue. A coachman drives you not for the stipulated forty cents, but for the five or six cents of *pour boire* which he is not certain to get. What is the lottery, if not the temple of the uncertain? When I am accosted in the streets of Rome, I am almost always in a condition to reply like Esop: I do not know where I am going. Nevertheless, I never miss the Ghetto, because I smell it from afar.

Before involving myself in its streets and its odors, I took care to breakfast. That is not an easy operation in Rome, for want of restaurants. There are, it is true, the *tables d'hôte* of the large hotels, and three confectioners, who will serve you if it suits them, but all that belongs to the neighborhood of the Piazza d'Espagne, and we are far away from there. Faith, said I, internally, since I am up to the neck in *la Plèbe*, I will even breakfast in plebeian fashion, and the first fruit shop shall be my restaurant. I had soon found what I looked for. At a turn in the street, a large stall, in the open air, offered to my choice ten gilded mountains, in large dishes of copper, tinned and covered with gothic inscriptions. Two steps away an enormous stove was sputtering; the wares were hot and tempting. I got a small loaf of the nearest baker, a glass of lemonade at the next fountain; fried fish, fried artichokes, and fritters furnished a glorious repast. I have, perhaps, never breakfasted better in Rome, since the frying was in oil, without intermixture with the strong

butter, which poisons every thing. Oh, ye magnificent herds of the Campagna Romana, large, white, gray-striped cows, what butter is produced from your milk! The cooks of Paris have a saying that spinage is *death to butter*; at Rome, on the contrary, it is butter that is death to spinage.



### III.

#### THE GHETTO.

I HAD washed my hands in the fountain, and was drying them in the sun, when the murmur of a sniffing voice attracted my attention. Following the direction of the sound, I was soon led to one of those innumerable madonnas which the devotion of the Romans has caused to be set up in all the walls. Four men of the humbler class, three advanced in years, and one still young, were kneeling in the dust, with their faces toward the wall, and were muttering piously the litanies of the Virgin. Here human respect is no restraint, and Christian souls are little disturbed by the reflection of what men will think of them.\*

A little farther on I found the middle of the street inundated. Two laborers were working a pump to draw the water from a cave. Inundations are as common in Rome as fires are rare. The houses are seldom burned down, for the apartments are large and sparingly furnished, and fire is rarely used; perhaps another reason is, that the ground-floor is constantly kept damp by the passers-by. The soil beneath the city is traversed in all directions by thousands of aqueducts and water-pipes, that supply the private residences and the public fountains. The neigh-

\* Some scruples disturbed my mind as I reviewed this passage; yet strangely enough, another incident, analogous in character, occurs to me.

One beautiful evening in the month of May, I met, at the hour of the *Ave Maria*, a procession of persons of the humbler classes, about eighteen or twenty in number. They were singing, bare-headed, an Italian hymn in honor of the blessed Virgin.

While I was inwardly admiring this act of spontaneous devotion, I was interrupted by an irascible person near me, who with vehement gestures shouted aloud (it was Prince Publicola, of Santa Croce), "What an impudent rabble! Will they not cease deafening our ears? Have they not well earned the thirty sous which the parish pays them for edifying strangers!"

boring mountains send their pure water to Rome by the shortest course, and that from a remote antiquity; for the muddy liquid of the Tiber has never been fit to drink. Water abounds on the estates of private individuals, as well as in the public squares. It comes sometimes in such quantities that they might speak of torrents discharged into lakes, as at the fountain of Paolina and that of Trevi. If Naples hangs over a volcano, Rome stands over a thousand rivers. When I return to the Academy a little late, I hear only the sound of water in the deep silence of the night. But the aqueducts are liable to eruptions, and hence we have pump-makers in the city.

I entered the Ghetto by the Place of the Synagogues. Of these congregations, installed in two houses, there are five for the four Jewish rites in the city, namely, the Italian, the Portuguese, the Spanish and the Sicilian. The synagogues are clean and unpretending; but their parishes are filthy enough to make one shudder.

Certainly, the sewerage in the capital of the Christian world is capable of much improvement. The streets are allowed to become dirty, and too little attention is given to cleaning them. The windows are too often opened to let fall unmentionable things. The quantity of linen drying along the houses and the palaces makes the stranger believe that he is entering into the metropolis of the laundry business. Yet you see only lilies and roses there after a visit to the Ghetto. In the Christian quarters of the city, the rain washes the streets, the sun dries up the impurities, the wind carries off the dust; but neither rain, nor wind, nor sun can clean the Ghetto; that would require a flood, or a conflagration.

You have, perhaps, heard how prolific the Romans are. You do not meet a woman in the street without at least one child in her arms. But at the Ghetto it is another thing. There the children are born in clusters, and every family composes a tribe. If we may believe the last census, there are four thousand one hundred and ninety Jews in this valley of mud. They live in the streets, standing, sitting, lying in the midst of rags. One must look well before him, or he will commit infanticide at every step. Their appearance is ugly, their color livid, their physiognomy degraded by want and misery. Still these wretches are

intelligent, apt at business, resigned, easily provided for, and irreproachable in their manners.

The existence of a colony of Jews within a few steps of the Apostolic See is a curious anomaly. It would be more curious still had the colony prospered. But it has not. The Ghetto is poor, and I will tell you why it will be so always. A Jew can neither be a landholder, a farmer, nor a manufacturer. He can sell new articles and old ones, can repair and renew the latter, but would violate the law were he to manufacture a chair, a waistcoat, or a pair of shoes. Restricted to trade, the Jews sometimes succeed in making a fortune, but they at once emigrate to places where the laws are less severe, and people more tolerant. They send their property to Leghorn, and in proportion as private individuals grow rich, the Ghetto becomes poor.

Still the present government is not cruel, nor even severe. The rigid laws of former times are being gradually modified by the progress of the age, and the kindness of the popes. Jewish blood was not shed in Rome during the middle ages, when it inundated Spain and the French provinces. The papal government preserved the Jews as a specimen of an accursed people, doomed to draw out a miserable existence until the consummation of the ages. It was content to keep them at a distance, to humble and to despoil them. They were penned up in the valley of Egeria, two miles from the gate of St. Lawrence, and more than a league from the inhabited portion of the city. That was a long way off. About the fourteenth century this rigor was relaxed, and the Jews were permitted to inhabit the Trastevere. Between 1555 and 1559 they took a new step. Paul IV. established them in the Ghetto. The gates of their prison were closed every night at half past ten in the summer, and at half past nine in the winter. If any one entered at a later hour, it was only by purchasing the favor of the soldiers on guard. The owners of their dwellings were devoted catholics or religious communities, who thought it a work of piety to fleece the Jews without pity. This abuse excited the compassion of Urban VIII. He deemed it an act of provisional justice to fix, once for all, the rate of rents. Such a house was to be let for ten crowns, another for fifteen, on a perpetual lease, transferable to the most remote posterity. In consideration of ten crowns the owner was obliged to make all necessary repairs. Urban VIII. died two

hundred and thirty-four years ago, and the imprudent measure has still the force of law. The consequence is, that rents have risen everywhere but in the Ghetto. There the Jewish tenants live literally at the expense of their landlords. One was pointed out to me, who is maintained by an Ursuline convent. He rents for thirty crowns one of the largest and most eligible houses, and sub-lets it for fifteen times as much, that is to say, for four hundred and fifty crowns.

As the building is not new, the Ursulines have to pay a hundred crowns annually for repairs. They are consequently under the necessity of appealing to the courts to compel so burdensome a tenant to keep the house in repair at his own expense, without paying rent. Our Jew resists the demand like a good fellow. His lease is the patrimony of his children—his daughter's dowry!

Since 1847 the gates of the Ghetto have been demolished, and no visible barrier separates the Jews from the Christians. By law, if not by custom, they are permitted to reside in whatever part of the city they please. Some of them regret to see that the owners of houses in the better quarters of the city will not, or dare not, take them for tenants; they complain of being forced to give up in secret the liberty which has been publicly accorded them. They accuse the pontifical government of regretting too actively the concessions of 1847. They demand the restoration of the gates which rendered them interesting, while assuring their tranquillity for the night. The wisest in Israel philosophically take part in this, rejoice in the half gratuitous rents, the moderate taxes, and the benefits of a powerful foreign protector, who introduces into all his financial treaties some secret article in their favor. They remember, too, that if Purgatory is at Rome, Paradise is at Leghorn.

It is only during the reign of Pius IX. the Jews have ceased to defray the expenses of the Carnival. In the middle ages they paid it all. The municipality diverted the people with the spectacle of Jew races. Benedict XIV. substituted horses without riders, which ran better beyond question; but it cost the Jews eight hundred crowns a year. Their chiefs used to carry this sum with great parade to the Senator, who received them without ceremony.

"Who are you?"

"Roman Jews."

"I know you not. Begone!"

To this affable remark, the chief magistrate of the city was wont to add, ten years ago, a significant movement of his foot. The embassy, when thus dismissed, betook itself to one of the city commissioners.

"Who are you?"

"Roman Jews."

"What do you want?"

"We humbly implore from your lordship the favor of living here one year longer."

This permission was granted them duly, accompanied with certain insults; and they expressed their gratitude by offering the eight hundred crowns, which the official graciously deigned to accept. The Sovereign has freed them of this expense and humiliation. There is another, however, from which they are not yet exempt. At the accession of each Pope the deputies of the Jewish people place themselves in the path of the Holy Father, near the arch of Titus.

The Pope asks them what they are doing there. They present him a Bible, saying:

"We beg permission to offer to your Holiness a copy of our law!"

The Pope accepts it, saying:

"Excellent law! detestable race!"

You will observe at the entrance to the Ghetto at the end of the Ponte Quattro Capi; a small church, to which the Jews were forced to repair every Saturday after dinner to the number of one hundred and fifty. A preacher, paid at their expense, regaled them with an excellent diatribe against the obstinate and perverse character of their race. The one hundred and fifty hearers were very regular in their attendance, and for this reason; the community had to pay a crown a head for every absentee. An old Jew of my acquaintance said to me yesterday, "In twenty-five years, sir, I have not missed the sermon once."

But this people is stiff-necked; it will not be converted by force.

Pius IX. dispensed the Jews from the homily, and the little church is deserted. They tried the experiment of sending the Abbé Battisbonne to preach there, but nobody came to hear

him. Still there is one conversion made every year, on the Saturday of the Passover. The baptistry of Constantine swings open on that day to an old Jewess, who gains eighty crowns and Paradise. The people of Rome do not believe much in the sincerity of the chatechumens. "Now," they say, "the Jews are becoming Turks." The Jews at Rome are no longer shut up at night, fleeced at the Carnival, nor chatechized against their will; and it is to Pius IX. that they owe this threefold boon. They are watched over by the Rabbis, and the laws relating to them administered by their principal men. If one of them violates the law of the Sabbath, it is at the demand of the Rabbi that the Cardinal-Vicar sends him to the galleys. During the inundations of the Tiber, the Roman municipality sends provisions to their homes, and exhibits the delicate attention of furnishing them with flesh of animals killed according to the Jewish rites. We must not forget that a large number of the Jews are provided for by their landlords. They are taxed, in the aggregate, four hundred and fifty crowns, of about one dollar each, which, divided among nearly four thousand five hundred persons, amounts to a little more than ten cents each. The contribution is not oppressive, still they have refused to furnish it since 1848.

The origin of this tax is worthy of being related. Two or three hundred years ago, a Jew was converted, entered a convent of neophytes, and in the silence of his cell wrote a pamphlet against his co-religionists. He accused them, among other things, of eating the flesh of infants. Such abounding zeal was recompensed. An order was sent, compelling the inhabitants of the Ghetto to pay four hundred and fifty crowns a year to the writer who had so well described them. The Ghetto paid the amount, and the income of the neophyte naturally went into the chest of the convent. But in the course of time the converted Jew died, for he was not immortal. The convent, which had enjoyed the benefits of the tax, and had found it agreeable, would not give it up. "Is it our fault," said the monks, "that our brother is dead? We have done our best to take care of him. This tax was his property, and we are his heirs. Besides, the Jews have acquired the habit of paying four hundred and fifty crowns a year, and Rome is a city of habit." To-day the Jews claim that, as they have not paid it since 1848, they have

completely lost the habit, and that nothing in the world would induce them to resume it. After long debates between them and the convent, the Pope has agreed to release them, for the past and the future, in consideration of one quarter of the sum demanded. But the Jews will not listen to it; they much prefer to pay nothing at all.

If they accept the conditions thus offered, they will be hereafter, like gentlemen, exempt from all taxes.

Will they, on that account, be better off? I do not know. I have related faithfully all that the government of Pius IX. has done in their favor, but it is impossible to conceal the fact that the Jewish population is rapidly decreasing in the States of the Church. In 1842, under the severe Gregory XVI., it consisted of twelve thousand seven hundred persons. In 1853, eleven years later, under the paternal reign of Pius IX., it had decreased more than twenty-five per cent., and amounted to only nine thousand two hundred and thirty-seven souls.

This frightful reduction in the numbers of a race naturally prolific can be explained only by emigration. I am informed—indeed, I know—that, in fact, the Jews desert the Papal States as soon as they can obtain a passport and pay the expenses of the journey.

These unfortunates have not been willing, or rather have not dared to say what drives them away. The boldest have adjured me to write nothing in their favor, if I did not wish to aggravate the evils which were overwhelming them. In fine, I have come to know that the toleration of the existing government is merely superficial. Here is a fact in support of my hypothesis:

A Roman Jew gained his livelihood as a farmer. To violate the law in so flagrant a manner he had need of an accomplice, and found a Christian who consented, for a pecuniary consideration, to lend him his name. But the rabble of the neighborhood were not long ignorant of the fact that the crops belonged to a Jew, and they betook themselves at once to plunder. A holy marauding expedition was organized against the wheat and the corn of the poor Hebrew; every one believed that his salvation depended in part on his taking a hand. The plundered man dared neither complain nor resist. But it fortunately occurred to him that the French were in Rome, and exercised there a cer-

tain authority. He ventured to solicit Count de Goyon for the favor of swearing a guard, who should report when necessary.

Count de Goyon, all politics apart, is an excellent man. He pitied the Jew, and promised to obtain for him what he asked. He did more; he went in person to his Eminence, Cardinal Antonelli, and stated the facts.

The Cardinal did not conceal his opinion that it would be monstrous to administer an oath to a Christian in the interest of a Jew. Still, as nothing could be refused to the most steadfast ally of the Holy See, he promised not only that a guard should be sworn, but that he would select the man himself.

Ample time was taken for the choice; something like three months. The pillage meanwhile went on, the Jew dared say no more, and the General, satisfied in his own mind that he had performed a good act, remained at ease. One fine morning a timid voice aroused him with the intimation that nothing had been done. After a hasty reply, he proceeded to the Vatican, a second time. The authorities, now driven to the wall, made no further resistance. The guard, so long promised, was granted. The nomination was signed on the spot. Count de Goyon brought back the document himself, and put it triumphantly in the hands of his protégé.

The Jew was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. He almost bathed with his tears the blessed name of the guard that had been so graciously assigned him.

It proved to be the name of a person who could not be found, who disappeared six years before, and of whom nothing had since been heard!

What was to be done? return to the General? make his complaint a third time? prove to a gallant soldier and an eminent statesman that the authorities at Rome had made a fool of him? The Jew thought it all over.

But the police, who never sleep, ordered him to stay at home, to be contented and enjoy himself, under pain of the severest measures.

When the French officers accidentally met him some time afterward, they said to him, "Well, you have your rights! Your crops are safe! You owe a tall candle to the French army."

He thanked them prudently, smiled as he was bid, and went into a corner to weep.



I need not here record the history of young Mortara. It proves that the men who are most habituated to act before the world the part of toleration, sometimes forget their part.

The affair of Padova, which is less known, merits equal celebrity. I gave an account of it long since, but will not neglect this opportunity of repeating it.

M. Padova, a Jewish merchant of Cento, in the province of Ferrara, had a wife and two children. A Catholic clerk seduced Mme. Padova. Having been detected and driven away by the husband, he fled to Bologna, whither he was followed by the faithless wife, who took her children with her.

The injured husband went in hot haste to Bologna and demanded that his children should be restored to him. The authorities replied that the children had been baptized, as also their mother, and that there was an impassable gulf between him and his family. However, they gave him the privilege of paying at intervals a certain sum of money, on which the family subsisted, including the lover of Mme. Padova. A few months afterward, he might have been present at the marriage of his legitimate wife with her seducer. The officiating prelate was his eminence Cardinal Oppizoni, Bishop of Bologna.

They have related to me the history of a Jew who derived from his religion a most singular advantage. He had committed a crime almost unheard of among the Hebrews of our day. He had committed murder, and the victim was his own brother-in-law. The evidence was clear, and the fact proved beyond question. The following is a sketch of the line of defense employed by his advocate:

"Gentlemen, whence comes it that the law severely punishes murderers, and sometimes proceeds so far as to visit them with death? It is for the reason that in assassinating a Christian, a body and a soul are killed at the same time. For in that case a being is hurried before the sovereign Judge, unprepared, who has not repented, who has not received absolution, and goes right into hell, or at least into purgatory. This, gentlemen, is the reason why murder—I mean the murder of a Christian—can not be too severely punished. But as for my client here—what has he slain? Nothing, gentlemen, but a miserable Jew, doomed in advance to perdition. Had he been allowed a hundred years for his conversion—you know the obstinacy of his race—he would

have died without confession, like a brute. We have, I admit, forestalled by a few years the maturity of Celestial justice; we have hastened for him an eternity of suffering which he could not escape, sooner or later. But be indulgent to a venial error, and reserve your severity for those who aim at the life and the salvation of a Christian."

Such pleading would be ridiculous at Paris; it was logical at Rome. The culprit escaped with a few months' imprisonment.

The Jews are tolerated in many cities of the Roman State, and in some of the villages. They live in Rome, Ancona, Ferrara, Pesaro, Senigaglia. In Rome, however, they are treated with the most lenity. Last year the delegate of Ancona put in operation an old law which prohibits Christians from associating in public with Jews.

The lower classes despise the Jews, but do not hate them. I have seen a boy of fifteen years go up to an aged Jew and crush his hat over his eyes; but he would not have done him any real harm. I have heard a peasant say to a Jew, "You are very fortunate, you folks; you do not fear dying by accident (without confession), for you have no soul to save, as we have."

The monks, the priests, and generally all the inferior clergy, visit the Ghetto without marked repugnance. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Bishops, and the simple *Monsignori* are excluded from this impure locality. They would lose caste were they to set foot within its borders.

The Roman ecclesiastics make, however, a great distinction between Jews and Protestants. If they have a little contempt for the one, they cherish an intense hatred to the other; for the Jews are vanquished, while the Protestants are rebels. The Church has not forgotten that great principle of Roman policy, which Virgil condensed in a single line—

"Spare the vanquished, crush the proud."

Allow me to cite a fact in support of my position. A Jew of Paris, who had come to spend the Holy Week, was lodging in a private house. Some days after Easter, he was, by mistake, visited by one of the priests appointed to collect the tickets of confession, and to indicate to the officers of justice whoever had violated the commandment of the church.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Jew, opening his door, "I am not a Christian."

"Monsieur is a Lutheran?" interrogated the priest, with more politeness than delicacy.

"No, sir; a Jew."

"Come, come, that is not so bad."

It is certain that the Jews, however elevated by fortune, preserve a respectful attitude toward the Holy See. They do not lend the Pope their money without asking pardon for the great liberty, while the Protestants make a show of their rebellion. There is always at Easter, in the Sistine Chapel, a six-foot Englishman, standing on his legs in the midst of the kneeling crowd. It is of no use to root him out; he springs up again the next year.

But I return to the Ghetto. This little window on the third story of a wretched house, in one of the vilest lanes of the quarter, is celebrated in the amusing traditions of the Academy of France.

It is customary for the new pensioners to pay their entrance fee in a way filled with practical jokes and mystifications innumerable, and sometimes rather severe. A story is told of a young Jewish composer, who was apprised on his arrival that he would have to lodge in the Ghetto.

"You can eat here, because we are in an asylum of refuge, but you will have to sleep among your own people; the Roman law is inflexible on that point."

He dined with his fellow-students, and after the dessert, was conducted to the apartment that had been procured for him. The appointments of the room were such as to excite an involuntary shudder in a sensitive mind on entering it. The bed had scarcely three feet to stand upon. The hostess was distinguished by a filthy exterior of the most revolting kind. She was profuse in her bewildering hospitalities. Unconscious of the disgust she inspired, she promised her young tenant to care for him as for a son, and to lavish a thousand attentions upon him. With this bright prospect in the future, the student, tired, jaded, and worn out, retired to rest, and the night was so unpleasantly spent that the next morning he talked of returning to France. The joke, however, was not carried so far. The young artist returned to the Academy, took possession of his

proper room, and did not lose his time there. But who knows whether subsequently, when the author of "La Juive" wrote that beautiful composition of world-wide celebrity and deserved the reputation, the reminiscences of his first night in Ghetto were not present to his mind.

The inhabitants of the Ghetto, as I have said, perform all their avocations, domestic and commercial, in the street. The reason, perhaps, is, that their houses are so badly kept as to be scarcely tolerable. What I have seen of their interior has inspired me with no desire to penetrate farther into their noisome recesses. I content myself with traversing the quarter in all directions, and informing myself as to the habits and customs of the people in various ways. During the week I watch them buying and selling, toiling patiently with their hands, or eating their scanty and coarse provisions. The vegetable diet to which poverty restricts them, joined to the impurity of the air of their vile, filthy homes, impoverishes their blood and undermines their health. Although so near the Tiber, they are less subject to fever than the inhabitants of districts more elevated in situation, for it is not the water of the river, but the miasmatic exhalations of the marshy country borne by the wind, which poison the Romans. On Saturday my poor Jews make themselves as handsome as they can in their best apparel, and repair to the synagogues. Yesterday was Sunday, and I saw them transact their business until three or four in the afternoon, when suddenly the shops, which were half open, were closed for the day, and the people took their recreation.

I found at the corner of every street a table, surrounded by ten or a dozen persons of both sexes, with a pack of cards in the middle. I am not yet wise enough to penetrate the secret mysteries of these bohemian cards, with which the lower classes of Spain and Italy are accustomed to beguile their leisure hours. What I remarked among my Hebrew acquaintances was, that there was no money upon the tables, and that they quarreled at almost every movement of the cards.

Once I thought that a general tumult was inevitable. The quarrel arose about an ace of spades or a seven of clubs, I could not well make out which. One of the players flung his cards at the head of his adversary. The other retaliated by throwing the chalk used for marking the points. The women threw them-

selves between the combatants, but not without applying their hands vigorously to the hair of each other's heads. All the street soon mingled in the strife, each taking the side of his relatives, and, in an instant, the neighboring inhabitants rushed in upon the field of battle. They launched volumes of invective at one another in a *patois* of which I understood nothing, and the Italians, whom the noise had drawn to the spot, evidently did not understand much. However, all was quiet at the end of a quarter of an hour, and I learned that the whole tumult had arisen out of a dispute about the half of a cent. Do not laugh at the smallness of the sum; I know a professor of the mandoline, who stabbed his best friend seventeen times in the course of a discussion involving fifty centimes.

I retired with a broken head. In all my life I had never heard such a noise, except, perhaps, at leaving the theater at Pera, when the population of the streets fell to biting each other, and, with horrid yells, gave vent to their terrific rage.

But the nocturnal brawlers of Constantinople are not men!

My days' work was to be completed at the Trastevere, the most Roman quarter of Rome. The inhabitants beyond the Tiber are, without doubt, the most manly, the boldest, the most sensitive to insult, and the worthiest of the city. They are also the handsomest, and their general aspect is the most picturesque. The praises they have received are not excessive. Intellectually, perhaps, they have less of versatility and quickness of perception than the inhabitants of the mountains, but the latter are endowed with less loyalty and courage.

I lost my way, and instead of emerging at Ponte Rotto which would have conducted me into the heart of the Trastevere, I found myself in the midst of the temples and the storehouses filled with hay which surround the Bocca della Verità. The storehouses looked extremely well.

A long line of forty high-piled wagons, resembling square mountains, came in single file. They were drawn by oxen. The last team bore aloft the image of the good St. Anthony, patron of animals. I never saw any thing more healthy, more beautiful, and more fragrant than the hay from the Campagna di Roma; for there are few moods and phases of our lives when it is no pleasure to meet in the heart of a busy city the costumes and the perfume of the quiet, peaceful country. When Rome

shall no longer be the first city in the world, she will still be the most picturesque village in the universe.

This Bocca della Verità, which I have just mentioned, is a curious relic of the Middle Ages. It was regarded with superstitious awe, as an instrument for visiting on certain classes of evil doers the just judgments of God. Figure to yourself a millstone, resembling, not a human face, but the face of the moon. As you look closely, the eyes are distinguishable, as are also the nose and the open mouth, into which an accused person used to place his hand to take an oath. The mouth closed upon the hand if the declaration was false; at least so runs the legend. Its powers, however, are no more, for I introduced my right hand, saying that the Ghetto was a delightful place. The mouth, however, was immovable, and I escaped unhurt.

Near the Bocca della Verità, in front of the little temple of Vesta, and not far from the Fortuna Virile, the sentence of death is executed by the Roman authorities upon one murderer in a hundred. When I arrived at this retired spot, they were not executing anybody, but six cook-women, one of whom was as divinely beautiful as Juno, were dancing the Tarantula to the sound of a tamborine. Unfortunately, they discovered that I was a stranger, and set themselves to polka, contrary to the music. On this I fled with all speed, and soon found the bridge of which I was in search.

## V.

### THE TRASTEVERE.

THE Ponte Rotto is an ancient work. The Tiber has carried away two-thirds of it. Pius IX. has repaired it temporarily. A wooden platform, suspended from iron wires, connects it with the left bank. We can stop for a few minutes on this trembling plank; the view is at least as fine as from the bridge of the Institute. Up the river the sun is setting behind the dome St. Peter's. Its slanting rays glide over the gilded water of the stream. The Sacred Island stands out like a ship between the two bridges which unite it with the city. Formerly it had the form and color of a marble galley, but its trappings have gone, I know not whither. The high perched houses which skirt the Tiber are clothed with fig-trees and ivy, or encased in terraces of lemon-trees in bloom. In the other direction, looking down the stream, you see the enormous opening of the Cloaca of Tarquin; above, the pretty dome of Vesta; and still higher up, the convents, gardens, and vines, which crown the Aventine Hill. To the right is the Trastevere, of which you shall have a closer view, if you do me the honor to come and dine with me there.

You need fear nothing; the eating will not be so bad, and nobody will eat us. More than one stroke of the knife will pass in the course of the morning, seeing that to-day is Sunday, but we shall enjoy the sight without incurring any danger. You are going to see men who are as strong as bulls, and just as easily provoked, who give a blow as easily as you would drink a glass of water, and never give one but the hand holds a blade. The police will not be about to protect us; it is always absent. Besides, if you offended one of those fellows, he would kill you in the very arms of the *gensd'armes*. But you may come, and go

among them, spend much, pay in gold, clink your purse, and go out after midnight into the best extinguished street, and the idea will not occur to any one to attack your money. Better still: they will welcome us politely, and crowd together to make room for us. They will not look at us like curious animals; they will even lend themselves obligingly to our curiosity, if it be not impertinent. We need not fear that wine will excite them to pick a quarrel with us, but if we have the misfortune to provoke them, then look out! Wine does not make them quarrelsome, but it does make them easily offended. The self-love of the tavern does not forgive even an unintentional offense, if it happen to expose them to the ridicule of their companions. When you see a woman with her husband, or a girl with her father, keep your eyes in check! It is often unhealthy to look the women of the Trastevere in the face, and I could mention more than one curious person who has died of it. Shall we go in? You hesitate? In that case, good-by; I shall go in all alone.

Still, not without first reading this little notice nailed over the door:

"Beloved brethren, keep from blasphemy, and reflect:

1. That God sees you;
2. That God will judge you for all your words, and especially for your blasphemies;
3. That God is ready to punish with fire that tongue which was given you to bless, and not to insult Him."

The notice might add, without falsehood, that in this lower world, blasphemy is sometimes more severely punished than assassination. In a village in the neighborhood of Rome, two peasants forgot themselves upon the same day. One hurled a curse at the Madonna, the other poisoned his mother. The tribunal sent them both to the galleys; but the parricide has finished his time, and the blasphemer has still some years to serve.

I found the tavern quite full; it is one of the best frequented and most celebrated. People come here not to drink merely, as in the smaller establishments of the kind. The master of the house prides himself on his cooking, and would thrust his knife into the stomach of the man who accused him of burning his omelettes. His customers are chiefly *veturinos* and artists: shoe-making artists, metal-founding artists, horse-shoeing artists,



wool-spinning artists. There are no workmen at Rome who do not take the name of artist; accordingly it is considered as an insult by painters and sculptors. The meanest copier of pictures, the shallowest practitioner, the most bungling fiddler, would go perfectly red with vexation if you told him he was a great artist. "Sir," he would say, seriously, "I am a professor!"

One day recently I wanted a button sewed on a boot. I sent for the wife of one of the servants, and asked her if she was equal to the task.

"I!" she replied, bridling up, "I am a daughter of the art; my father was a shoemaker!"

The artists who come here on Sunday do not appear here during the week. They hide in their squalid lodgings, where they drink water and munch salad. But on Sunday, when they have saved up a few cents, it is a point of honor to show themselves at the tavern, and prove to the universe that they spend money. They reason in nearly the same way as the small fry of our Bourse, who go and dine once a week at the dearest restaurant on the boulevards, in order to be seen as they go in and out.

I have taken a seat on the end of a bench, before one of the large and massive tables that surround the great hall. The tavern is paved like the street, and almost as badly swept; the walls are painted like canvas, without any decoration. The kitchen occupies one of the ends of the hall, and the scullion from time to time carries a bundle of reeds to make the fire blaze under the stove. Two lamps, with a pair of burners each, modestly illuminate the whole enclosure; a third burns in a corner before the Madonna.

You hear but little noise in this assemblage of fifty to sixty persons. My neighbors on the right are five young men of the same age, who look like comrades in the same workshop. The color of their hands and sundry cuts on them, make me think that they work in iron. The one who made room for me to sit down is certainly one of the handsomest men to be met with here. Tall and well made, the face long, the eye moist, the mouth finely shaped, the lips red, the nose hooked, the beard soft as the down of a black swan, he looks more like an opera tenor than a locksmith's apprentice. His companions are not all of the same stuff, and I see right in front of me a bull-dog

face which does not much suit me; but a frank and quiet cheerfulness presides over their repast. My handsome neighbor offered me his glass and invited me to drink; I wet my lips (to prove that I knew the customs of the Trastevere, and was a well-bred man).

The neighboring table, on my left, is occupied by different groups, which I can indifferently distinguish, the light being doubtful, and near of kin to the night. I see plainly two players seated opposite each other; they wear the dress of carters. There is some money on the game, perhaps three crowns, in small change. The elder of the adversaries can not be in the vein, for he throws every card upon the table with a smashing blow. The other wins without laughing or speaking, and drinks by little sips. A little further on a miller, from the Tiber, built like the Farnese Hercules, is supping freely, with his wife and daughter. The mother is stout, and common-looking; the daughter beautiful, and white as Venus. Her black hair, fastened in large braids, is all she has on her head. The girls in Rome wear neither cap nor bonnet; nature has given them a warm winter head-dress. My pretty miller's daughter, however, is a little overburdened with jewels; with her necklace and earrings alone you could pay the taxes of the republic of San Marino. A beautiful lace neckerchief is folded across her breast; it is the fashion in the Trastevere. But the skirt is rather more voluminous than is reasonable. Crinoline is coming in three boats to spoil our national costume. It is a pleasure to see how mother and daughter empty a glass of wine which the father has filled to the brim. The Romans, when they depart from their sober habits, are the most formidable drinkers in all Europe, and there are few Roman women who can not keep up with the men. The most delicate Trasteverine girl would absorb the allowance of twelve sailors, and would not reel on leaving the table. It is true, they have feet!

You will forgive me, if, after this first glance on all sides of my plate, my attention concentrated itself for a moment on the supper which had been served. I had been running all day, had eaten my breakfast off my thumb, and was bound, even in regard to your interests, to recruit my strength. A famished stomach knows neither eyes nor ears, and a fasting observer would teach you but little.

They served me with salad first, which is the foundation of all Roman suppers; then a morsel of stewed beef, which would make your mouth water if I could throw into my prose a little of its aroma and succulence. A leg of kid came next, in a dish of green peas. The *entremets* consisted of a small, round, white cheese, fried on the stove, and for dessert I had a large plateful of really exquisite strawberries from Albano.

That is how you sup at a tavern for forty cents. It is true, that at the hotels and pastry-cooks' the cookery is equally dear and detestable. The wine of Rome is nowhere good, but the tavern is still the place where it can be drunk best. It is a kind of claret, limpid, and of a golden color; they serve it in bottles of white glass, light as a breath, and frail as virtue.

My neighbors on my right finished their supper long before I did, but as they had not finished drinking, the handsome locksmith proposed a *passatella*. It is a forbidden game, but in Rome nothing is allowed, and everything is done. Each of the guests gave four cents, and the host served five flagons of wine in the middle of the table. "Pay your own shot," is a Roman maxim which has been translated into French. They drew lots to decide who should own all the liquor paid for in common, and which of the five companions should be "Master of the wine." It was thus the ancient Romans played at dice for the kingship of the repast. But in the modern joint-stock feasts kingship often degenerates into tyranny, and provokes bloody revolutions. The master, or patron of the wine, was my neighbor, the handsome locksmith. The privilege of his rank consisted, firstly, in quenching his own thirst entirely before giving anything to the others, and secondly in choosing a minister to fill now one glass, now another, always at the pleasure of the king, and never without his consent.

It seems our neighbor, the bull-dog, did not stand well at court. Twice he held out his glass to ask for drink; twice the minister took up a bottle to pour out wine for him; twice, also, was Prince Charmant pleased to say, "He shall not drink; I will drink. Minister, my friend, excellency of my heart, this is the glass that must be filled." And such laughter! The bull-dog was the knight of the sorrowful countenance. He had paid; his throat was itching; the wine passed under his nose, and his friends made sport of him.

The wine was soon exhausted, and the bull-dog, who had his revenge to take, himself proposed a second *passatella*. "Just let me be master of the wine!" he said to the handsome locksmith; "you shall see if I give you a drop of it."

"What do I care?" replied the other, with peals of laughter; "you see very well I am not thirsty." Thirst or no thirst, chance favored him again, and the distribution of the wine fell to his lot a second time. The bull-dog, half in jest, half in earnest, said to him, "The joke has gone far enough! Here have I paid eight cents out of my own pocket, and I hope you will allow me to drink." "We must be satisfied with little," said my handsome friend, "and sometimes with nothing. Are you a Christian, or are you not? Then exercise yourself in the virtue of patience!"

As these gentlemen talked very loudly, and their neighbors shouted with laughter, the attention of the tavern insensibly turned toward them. The pretty miller's daughter cast more than one glance at our table, without asking leave of her parents. Our eyes met two or three times; I even fancy she smiled frankly at me, with the freedom of manner of Italian girls, which it would be a great mistake to interpret into harm.

The only man who had no eye for the *passatella* was the old player at the next table. The run of the cards was apparently obstinate against him, for, after five or six times imprudently playing double or quits, he had staked his silver watch, to lose every thing or win all back. Before cutting the cards, he went and knelt down before the Madonna of the tavern, and entreated her to return him what he had lost, with a little over; promising to share the surplus with her, and to offer a large taper at the church of St. Augustine. Meanwhile his adversary crossed himself discreetly, and muttered, without rising from his seat, a counter-prayer to the same Madonna. The game was closely contested, and I followed it attentively. The old carter lost it, like all the rest. He rose from the table, thrust his hat on his head, and took his stand before the image which he had just adored. I thought he was going to insult the Madonna, but something restrained him, and he let the whole of his anger fall upon the divine child which she carried in her arms. "Miserable Bambino!" he cried, "Judas did right to sell you." Thus comforted, he went out. His opponent gathered up the money and the

watch; called for another flagon of wine, which he slowly drank; examined the point of his knife, stopped at the door of the tavern, to see that no one was in wait for him outside, and departed.

A third *passatella* had begun on my right, and obstinate fate had still favored my handsome neighbor. The bull-dog, drunk with thirst and spite, said coarse things to him, of which he made nothing but laughter. He answered with jokes the curses of his enemy, which, I will venture to say, were weighty. Here is a specimen of the litany:

"Dog-face!"

"The guillotine take your dead!" As much as to say, may your ancestors have perished by the hand of the executioner!

"May you die of a cold accident!" Accident simple is apoplexy; the cold accident is the stroke of a knife.

"And you," retorted my neighbor, "you'll die of a dry accident!"

This joke excited universal merriment, and the bull-dog grew doubly enraged.

I had exchanged, by this time, so many looks with the pretty miller's daughter, that we had become, in spite of the distance between us, a pair of friends. She made me a more direct advance by sending her mother to ask me for a glass of water—there was none except at my table. I hastened to offer the decanter, and received two thanks at once. The young girl smiled upon me more tenderly than ever, and the father looked at me with enormous eyes.

Nearer to me, the bull-dog, tired of affording food for laughter, had retired grumbling. My other neighbors soon followed him, and I said good-by to them; not, however, without offering them four cigars of Roman make, a trifle insipid to the taste, but well made and smoking freely. The handsome locksmith offered me his hand, and I shook it heartily, without knowing that he had not two minutes longer to live.

The vacant places beside me were immediately occupied by three French troopers, slightly fuddled. They were making a triumphal round of the taverns of the Trastevere, after winning a brilliant victory over fourteen soldiers of the Pope. These conquerors emptied a flagon, sang a snatch of a song, and carried their glory and their gayety to another theater. They were soon

replaced by three pontifical soldiers, who boasted of having routed fourteen French soldiers.

I now observed a new-comer, who had taken his seat at the adjoining table. He was an old man, full sixty years of age, but hale and vigorous. He looked at the company without speaking, and emptied his glass to the bottom. A handkerchief knotted round his leg, and a spot of blood which came through it, led me to suppose that he was wounded. But, as his physiognomy did not betoken that he was in a confidential humor, I departed without having asked him his secret. The head waiter of the tavern, who was called the chief, told me of a neighboring tavern, where poetry and music were occasionally given. "I go there," he told me, "every evening; you will find nothing better."

I was soon joined by the miller and his wife, who had taken their daughter home. The miller sat in front of me a few tables off, and looked at me steadily with the air of saying, "You shall not be my son-in-law!" As it was the most trifling of my anxieties, I quietly emptied the glass of coffee which had been brought me.

The hall was neatly paved, and hung with white chintz, with red borders at every corner. The furniture consisted of straw-bottomed chairs and marble tables; the small silver spoons were of antique form, and of notable weight. A score of working-men and women composed the entire audience: all very well-bred people, who took their coffee and rosolio in quiet.

My arrival had not interrupted a contest of virtuosi. Every Sunday, or nearly so, a few amateurs of poetry met there to improvise verse. They are matched in pairs, and dispute in turn on a given subject, like Virgil's shepherds. The usual text for their improvisations is ancient history or mythology. I do not know where they get their learning; but they gallop without stumbling over the fields of fable and history, from chaos to the death of Nero. If you examined their verses too scrupulously, you would perhaps detect some anachronisms in details, but poetry covers all with its mantle of purple and gold. Italian prosody does not impose very severe laws; and rhymes are easy to find in a language in which one half of the words ends in *o*, and the other half in *a*. But what most of all astonished me in these trials of skill, was the almost invariably happy choice of brilliant expressions. The poetical vocabulary, very different

from the language of every-day life, has been preserved, I know not how, in these half-cultivated minds. A shoemaker, who could hardly read, gave us the "Siege of Troy" in the most pompous and florid style. A mandoline, discreetly scratched, accompanied the voice of the poet; for the verses are sung, and not spoken. It is a kind of rhythmical recitative, a monotonous and snoring lyrical declamation. The Romans have loud voices, ringing, and almost always emphatic. Not a syllable of their show-speeches but is accented by the national pride. It is a pleasure to hear a little boy singing in the street—

"Augustus, Roman Emperor,"

or,

"We're going to the Capitol!"

The tournament lasted an hour and a half, and I regretted having neither pen nor pencil to take down a few verses for you in short-hand. The applause of the audience was the reward of the conquerors; hisses and hooting punished the defeated one, as soon as his tongue began to be embarrassed. The shoemaker of the Trojan War kept the advantage a good while, but he was utterly beaten by a tanner of the quarter of the *Regola*.

All seemed over, and the tanner was already putting on his waistcoat to go home and sleep on his laurels, when a woman rose from an adjoining table and placed herself before him, with her fists on her hips. She was, without exaggeration, a magnificent creature, large, tall, and handsome; pretty nearly such as the she-wolves of the time of the kings are represented. I learned that she was a washerwoman, and her husband a glass-blower.

"You don't understand it at all," she said; "I will beat the whole of you. You take your mandoline." She started with the origin of the world, and advanced with steady step through the history of the gods. The woman knew her mythology like Hesiod himself. Presently she entered boldly on the Trojan War; saved Æneas from the flames; brought him to the country of the Latins; thrashed Turnus and the rest; jumped with one bound to the birth of Romulus; expelled the kings with Lucretia; led the armies of the Republic to the conquest of the world; unraveled the chaos of the Civil Wars; applauded Cicero; killed Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue; placed Augustus on the throne; upset the emperors one after the other

like a house of cards; and finished with a direct invocation of the Madonna, who was smiling upon her behind a lamp, with a child in her arms.

She went straight on, occasionally correcting herself; never stopping; replacing one word by another; repeating any portion that was applauded; and correcting it without thinking of it. Her eyes shone like those of a pythoness; her voice trembled with pleasure; her simple and somewhat too regular action scanned the verse, and dwelt on the end of the sentence. She was applauded as they know how to applaud here. Neither the shoemaker nor the tanner undertook to reply to her, and she returned all blushing to her husband, who had in the meantime held the child.

I gave myself up to the pleasure of clapping my hands, as at a first representation, when I noticed that the miller bore me malice. For what? I do not know, for I had done nothing to offend him. Perhaps his neighbors at the tavern had joked him about the borrowing of my decanter; but, in any case, if there had been any imprudence committed, it was none of my doing. However, he grumbled between his teeth all kinds of harsh-sounding reflections about people who ought to stay at home and mind their own business. The less attention I seemed to pay to his talk, the more he raised his voice; he was capable of treating me still worse, if I had looked likely to turn my back to him. I resolved, therefore, to attack him in front; and it needed no great courage to do so. It is known, in all countries of the world, that a dog which barks does not bite. I rose abruptly, just at the moment when he had uttered the word "Frenchman," and placed myself before his table.

"Is it with me you are angry?" said I.

He remained a moment disconcerted before answering me.

"No; I am angry with nobody. You are mistaken."

"Then at whom are you grumbling?"

"At my wife. She's a good-for-nothing, intriguing go-between; and I'll beat her well when I get home."

To this I had nothing to say. If a coal-heaver is master in his own house, a miller may beat his wife and his ass when the fancy takes him.

About half past ten, the chief, who had waited on me at dinner, came and took a seat beside me, dressed like a gentleman.



"Well," said I; "so the day is over?"

He answered me in a half whisper:

"Yes, cavalier; and badly enough for me; I am much afraid."

"How so?"

"I ought not, perhaps, to tell you the story, but you are a witness that I took no part in the quarrel; and, as you are a Frenchman, you may be able to get me out of the affair."

"What the deuce has happened to you?"

"Did you notice that old man who had a handkerchief tied round his leg?"

"Yes; a wounded man."

"He was not wounded; that was the blood of the young man. He had carried him home in his arms, and returned to watch for the other."

"What other?"

"The murderer, to be sure; the man who had killed his son!"

"What son?"

"The one that dined next to you; the man of the *passatella*!"

"The handsome locksmith?"

"He was not so handsome. Besides, he was wrong. Why refuse to let a friend drink when he has paid for it?"

"But it is impossible! He has not been killed!"

"Right in front of our door, your excellency, the moment he went out."

"But his friends were with him; they must have prevented the crime."

"Every one for himself in this lower world."

"How is it we heard nothing?"

"There is never any more noise than that. The young man died; they went and told his father; he carried the body to his house, and then came back and sat down where you saw him, in hopes the other would return to our place; but not so stupid! What vexes me is, the other fellow took my knife to give his stab."

"Why, this is frightful! Is this the way you cut each other's throats in your quarter?"

"What would you have? When a friend puts an affront upon you, you are not going to amuse yourself by prosecuting him."

A stroke of the knife in the stomach, and everything is said. If only he had taken some other knife than mine!"

"So you pass your life in assassinating your friends?"

"We have nothing to do with those whom we don't know. But you may reckon that out of four men at our place, there is certainly one who has played with the knife once in his youth."

"And how about yourself—come?"

"Oh! I had good reason. He allowed himself to shout aloud that our wine was drugged, and that we were poisoning people. What would you have done in my place?"

I returned to the road of the Academy, and at the turn of the street came upon a group of children, kneeling before a holy image. They were singing in unison, with clear, and tolerably true voices—

"Long live Mary,  
And He who created her!"

## VI.

### THE GAME OF KNIVES.\*

IF the Roman knives had never left Rome, I should have said enough already about this local curiosity. But in the existing state of society, when Italian refugees abound in several countries, and their knives stain with blood the inns of London as well as the taverns of Constantinople, I conceive I am acting as a good citizen of Europe in treating seriously a question of European security.

Before saying any thing else, even though people in France should be astonished at it, I will begin by paying a compliment to the assassins of this country: they are not thieves. In almost all the great cities of my acquaintance, out of ten assassinations committed, six have theft for their object. A man is killed for his money as a fox is killed for his skin. The Romans hold theft in sovereign contempt. Their somewhat blunted delicacy does not cry shame on a clever swindle or a public peculation; but theft, properly so-called, disgusts them. Try calling "stop thief!" in the streets of the city. If an inhabitant of the quarter of the Hills (there are plenty of them not good for much) amuses himself by stealing a tenpenny handkerchief, the crowd will run him down with incredible indignation. But how if he had killed his man before committing the theft! They would knock him down on the spot; do not doubt it for a second.

I have before me a list of two hundred and forty-eight assassinations committed in the city from 1850 to 1852. Of this multitude of crimes, there are just two which are explained by theft.

\* This chapter, entirely inapplicable now, was written a few months after the *attentat* of the 14th of January, 1858. I preserve it here for the curious and authentic details which are related in it. But every one knows that all Italians worthy of the name quitted the knife a year ago for the sword.

The rest resulted from discussions of vanity or interest, rivalries in love, quarrels over play, insulting language exchanged after drinking. Wildness of the blood, of wine, and of spring, caused nine-tenths of the mischief.

In the majority of cases which occasioned these blows with a knife, a Frenchman would have given a blow with the fist, a challenge, or a summons to appear in a law court. Neither blows with the fist, nor duels, nor lawsuits please the people of Rome. Blows with the fist do not mark with sufficient distinctness the superiority of the conqueror; a duel is risky for the man who is in the right; and the length of the proceedings, and the venality of almost all the judges, inspire the citizens with a horror of lawsuits. Every thing is settled by the knife, even family affairs. I find, on the same page, a brother stabbed by his brother, a brother-in-law by his brother-in-law, two sons-in-law by their fathers-in-law, and a nephew by his uncle. An uncle of the *Gymnase* would have been satisfied with saying, "My rascally nephew!"

In 1853 the tribunals of the Roman States punished six hundred and nine crimes against property, and one thousand three hundred and forty-four against the person. In the same year, the assizes in France adjudicated upon three thousand seven hundred and nineteen men accused of theft, and one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one charged with crimes against the person. It might be concluded from these statistics that the Romans are more violent and more honest than we are.

Do you want fresh fruit? Here is the work of six days, towards the end of the month of April, 1858. You will see that the spring makes itself felt in Italy.

"At the Serristori barracks, Maurigi, a voltigeur, killed, with the stab of a knife, Caponia, a grenadier. Gaming quarrel.

"Some persons performed an absurd serenade under the windows of an old man named Ferri, who was just married for the third time. With a stone he knocked down one of the performers named Bernardini.

"Bravetti, a vine-dresser, was killed by a blow with a pick-ax, by a green grocer, whom he accused of stealing asparagus from his vineyard.

"Some young men, who had passed the day at a tavern, cross the street of the Mascaron. A discussion arises, and one of these

gentlemen goes into a baker's shop, seizes a knife, and stabs, with three mortal blows, Vaccari, a man of twenty-one years of age. He then goes to the house of Vaccari's father, and kills him, as a precautionary measure!

"Carolina Paniccia, and Giovanni, her husband, were going out of a tavern after supper, when they were attacked with the knife by one Pierazzi. The woman was wounded, the husband died. Pierazzi was in love with the woman, and jealous of her husband.

"The young Alphonso Ambrogioni, aged thirteen, killed his sister-in-law by cutting the carotid artery. The Ambrogioni family bore a grudge against this young woman, because one of them, Pietro Ambrogioni, had been compelled to marry her after seducing her."

It may be said, without paradox, that out of ten assassins at Rome, there is at least one who would not have committed murder, if he had any other way of getting justice done him. But money, credit, and patronage are things so difficult to surmount, that a poor man, insulted in his honor, or injured in his rights, addresses himself to nothing but the knife.

I am not afraid to affirm, while I am on the subject, that seven or eight murderers out of ten would be careful not to draw their knives, if they knew beforehand that an executioner would cut off their heads. But they are almost as certain of immunity as they would be of punishment in France or England.

Almost all the police reports which I have just quoted, end uniformly with the stereotyped phrase, "The culprit escaped by flight." The people, instead of pursuing them, lend them its aid. In its eyes the assassin is in the right, and the victim in the wrong. Our plebeian Romans have no more contempt for an assassin than the Parisians have for a man who has fairly killed his adversary in a duel. And, in fact, assassination as practiced here is a real duel. When, in the heat of discussion, men have come to use certain words, they know that blood must flow between them; war is implicitly declared; the whole city is the field of battle selected; the mob is the second accepted on both sides, and the two combatants know that they must be on their guard at all hours of the day and night. The common people therefore believe, and it is not a prejudice that is easy to uproot, that the murderer is a just person.

They protect his flight. Where does he go for refuge? Not very far. The city is full of asylums. The embassies, the Academy of France, the churches, the convents, the Tiber, are so many sanctuaries into which the law does not penetrate. If a man, when pursued, threatens to commit suicide, the police are bound to let him escape; that is why the Tiber is an inviolable asylum. They are afraid lest the accused should throw himself into the water, and die unconfessed. He who contrives to clutch the gown of a monk is in safety, as if he embraced the horns of the altar. The *gensd'armes* follow the monk, and cry in tones of entreaty, "Dear little brother! (*fratricello*!) loose him, he is an assassin!" "I can not," answers the monk, "he will not go away!" And thus the stabber reaches the door of the convent.

Some troopers of the division of occupation meet on the Ponte Molle road a malefactor tracked by the police; they go in pursuit of him at full speed; the man runs to the Tiber, and, by way of playing a trick on the French army, drowns himself. That made a great disturbance, and I believe diplomacy was somewhat concerned in it. Our soldiers ought not to have put a man in a position to die unconfessed.

The possessor of a place of asylum is free to receive or to reject the guilty. I know that at the Academy of France, for instance, M. Schnetz makes careful investigation about the guests who thrust themselves upon him. Let there come a poor fellow, threatened with the galleys for bringing a girl into trouble, and the door will open wide for him. But I have seen them closed in the face of a rascal who gayly accused himself of a peccadillo (*una cosetta*) against nature.

Between Velletri and the sea are ten leagues of country, which are a sort of asylum. This vast district, which is called the Dead Plain, is well known for its unhealthiness. It is known that the murderers will not live there long; it is known, moreover, that the innocent would not consent to render such a country wholesome by their presence. The guilty remain there unpunished, and occupied on public works, until fever does for them the work of the executioner.

Frequently the assassin is snatched from the law by the crime of another assassin. A girl falls under the knife at four in the afternoon; the body of her murderer is picked up before night.

The crime was already expiated when justice became aware of it. Accordingly it sometimes happens that the guilty man gives himself up in order to escape private vengeance, and prefers a prison to all other places of asylum.

When justice does get hold of him another series of difficulties at once begins. No witnesses can be found to testify against him. You might raise the murdered man himself from the dead, and he would not tell the name of his murderer. A man is picked up in the street, disemboweled, but still breathing.

"Who put you into that condition?"

"No one; go and look for a priest, and never mind the rest."

He has settled his accounts with his friend, and now thinks only of settling them with God.

One man poniards another; the one starts for the hulks, the other for the hospital. When the one is liberated and the other cured, they will shake hands without malice. But if the wounded man had owned before a judge that he had received a wound, neither the assassin nor his friends would allow him to enjoy his convalescence.

The refusal to testify in a court of law is so incurable an evil that you can find no witnesses, even against thieves. Yet I have told you how they are detested! Just so we detested them at college, and just so we made it a point of honor not to denounce them. We put them in quarantine, we made them run the gauntlet amid hard blows with an India-rubber ball; but we should have considered ourselves dishonored if we had given them up to the schoolmaster. The Romans are children at all ages, as we are at fifteen.

Their aversion to thieves was manifested two or three years ago, when one was beaten in the Piazza del Popolo. His name was Pietro Bandi, if I remember rightly. He had thrown a public festival into confusion, in order to fish in troubled waters for a few purses and handkerchiefs. His speculation cost two or three persons their lives, and several their health. The judges condemned him to receive five-and-twenty blows with a raw-hide, not upon the soles of the feet. The crowd ran to his punishment as if to a diversion, and cried at every blow, "Bravo! Strike hard!" Mastro Titta, carried away by the enthusiasm of the people, added a twenty-sixth blow for the *good hand*, the Italian name for drink-money.

In the same country, among the same people, a peasant discovers that his pig has been stolen. He divines the guilty man, runs to his house, and finds the animal tied before the door.

"Witnesses!" he exclaims; "Holy Madonna, send me witnesses!"

By-and-by a man passes; he flies at his throat.

"You see this pig?"

"What pig?" says the other, who at once detected an odor of testimony.

"By all the saints, you're not blind! there is a pig!"

"No, there's no pig."

"You don't see a pig there before that door?"

"I see no pig. Good-by; I am off to my business."

The plundered man stopped ten witnesses one after the other; not one would see the pig.

"Since you see nothing," he said to the last, "I am going to unfasten this cord, and take it home, with the animal hanging at the end of it."

That is how he should have begun.

The Romans themselves own that the penal laws have only been applied among them under the French rule. During that time power was strong enough to compel witnesses to state what they had seen, and to reassure them as to the consequences of their depositions.

It is not that the means of repressing crime are wanting to the Pontifical Government. There are well-kept prisons, and hulks in good condition. The cellular system of prison existed at the hospice of St. Michael a hundred years before it was invented by the Americans. The guillotine is an Italian machine, dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth century. But almost all the Popes have handed down to their successors, from age to age, principles of gentleness and senile indulgence, which somewhat disarm the law. Capital punishments have always been exceedingly rare in these States, in which are committed, according to the statistics of 1853, more than four murders a day. It is difficult for a sovereign, grown old in the practice of a ministry of peace, to enter some fine morning on a vigorous war against the violence of his subjects. The education of the Roman commonalty needs remodeling. Force must be used to soften those brutal natures, which the slightest contradiction drives to



the most furious excesses. They must be taught to respect human life as a sacred thing; they must, for their own sake and that of all Europe, violently modify their ideas of assassination. So long as there shall be in the civilized world a kingdom in which they think no more of killing a man than of drinking a glass of wine, civilization will be a provisional condition, subject to every kind of accident.

It would not be necessary to shed rivers of blood to stop definitely this game of knives. Leo XII. did not decimate his people to cure the plague of brigandage; we did not need to depopulate Corsica in order to suppress its banditti. Similarly, a few blows well struck would suffice here, especially if struck at the right time. Even the noblest animals only profit by correction when it immediately follows the fault; and our terrible Roman plebeians are somewhat in the condition of blood horses and pointers. If a criminal suit could be disposed of out of hand, if the expiation followed the crime at the distance of only a few days, the people to whom everything is a drama, would not be present at a bad example without at once receiving a good lesson; but when a guilty man is executed ten years after his crime, as is sometimes the case, those who witness the execution have nothing but pity for the head that falls. They fancy that the murderer has a right to claim prescriptive custom, and the only word you will hear circulating among the crowd is *poveretto* ! poor fellow !

In the month of July, 1858, General Count de Noüe, a gallant man if ever there was one, and a devoted partisan of the Pope's authority, stayed for a few weeks at Viterbo. In one of his walks he heard several male voices singing psalms in the town-prison. These choristers were twenty-two men condemned to death, who had been waiting several years for the hour of execution.

The government itself makes a sort of conscientious scruple about putting to death a man who has repented and, perhaps, reformed. I have told you that it was of a fatherly kindness and gentleness; I shall have occasion more than once to repeat the same eulogium. A Pope can not forget that he represents here below the God of mercy. The holy father, whoever he may be, has always a horror of blood. But it seems to me just that mercy should be shown first to those who are assassinated;

and the first duty of those who have a horror of blood is to terrify those who shed it.

Forty years ago, the murderer of a priest was dismembered, like a roasted chicken, on the Piazza del Popolo.\* I do not ask for a return to those ferocities of the middle ages. The legal suppression of a man is in itself a fact sufficiently terrible, without being attended with such monstrous surroundings. But I can not have it removed from my mind that examples are needed at Rome to suppress that school of the knife which is establishing branches everywhere.

Meanwhile, and until they can decide upon punishing assassins, they are in the habit of sending them to the galleys. I do not count this journey among the number of punishments, for the convicts are not to be pitied. Better lodged, better clothed, and better fed than the majority of the common people, they work just as much as they please, and their work is remunerated. Finally, to crown all, they enjoy universal consideration. I do not exaggerate in the least; the convicts are well thought of. Not only are they pitied, though they are not to be pitied—not only do people stop in the streets of Rome to give them money, but the hand which gives them alms does not disdain to press their hand. Why not? The penalty can not be more shameful than the crime, and the people have no reason for despising, after

\* "Ludovico ascended the ladder of the scaffold. Mastro Titta takes from beneath his red coat a large, pointed stick, and examines it carefully. He then plays with his club like a drum-major with his long silver-headed cane. Finally, he grasps it firmly, swings it twice round his head, and strikes the condemned man on the left temple.

"A cry of horror rises from the crowd. The victim falls like an ox, and his body begins to writhe in agony.

"Mastro Titta casts his club far from him into the midst of the crowd. He falls upon his victim again, draws a long butcher's knife, and cuts his throat. Then, with the same knife, he makes a deep incision all round the neck, as if to mark out the line, and cuts off the head, which he shows to the people. The blood from this head reddens the executioner, while two jets spring from the severed neck and deluge the robe of the priest. You think it is finished? No. Mastro Titta cuts off both arms at the shoulder, both legs at the knee of the corpse, and picking up feet and hands, arms, legs, head, trunk, he throws the whole into a chest below the scaffold.

"A year afterward there died at the hospital of Santo Spirito a young man of good family; he confessed that it was he who had killed Mgr. Traletto, to avenge an insult."—*Petrucelli della Gattina*. "*Prelim. de la Quest. Rom. ch. v. pp. 44 and 45.*

the sentence, those whom they almost admired after the assassination.

If, in spite of the advantages secured to them by law and custom, they come to be weary of their condition, they have only to say so. Liberty will be given to them one day or another. The penalty of hard labor for life is pretty easily commuted. Twenty years of the galleys are soon ended. To begin with, the year is but eight months at the hulks; and then reductions coming one after the other, however little favoritism may have to do with it, the assassin one day sees the doors open to him, and he returns, half glad, half sorry, to the practice of an honest trade of which he has lost the habits.

Do not fear that the stain of his past life will mark him out for the contempt of the world. It would be too curious if a liberated convict were less esteemed than a convict in active service. He is considered a little less interesting, that is all. He speaks of his labors like a soldier of his campaigns. He says, with a small feeling of pride, "When I was yonder!"

I met, recently, at Frascati, an excellent specimen of a peasant. The good man was traveling gently, gently, on his ass, along a pretty steep road. His wife followed him at some distance, seeing that she carried a chest of drawers on her head. I entered into conversation with this model husband, and his turn of mind pleased me.

The conversation turned—I do not know how—upon blows of the knife; for several days they had been running in my head.

"Sir," he said to me, "for six years now our village festivals have lost half their pleasure. During the days when there was no disease of the grape-vines, and you could drink as much wine as you wanted, there was not a fair held at which there were not four or five men killed. I killed many a one when I was a young man, but now old age has come and my chance is over. No one can have lived very far back in the past and be much in the present."

"And you were never punished for it?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! I passed two years at Civita Vecchia. You recall to me the happiest days of my life. Oh, the galleys! But you were never sentenced then in your own country, your excellency?"

## VII.

### THE LOTTERY.

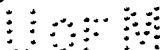
THE lottery is the shortest road from wretchedness to wealth.

It is also one of the most certain, and there is no other so direct. It is for this reason that the Romans avoid all the other ways, and crowd into this. I often asked myself what I would do to benefit myself, if I were one of these plebeians who live day after day in the streets of this great city. Here, at the outset, is a career open to all, without distinction of birth or fortune—the Church. Nothing is more democratic at the base than this absolutist government. Every intelligent man has his foot in the stirrup from the moment he has crossed the threshold of the seminary; he is in a situation to gain everything. I say even more than that; this profession is the only one where virtue can take the place of science; and where capacity is advantageously replaced by humility. A man from the lowest ranks of the people, and moderately educated only, can become a monk, priest, general, cardinal, or pope; walk as the equals of the greatest sovereigns, and give precedence to its envoys over the ambassadors of all the other powers. But one must have talent; we have none; so let us look round for something else. The civil service? Its places are still sought after by some poor devils, and each one believes that he has talent enough to fill them, if he can only obtain credit enough to get into them. But these are only subordinate offices for those of small means—like me. I can become the head of some bureau by means of patronage; but if I wish to ascend, it is absolutely necessary to change my cloth. Do we pretend to the dignity of regimentals? All the rabble of Rome would shout with laughter, if they heard us make such a proposition. We are going to have a whole

chapter about this further on. What shall we do then? Engage in some literary pursuit? Idiot! The legal profession? medicine? Plenty of hard work and no pay. Teach? Look at your clothing my poor fellow! your coat is too short, at least a foot and a half. Go into business? You can get a living there, at any rate. Farm? You can make a fortune at that, if you have one to start with. But the immense majority of the citizens of Rome have the capital of the Wandering Jew—five cents—in their pockets. All things being taken into consideration, they act as the old woman did, of whom I spoke to you the other day; they go without their dinners and buy a lottery-ticket. Do you blame them for it? I have not the heart to do it.

Some surly travelers have inveighed against the people who play, and especially against the government that gives them the means of gambling. It is considered wrong that any power esteemed in the world should speculate upon the vices of its subjects. Let me refute this clamor. It is not at Rome alone, but at Naples, Florence, and Venice, throughout the whole breadth of this oppressed land, that the Italians gamble at lotteries. If there were no offices at Rome, the Romans would gamble at other places, and the diligences from Vienna, Pisa, Florence, and Naples, would come freighted with nothing but tickets. But as it is a recognized fact, that at this unequal game the banker always wins, the suppression of the pontifical lotteries would send abroad seven or eight millions a year. Such is very nearly the gross amount of benefit accruing to the State; but the expenses of collection support so many small officials, that the net profit never exceeds fifteen hundred thousand francs. The lotteries are therefore very poor resources to the government, and a very great comfort to the people. It was perfectly proper for us to abolish them at Paris, because in every well-ordered State, where all depends on labor, the government is bound to instruct its citizens to depend on nothing but their work. It would be wrong to suppress it at Rome, because this people, so lazy and demoralized, sustained in its misery by the trust in luck, lives upon hope and its imagination. To take away lotteries, would be to remove the little that is left to it.

It is more than one hundred and twenty years since Clement XII. introduced this habit among the people of his States, and the love of play is now so deeply ingrafted in the minds of the



people, not only of the lower classes, but of those of rank, even of those in high position in the Church, that they buy a ticket as we buy a cup of coffee. In this point you will remark the difference in the education of the Italians and the French. I was a very small child when the progress of public opinion abolished the royal lotteries; but I remember that it was spoken of as a game for servants, and persons of the better class disguised themselves in order to get their tickets. Here the first people of the country think it nothing strange to tempt fortune, and elbow dirty masons in the ticket offices. Gaming in this way was a vice with us—here it is not spoken of as a bad habit, and the approval of the Romans is just as much based on reason as our blame was formerly.

Perhaps some of you would like to have me run over, in a few words, the theory of this game, which the archeologist alone knows any thing about in France. At midday on Saturday, before the Minister of Finance, under the eyes of the assembled people, a commission presided over by the representative of the pontifical Minister of the Treasury, draws out five numbers from a wheel which contains ninety. Some one among the interested players who assist at the drawing, has played a simple number; that is, he has bet with the government that a certain number will come out among the five. If his number is drawn, he wins thirteen or fourteen times his stake. Another one has played a *double*; he has chosen two numbers, and bets that both will come out of the wheel. Another has bet on *triplets*, by choosing three numbers; he can win more than five thousand times his stake. I will, with your permission, skip the other combinations, such as the *first draw*, the *doublet*, and the *determined triplet*. It is sufficient to tell you, that any man who can foretell three of the five numbers which will come out next Saturday, can buy one hundred thousand francs for a louis. This, I believe, is the largest prize to be had. The bank does not play heavily; the *quartette* and *quintette* do not exist. The drawing having been determined on, all the Romans begin torturing their minds to guess what numbers will come out. Up to midnight of Thursday they rack their brains, exhaust themselves by making cabalistic combinations, ask advice of all their friends, and call for inspiration from above. Some examine the drawings of preceding years—they say such and such numbers are in the



habit of coming together; it is more than six months since that has occurred, and so they are bound to come together this time. Others seek for inspiration along the walls of the city, and at every step are finding triplets ready made to their hands—chalked there by some amateur. More than one makes a *newvaine* in order to decide the lucky numbers. He who has been so happy as to dream of a dog or cat, hastens to consult the *dream-book*, where all the things seen in dreams correspond to numbers. The great, the one inseparable idea of all Romans, of both sexes, is the search for numbers. Not only dreams are translated into numbers, but all happy or unlucky events lose their real significance to pass into the state of prophecy. Such a one is drowned. Good! Eighty-eight! My daughter has got a fever. Bravo! eighteen, twenty-eight, forty-eight! A husband has come back to his house at an unwelcome time. He hears the sound of a man's voice in his wife's chamber. God be praised! Ninety! He jumps down the staircase four steps at a time, and hurries to buy his ticket. The son of a coal-man at Rome fell from the top story of a house, and injured himself severely. His father, before calling a surgeon, made up a triplet by the age of his son, the hour of the accident, and the number fifty-six, which corresponded to the height of the fall from the window. He won—his son died, and more than one father felt jealous. A young man and young woman asphyxiated themselves together in a house on the Corso, and the people stole to the office of the lottery to play on the event. The authorities are obliged to *shut up*, or interdict certain numbers upon which all the world wish to bet at the same time; for instance, the ages of the two lovers, the number of the house, and the hour of their death. At Venice, an Austrian soldier threw himself from a high bell-tower. The rabble threw themselves upon him as soon as he touched the ground, stole the number of his regiment and of his battalion, and plunged their greedy hands into his bloody clothes to find the number on his shirt. There was not one who did not look upon the dead body as a blessing dropped from heaven. At Rimini a condemned criminal was walking to punishment between two executioners. An old woman boldly followed in the crowd. From time to time she spoke to him, and when prevented from getting near by, called to him from a distance with supplicating gestures. Was it his

mother? Not at all. It was a player in want of numbers. At Sonnino, where it was once the custom to exhibit the heads of those decapitated, in iron cages, around the gate of the village, the old female gamblers used to come at midnight and pray before these hideous relics. They prayed, but with the ear on the watch, and the attention given to every noise—the crow of a cock, the mewling of a cat, the barking of a dog, the sound of a carriage in the distance, were noted by these hags as so many warnings from heaven. It was thus that the soothsayers of old interrogated the will of the gods in that observatory in the open air which they called a temple. Do not be at all surprised at hearing of praying and gambling jumbled together. Religion is mixed up with all the acts of our life. The Romans, in this familiar sort of intercourse with the Deity, consider it a very natural and simple thing to try to interest Him in their little private affairs. An exceedingly upright ecclesiastic informed me that his parishioners had offered him large sums of money to place three numbers under the sacred pyx during the performance of mass. No reasoning would convince them that such an act of juggling would be a sacrilege, and no arguments in the world could remove from their minds the belief that the numbers thus dedicated to God would be the first to come out at the next drawing. I often amuse myself by looking over the attractive inscriptions which cover the walls of the lottery office. One will assure you that the drawing will be a perfectly fair one, which is no doubt true. Another will announce that the winner will be paid without any delay; another that he can ask for any kind of money he wishes. Here is a distich considered lucky, which occupies a prominent position in the midst of all these promises:

“A little capital will win a large fortune; play, and see if the Madonna will not assist you.”

No one places much reliance upon the Madonna in this affair; but then it should not be forgotten that the Madonna, in the eyes of the Italians, is the most potent of the powers in heaven. It is very seldom that they speak of God, but they call upon the Madonna incessantly. If a beggar solicits alms, and they send him off without giving a cent, it is with “May the Madonna protect you!” He replies with a “Thank you.” I overheard the following conversation in a low restaurant of the Trastevere:

BEBOU



"Papa, where do those strangers come from?"

"They come from the land of strangers."

"What sort of a country is it?"

"A very cold one, with wooden houses, where the people are ignorant, but have lots of money."

"Do they believe in God?"

"No."

"Well, at least they believe in the Madonna?"

"No."

"What! not in the Madonna!"

This was the conversation of a village hotel-keeper, who wanted to convert a young Englishman :

"But, what an ass you are; don't you see that the heavens, the earth, you yourself, your clothes, the bread that you eat, all come from the Madonna? It is she who has made the world, and one must be more ignorant than the beasts not to know that fact."

If skepticism ever reigns in that land, it will deny God, perhaps, but it will continue to burn tapers to the Madonna. Whenever a man is about to die, they say, "In a short time he will go see the Madonna." All the sick people who die are victims to this bugaboo; all those who recover are only indebted to the Madonna. They may beat down the price of the medical attendance, but they will never bargain on the cost of the wax for the Madonna of St. Augustine. She is the most worshiped of all those that are prayed to in the whole city. All the pillars of her chapel are hung over with *ex voto* offerings of gold or silver. Her statue is borne down under the weight of the load of jewels; she has caskets of gems that a princess might envy. They tell a story of a great lady who offered all her diamonds without informing her husband, who went and complained to the Pope. There was no less amount in question than a large fortune. The Pope gave the claimant the right to take back his property on the sole condition that he should go and get it himself, on some Sunday, at the close of the mass. The diamonds remain there to this day. The Madonna of St. Augustine has a bronze foot which is almost literally worn out by the kisses of her devotees, so that it is obliged to be renewed from time to time. Thousands of little pictures, suspended round her, testify to the miracles which she has effected. I saw there, not long

ago, in a very simple frame, Madame Ristori almost demolished by the fall of a slide of a side-scene, preserved by the Madonna of St. Augustine. I don't know where this picture has gone to, but it is not there now. If the Madonna protected Madame Ristori on some evening when she was playing comedy, she ought certainly to be willing occasionally to enrich some poor lottery-player.

I advise all strangers who have the time, to be present at one of the drawings in Rome. You will see plenty of good faces, and hear some curious remarks. The player who has lost, blames the numbers which have ruined him.

"Do you know, sir, whether they have drawn number thirty-seven?"

"Number thirty-seven is very much wanted, indeed! Upon my word, thirty-seven is not a bad number! Don't you think that it would be a hundred times more just, kind, and Christian-like to draw forty-two? My fortune will be made, I know."

A moment before the drawing takes place, all the crowd is satisfied.

"Crony," says one, "it's a lucky day."

"You are going to see something new at my house," replies the other.

And forthwith both fall to tearing up their tickets, and cursing their luck. They charge each other not to play again, and immediately go together to the nearest office to get some fresh numbers.

I met the servant of one of my friends there once. His face showed me at once that he had not won.

"Sir," he said to me, "my triplet isn't out yet; but they are good numbers."

"Let me see them."

"Here they are, sir: seventeen, fifty-six, eighty-two! Isn't that a good combination?"

I didn't understand in what any one set could be better than another, and the servant was astonished at my want of intelligence. "What!" he said, "you who have studied so much, can't appreciate that seventeen, fifty-six, and eighty-two make a good combination!" I seriously believe that by dint of studying the numbers, they end by seeing, like Pythagoras, all sorts of things which are not there. A man from the Trastevere said

to my interrogator: "I have never played but *doublets*, for I know perfectly well that a triplet would never take the trouble to come out for such a poor devil as I am. I only ask to win eight crowns, in order to get married, and the Madonna has always refused me. We shall see what next Saturday will bring forth."

There were a good many Jews round us, and their faces looked long. "Do you know why?" said one of my neighbors; "it's because only high numbers have come out, and the Jews play only low ones." Whenever five numbers are drawn below thirty there is a *fête* at the Ghetto. Perhaps the Jews think that small numbers are favorable to small people.

The Romans play very small stakes, for which reason the lottery has never ruined any one. The heavy players are the office keepers, who speculate on the tickets. They gain, from the fact that the office closes Thursday night, and sometimes twenty-four hours earlier than that, whenever Thursday happens upon a *fête* day. As the public can not patiently wait until Saturday, without trying some other combination, the keeper takes some hundreds of tickets on his own account, and then endeavors to sell them at a profit. Under the stimulus of his private interest he uses all his ingenuity to deck out the office, and attract the passers-by. The whole front of his house is decorated with numbers sure to win. Here is the lucky triplet; here a doublet, dreamed of by a sick man; there is a combination, from the figures seen in the clouds some evening. Often the single number, the doublet, and the triplet remain on his hands; often he has occasion to feel thankful that he could not sell them, for some of them happen to win. If he happens to lose two or three times running, and bad luck attends him, he just clears out, after having honestly put the key under the door. The strangers who visit Rome commence by severely condemning the lottery. After a short time, however, the spirit of tolerance which seems to fill the air gradually enters their brains; they excuse this game as being philanthropic, and furnishing the poor people with six days of hope for only five cents. Shortly after, in order to try the system, they go themselves to the lottery office, being careful, however, not to let themselves be seen. Three months afterward they will openly try for some lucky combination; they have some mathematical theory to which they will willingly

subscribe their names; they give lessons to some new comers, praise the morality of the game, and swear that it is unpardonable in a man not to leave one door open to fortune.

Every summer, without interfering with the regular lottery, there are a certain number of other lotteries held, called tombolas. The tombola is a sort of a lotto, played in the open air by the entire population. Every one is furnished with a card, upon which he inscribes such numbers as he considers to be lucky. Priests and laymen, rich and poor, crowd round the office. The drawing takes place in that beautiful villa which the Prince Borghèse lends so graciously to the Roman people, in which they can walk and ride. It consists of an immense garden, thickly filled with monuments of all kinds, and inhabited by numbers of cattle, who browse about the lawns. What do you think of a private garden where there are fifty thousand bundles of hay made every year? where there is a stone hippodrome twice as large as the wooden one in Paris—for such is the place for holding the tombola. All the inhabitants of the city come here in a body; the lame and the paralytic alone are left to guard the houses.

This fête, in honor of sacred gold, is as solemnly observed and is much more popular than many others. You will see as many Capuchins there as at any of the most attractive processions. The sun, the music, the toilets, the intense excitement of those interested in the results, all are there. But suddenly there is a lull. Hark! the first number is about to be drawn; there is a perfect silence. Here it is! Some one in a voice of thunder proclaims it aloud, and it is passed from mouth to mouth to the very end of the amphitheater, while great signs are held up, upon which the number is painted so as to be seen by all present. Every one takes his card in his hand, and pricks upon it the numbers as they come out. The winners of the first triplet, the first quartette, and the quintette in a short time come forward and mount the stage to get their money, saluted by a tremendous braying of trumpets.

If some one, confused by the excitement, is deceived and claims the prize which he has not won, he is driven back in confusion to his seat by a storm of hisses. The first card filled out wins the tombola and a thousand crowns.

The gain is not so large in the village tombolas, which are

employed more to adorn the common country fêtes than for gambling, the prizes being only for a hundred, or perhaps fifty crowns, but then the winner manifests just as much joy and the loser just as much envy. Misfortune to him who ventures to win without being a member of the parish! For he stands a good chance of being stoned back to his own home, and of finding that his money has cost him dear. It is not long since such a bit of luck happened, in a village of the Sabine, to a countryman from a village three leagues further on. The winner was a middle-aged man, gentle, patient, quiet, and phlegmatic, like a Normand from the country de Caux. He pocketed the money without saying a word, and started to carry it home. But all the youths of the village placed themselves in his way, as it happened, so much the worse for them. They commenced with jokes, but blows soon followed. The poor fellow was buffeted about like an India rubber ball. He was satisfied to get off with a few cuffs, because at each shock he heard the crowns rattle in his pockets. The crowd rendered bold by his unresisting manner, grew bolder and bolder, until at last the unlucky winner of the hundred crowns was obliged to take refuge in a tavern. Even here the people followed him, shouting, and not intermitting the blows from their fists, which still rattled about his ears. But happening to come across a pointed knife on his way, the countryman, but a moment before so quiet and inoffensive, seized it, and two minutes afterward there were three dead bodies and fourteen wounded people in the parish. The winner escaped and left those parts, a little richer, but much less innocent, than when he entered it. The following night he didn't sleep in his own home, but directed his steps towards Velletri, and wasted all his hard-earned money among the gamblers of the *Plains morte*.

## VIII.

### THE MIDDLE CLASS.

THOSE who are called the bourgeois, the third estate, the middling class, are the real foundation for all the modern nations. The common people, or those who live from day to day by manual labor, are in every country but a blind, unreasoning power. Their ignorance and their poverty expose them to be led astray by falsehoods and influenced by envy. Everywhere they have to be taken into consideration, and yet I do not know a country where they can be depended upon. It is the duty, as also for the interest of a good government, to enlighten them by a preliminary course of instruction and interest them in the public welfare by encouraging them to lay up a little money. On one hand there should be schools, on the other institutions to encourage economy and providence, which will assist the common people in acquiring a position and entering upon the rank of the middle class. A time will come, I feel sure, when there will be no more plebeians, for every man will have a good education to help him on, and a little fortune for himself in the future. Those nations are the most advanced where the plebeian is the most rapidly absorbed into the middle class, which ought to include them all. It is already drawing into its hands the aristocracy, a work which will be finished before the end of our century. Feudalism has been of great service to Europe, but its days are over. After the destruction of the Roman empire and the wild irruption of the barbarians, it created a false and brutal class, but one presenting distinguishing characteristics. The absolute monarchy, which was a little better, struck a severe blow at its integrity; it not only subdued but transformed it. Dating from the sixteenth century, feud-

alism changed its name, and was called nobility. The gentleman is still above the retainer, but he is a hundred leagues below the king. He obeys more than he commands, and purchases at the price of the basest humiliations the right to degrade the people. In 1793, the people, that is to say, the middle class, cut off the heads of the monarchy and the nobility, and proclaimed the principle of equality of all men, one which will henceforth be discussed, controverted, evaded, but never abolished. It is sufficient to-day to cast your eyes over the aristocracy of France, to see how, little by little, it is being amalgamated with the middle class.

The noble families who survived the "Reign of Terror" were robbed of their patrimony. The restitution made by Napoleon I., and the thousand million of emigrants, only raised them for a time. The code of civil laws which does not recognize the right of primogeniture, prevents the amassing of very large fortunes, by dividing them. The monopolies, from which some money might be gained are abolished, public offices are no longer given to persons of good birth alone, but to those of merit, or who have intrigued for them. If a gentleman in 1860 should pride himself upon living without work, like his fathers, he would condemn his posterity to die of hunger. Nevertheless our wants multiply; luxury increases rapidly. That which was called a fortune a hundred years ago, would to-day hardly be considered a respectable living. What is left for the aristocracy of our time? It is distinguished still from the common crowd by the purity of certain characteristics, the elevation of certain traits, the obstinacy of some prejudices; but it ought, in spite of itself, to forget its hereditary contempt for labor, commerce, and business, and attend to the occupations of the middle class.

This gradual annexation of a whole people by the most intelligent and industrious class, is one of the causes of our greatness, least recognized. This class of *bourgeois*, whose eccentricities and follies we properly ridicule, whose egotism and exclusiveness we condemn, is nevertheless the most active power in the French nation. The nobility was decapitated in 1793, with no great harm to the country. If the revolution of 1848, as for a time was feared, had cut off the head of the middle class, that would have been the end of us. The Roman Empire, so solidly founded by the demo-

cratic despotism of the Cæsars, could not survive the destruction of the middle class; it perished for want of the bourgeois.

Look around us; Switzerland and Belgium, made free at entirely different periods, by the courage of a few of the bourgeois, now form two small but energetic States, because the middle class prospers and increases. A rich and powerful middle class is the great strength of England, and moves that enormous machine whose arms reach around the world. The States of North America—a country preëminently of the middle class—will gradually encroach upon South America, which is peopled only by masters and slaves. Spain, reduced to the lowest degree of degradation by her kings and priests, has recovered with marvellous rapidity since she has had a middle class. Turkey is perishing for want of a middle class. Russia, with her immense territory, population, and resources of all kinds, concentrated in a single hand, seems to threaten Europe, and keeps certain politicians in a state of chronic disquiet; but there is nothing to fear from her for fifty years; for at least half a century will be required to create a class between the serfs and the nobles. In Italy it is the middle class which has prepared the healthy revolution in which we are now assisting. The leaders of the movement, both in peace and war, are two men of genius, both sprung from the middle class—Count Cavour and Garibaldi. That which has made me so hopeful from the first day, that in the end Italy will recover her independence, has been the development and growth of the middle class, and the progress it has made, in spite of all the turmoils of despotism. If King Victor Emanuel is the destined sovereign of the new Italy, it is not simply because he is the most liberal prince, as also the boldest in the whole country, but especially for the reason that the middle class is more elevated and more powerful in Piedmont than anywhere else. There exists in Lombardy, in Tuscany, in the States of Parma and Modena, in the Romagna, and even in the Kingdom of Naples, a brilliant collection of lawyers, physicians, engineers, professors, manufacturers, and merchants, who for a long time have been dreaming of this change, and who have labored for, and deserved, the liberty of their country.

Rome will not be freed until after Venice and all the other Italian cities. Religion and diplomacy are not the only causes for this delay; it is also to be explained by the inferior position



which the masters of the city have compelled the bourgeois to occupy. This misused class is composed of laymen holding offices of various kinds—officers of different ranks, lawyers, store-keepers, physicians, artists, boarding-house keepers, and country merchants. The men of this category live by themselves in a state of the most perfect equality—the colonel, the clergyman, the shop-keeper, and the lawyer, all have the same position in society. They are generally poor, and almost always dependent; their intelligence is limited; their education has been designedly neglected. The majority are hangers-on to the cardinals and princes, and in their turn extend a sort of patronage to the common people. Prodigal in compliments and acts of politeness, which are the common currency in Rome, they yet evince vulgarisms in their conversation and habits that would be intolerable with us. They meet together at picnics and festivals, and before seating themselves at table, take off their cravats and coats, as if it were in no wise improper. While young, they are good-looking, and dress with some degree of style, spending for that purpose the last crown. At the age of forty they neglect their appearance, use tobacco, wear cravats with ready-made knots, leave off gloves—but still think they must have a carriage. Their tables are easily supplied, bread and pies being the principal part of their food, with a variety of salads and pot-herbs. They go to market themselves, and rarely give their wives the opportunity of spending a cent. Their apartments are scantily furnished and neglected. They do not lack intelligence or shrewdness; but possess a fund of good spirits, and invent the most ingenious plans for making great fortunes without work. They marry at an early age, and Providence blesses them with a multitude of children which they do not know what to do with. They all have religion, but not all honesty. They complain bitterly of the government when there is no danger of being overheard; they flatter the prelates, and seek every occasion to supplant them. Such are all, or nearly all of them; for let it be understood there are some most honorable exceptions—perhaps one in ten.

The young women have fine teeth, owing to the purity of the water and the equality of temperature—large eyes, magnificent heads of hair, fine shoulders, and admirably formed necks. Their features are regular, without much delicacy; the nose is well-formed, and the lip a little haughty. They have a tempt-

ing complexion, superb arms, plump hands, the waist often too thick, the legs too heavy, and the feet too large. It is more agreeable to see them than to hear them talk; for their voices are often masculine, and even hoarse. Their education, begun in a convent and finished at home, is still more neglected than that of the men; they are almost entirely ignorant of all they ought to know, but, on the other hand, know a great many things of which they should be ignorant. Disinherited by law in favor of their brothers, they are obliged to get husbands by other allurements than money. They often have recourse to a frank, plain, piquant, lively coquetry, which is in nowise disguised, and is wholly free from German sentimentality. They make no attempt to repress their appetites or their embonpoint; they never go dreaming by moonlight; they say out plainly, that if the night-ingle is pleasant to hear in the woods, it is not unpleasant in a stew with rice. The romantic pleases them, where all is honorable. They ogle without hesitation any young man who passes, and lean from their balconies to exchange letters tied to a cord; but this confidence and liberty prove something in their favor. They do not suppose that any one will attempt to win their hearts without aspiring to their hand. These little love-passages are, in their eyes, only cross-roads upon the highway to matrimony. Just as they are excitable, so are they strong in their resistance. The most adored lover is nothing in their eyes as soon as he loses his aureola of the future. They cry themselves almost to death, and six months afterward set about loving another. Don Juan and Lord Lovelace would waste their time before such little fortresses, so easy to invest and impossible to take. When at last they marry, they bring to their husbands a character of innocence not to be easily duped, and of frankness showing knowledge. They have retained all the perfections of a young girl, except simplicity. They want nothing, unless, perhaps, the down of an unpicked peach. They are like the fruits in the markets at Paris, which have passed through seven or eight hands before we have a chance to put our teeth into them. After marriage, if report be true, they enjoy some liberty. Scandal says that easy husbands abound in the middle class, and that very many of the women, themselves, pay the expense of their toilettes. I think this statement, if not wholly untrue, at least much exaggerated. Children come one after another, the first

wrinkles appear on the forehead, age creeps on, the woman abdicates and the mother succeeds, coquetry is dropped, the toilette loses its attractions, and nothing remains but a kind of governess in a woolen gown, who walks behind her daughters on the promenade of the Pincian.

The Roman middle class so little resembles ours, that you are doubtless curious to examine it more nearly. Let us go into the ranks, and begin with the liberal professions. M. Marchetti, M. de Rossi, M. Lunati, are men of eminence, who would do honor to any courts of law in Europe, but the majority of advocates are very humble, very timid, and thrown into the shade. The judicial debates are not public; and the lawyer takes but little pains to be eloquent when he has to plead in a desert. Very often the advocate writes his speech instead of delivering it. His notes for such and such a client are generally printed. If he had the talent of Cicero, he could hardly gain much glory by such a proceeding: His fortune is made very slowly from the small retaining fees and the fixed salary from three or four rich families, taking a lawyer for their exclusive use. Several princes of the bar act as secretaries and as counselors to the auditors of the *Rota*; they take up the questions and study out the decisions of the Supreme Court. But if the auditor of the *Rota* be raised to the rank of a cardinal, his secretary, no matter how learned he may be, his cabinet counselor, is at once thrown upon his own resources. The advocate Vannutelli left a large fortune, but only because he was the business manager for the Bonaparte family. How far removed we are from the power of the ancient tribune or even from the noble and brilliant independence of the French bar! What astonishes me is that there should be so many men of learning and integrity in a profession so humble and restricted.

The physicians are also dependent to the last degree. In a city where the price for visits is from twenty to thirty cents, a poor devil of a doctor would die of hunger daily if he were not employed by a few rich families. Here he gets a crown a month, there two, at another place five or six. In the course of business he resorts every evening, at the hour of the Ave Maria, to the shop of some apothecary. Whoever wants a doctor applies to the apothecary, as very often the residence of the former is unknown. When you walk by an apothecary's shop toward

six o'clock, on a winter evening, you will see half a dozen gentlemen, with their hats on, conversing around the store. These are doctors waiting for a call. In summer they hang around the door steps, like the porters in Paris. Many of them deserve to live better, and I could mention a number of surgeons at Rome, who, like the celebrated Baroni, have been an honor to Italy, and instructed Europe. But the means of instruction are so incomplete, so trammelled by ridiculous prejudices, that the great proportion of the Roman physicians are behind the age. For every ten who follow, step by step, the progress of modern science, there are thirty who still hold to M. Purgon's theory of therapeutics. Nearly all the invalids exposed to their care breakfast upon a purgative and dine on a bleeding. The inhabitants of Rome are the best purged and best bled of all Christians. They bleed the unfortunate victim of intermittent fever until worn out, at the same time, by the disease and the remedy, he descends to the tomb. Some of the country physicians still have the brazen effrontery of charlatans. They explain to the invalid in loud and boastful tones the cause of his sufferings.

"Poor, perishable creature! it is a worm that torments you; you are literally a victim to the *acrastia vermi*. By good luck you have called me in time; the worm has not yet reached the grand reservoir of your life. I am about to check his progress by a good bleeding, lest he take advantage of the circulation of the blood and advance still further; then, by faking him unawares, we will expel him in the rush of a profuse purgation."

After a treatment of eight days the sick man, empty as a dead chicken, succeeds in passing a little shred, and the doctor cries out, "Be thankful that you have met a worthy pupil of Hippocrates. Science has accomplished one more miracle; the worm is subdued, and you are cured!"

However, I once met in the suburbs of Rome a doctor who was much more unpretending than this. He was a young man, whom the apothecary had sent to a house where I happened to be.

The sick person said to him:

"I do not feel well; my head is heavy; I am fat; I have a tolerably short neck. I don't care about dying of apoplexy—so bleed me."

"Willingly!" replied the young man, taking off his coat.

"Bleeding is a pretty operation; very useful, and easily done; yes, easily, although all men are not equally adroit. You are not afraid? No! nor I either! What does a bleeding amount to? simply a prick on the arm. The thing is not to tremble."

He was trembling a little. Nevertheless he recovered himself in the presence of danger, drew out his lancet and pricked the vein. A fair-sized stream of blood spirted out into the bowl, and the young doctor fell upon his knees, crying out:

"Thanks to the Madonna! this time I have succeeded."

When he had recovered from his emotion I said to him: "Parbleu! doctor, you have a skillful hand, and I would like to put myself under your charge. This accursed sirocco that has been blowing for two days causes me a feeling of ill health which I can not explain, and I am hardly able to work."

"Would you like to be purged?"

"Thank you, no."

"Would you like to have me bleed you?"

"Oh, no! I am obliged. Do not let us abuse the blessings of the Madonna."

After a little hesitation, he replied, "What do you intend to do yourself?"

"I think I shall take a foot-bath, with the water quite hot."

"You are right. Yes, take a foot-bath; I recommend you to take one. After that, if you will take my advice, you will go to bed, and pray to St. Andre d'Avellino, for his intervention is very powerful in such cases."

The distance between this doctor out of a dozen and the shop-keeper is so short, that I do not hesitate to pass directly from one to the other. The shopmen and the artisans have changed in physiognomy very little during the past hundred years. Formerly, the stores on the Corso resembled stalls; they now resemble the stores in our provincial cities. The seller used to reply in the most nonchalant style: "I have what you want, but come again to-morrow; it is out of my reach to-day." Now they show a little more interest, but the goods are no better. Rome is by no means a center of inland trade. Most of the cities in the States obtain their supplies directly from France or Germany. The capital supports itself by a limited amount of manufacture, and light importations. Strangers of passage find there almost everything, or at least the labels of nearly all the products of the

globe, placed upon falsified or adulterated goods. The price of all objects of luxury is exorbitant, and their quality detestable. The reason is, that the merchant pays heavy duties, sells very little, and divides his profits among several persons. The agents, the guides, the officials of all kinds, deduct each a small portion. You wish to buy a piece of furniture; your Italian domestic is acquainted with a man who happens to know where it is sold. They draw you, like a thread through the eye of a needle, to some shop without a sign, on the second floor of a house that you can never find again if you try. After you have left, the merchant shares the profit with your guide, who, in turn, gives something to your domestic. The pastry-cooks who supply your dinner are almost all surrounded by the same air of mystery. At first sight you think they sell playthings of gilt paper; at the second, you begin to suspect that they secretly transact the business of a confectioner. Certain terms must be employed to get shown a beefsteak, which turns out to be bad. The brokerage eats up so much of the profits in business that the same quantity of the same kind of oil sells at six cents by wholesale, and fifteen at retail. Judge for yourself the share of the go-betweens.

Roman mechanics are generally skillful. They work slowly, but they do certain things in perfection. There are nowhere in the world more solidly built houses than in Rome. The fragility of the scaffolding is wonderful. They never think of repairing a house only on the last extremity, and on the eve of its tumbling in ruins. They take out one brick and put in another; stick a stone into a crevice, and, at the end a few months, the house is found to be entirely rebuilt.

Have you ever heard the story of that shoemaker in Milan who was summoned to the house of a French general? It occurred in the time of the First Empire.

"My man," said the general, "I want a fine pair of new boots, but I can not get such as I want nearer than Paris."

The shoemaker bowed, took the measure, and left. Eight days afterward he furnished the general with an admirable boot, as soft and well-fitting as a glove.

"Peste!" murmured the conqueror, "you are a skillful fellow. That boot fits well enough; now let me try the other!"

"The other?" answered the workman; "you will have to get that made in Paris."

If the Roman artisans work more slowly than ours, it is principally because they have no money. I once ordered a traveling coat of a tailor who did a small business, but whose shop showed that he was in prosperous circumstances. He made me wait more than a month, and the pretexts he invented for the delay would furnish an admirable act for a comedy. At last it occurred to me to advance him a few crowns. The garment was furnished at once. Nearly all the master masons, glaziers, slaters, etc., who are employed at the Academy of France, work upon the advances made them.

It is for want of capital that trade and manufactures thrive so little in Rome. It is for want of capital that in Rome one looks in vain for that independent and intelligent middle class which is the back-bone of all great nations. It is to be hoped that the completion of the railroads, by drawing to Rome all the resources of the country, will create there a middle class worthy of the name. I might mention several very wealthy pork butchers, but the only enterprise in which a princely fortune can be made is the baking business. I have already said that the Romans are the most enormous consumers of bread in the civilized world.

The shopkeepers and artisans, poor as they are, never sin through lack of modesty. Their vanity and their improvidence equal, at times, the same traits in the plebeians. They spend all their earnings twice every year; first at the Carnival, and again at the vintage, during the month of August. They love to make a show; wear any number of gold ornaments, in the shape of chains, finger-rings, and ear-rings. Our carpenter, who reminded me in every lineament of Caliban, wore a turquoise in each ear, just as the buffaloes have an iron ring in their nose.

Last evening, as I was going up the Via Frattina, I overheard the end of a conversation between a druggist and a book-binder, as they were closing their shops. "For all that," said the binder, "we are Romans, and the first people of the world."

The letting out of furnished apartments has been for a long time the principal means of support for the middle class. When it took a month or two of traveling to reach Rome, strangers did not stop only eight days. They generally passed the winter there, but not at a hotel, for the hotel is a modern invention. In those times a Roman family, with a few crowns laid up, hired through third and fourth hands a whole story opening on the

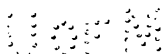
Corso, hired furniture for it, and then offered it to the noble strangers who came in post-chaises. You could hire for a thousand crowns an apartment which would not net fifty to the proprietor of the house. The surplus was divided between the principal tenant, the subtenant, the furniture dealer, the agent for furnished houses, and the guide who conducted you to the door. This custom is not yet wholly done away with. Very many families, occupying a good position, have no other resources. They occupy some little corner of the lodgings near you; they open the door, receive your calls, and kindly place themselves at your disposition. This half menial position has nothing in it degrading to them. Besides, there are few Romans of the middle class who are not more or less servants. One is a lawyer and steward; another a physician in the service of some prince; this one is a grocer and valet; that one a tobacconist and Swiss for a Cardinal; still another, cook for a marquis, keeper of a restaurant. Who has never heard of the Restaurant Lepri? It is the most celebrated eating-house in Rome; the one where you can dine the worst for the least money. This is the way in which it was established. The Marquis Lepri was nearly ruined. His cook offered to provide for him and all his family at the rate of five cents per head. He asked for nothing in return but permission to open a little restaurant in connection with his kitchen in the lower story of the palace. The bargain concluded, his trade increased so fast that he was obliged to move his restaurant, carrying the name of Lepri with him, which remains there still. But just notice how all things in this lower world change! To-day it is called *Restaurant della Lepre*—the Restaurant of the Hare.

The only middle class really worthy of the name, because they attain to a fortune and an independence, is the class of wholesale dealers in the country. Their business consists in leasing some large domain, which they cultivate, with a great deal of hard work, by means of immense numbers of men and cattle and a large expenditure of capital. If manufactures and commerce are remarkable for nothing at Rome except their absence, agriculture is not in the same category. The city lies like a gigantic farmhouse in the middle of the most fertile plain in the world. The soil is so extravagantly rich that, in spite of the insalubrity of the air, in spite of the rudeness of the farming, in spite of the periods



of idleness, in spite of the little protection afforded by the civil courts, in spite of the indolence of the proprietors, and the deplorable way in which the estates are divided, in spite of the wretched condition of the roads, the capital for Catholicism is to-day the capital employed in raising grain. Some few intelligent men, sprung from the lowest ranks of the country rabble, have saved up a few crowns; their sons have increased the number by some rural speculations; their grandchildren have bought cattle, taken a farm; pay a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year to Prince Borghese, or some one else, and at the same time lay up equally as much. In the succeeding generation they will be counts, marquises, dukes, princes! They will buy the patrimony, the name, and the ancestors of some poverty-stricken noble family, if ever they take it into their heads to descend to posterity as the heroes of Titus Livius, and not as the slaves of Cato. While waiting for this metamorphosis, the country merchant dwells at Rome, or Trascati, in some grand house modestly and sparingly furnished. He has chambers painted in distemper, where he entertains with a cordial hospitality. He offers his friends an excellent bottle of wine, and fourteen plates of juicy meats; eat of them all, I beg of you, unless you wish to disoblige him. His conversation is sensible, and full of information, especially if you question him on any points connected with farming. Nor does he live always within the horizon of the Roman campagna—from time to time he will travel. He has visited London; has stopped a little while at Paris; he designs visiting his brother who lives at Vienna; perhaps even he may extend his travels as far as Constantinople. By no means must he be confounded with the Romans who have a profession; who have never seen salt water; who speak of Albano only from hearsay. The country merchant is in all countries of sterling value—like the grain—like silver. His only defect is that he repeats a little too often, "Excuse us, for we are only country-people." Without this exaggerated modesty, there would be no draw-back to the pleasure in talking with him. But excuse him for an instant, it is absolutely necessary that he leave you. He has this morning put sixteen hundred reapers to work in a field of grain. Allow him to mount his horse and see if the hail-storm of yesterday has caused him a loss of a hundred thousand francs.

I will show him to you in the full performance of his duties, if



you will do me the honor to follow me some day into the country. But, for the moment, take off your hats—here come Messieurs, the laborers. What a crowd. Great God! Who was it told us that the laymen could find no employment in the States of the Pope? Don't take the trouble to count them, they number eight thousand five hundred according to the last official census. It is an old established custom, that every important person, whether cardinal, prelate, or prince, should try to procure for his dependents and friends some place under government.

Two evils arise from this—the multiplicity of employments, and the moderate scale of pay. They try to satisfy all the world without emptying the treasury. All these gentlemen so well dressed receive very moderate salaries, with the exception of five or six. The great majority are contented with from twenty-five to a hundred francs a month; those who get as much as fifty crowns are persons to be looked up to. Here are governors and sub-governors of cities who rule and administer justice, who have the power to send a man to the galleys for five years, and who receive from the appropriation one hundred and twenty-five, one hundred, and even sixty francs a month! Here are judges of the civil courts at two hundred francs, counselors of the court of appeals at three hundred and fifty. They receive less pay than the keepers of the lotteries. If you are curious to know how they live, I will tell you, for it is a secret I can tell without hesitation. The chief of the division of the ministry of finance is at the same time book-keeper for a country merchant. It is not two hours since a servant of the latter came to his office to drive him up about certain papers which were behind-hand. The officer of the senate comes down from the Capitol once every day to square up some accounts at the Ghetto, in the back shop of an Israelite. These secretly add to their income by holding out their hands at the right time for a bribe; those are too proud to hold out their hands, so they secretly put them into the cash-box.

There is a group of honest men who serve the state with zeal as assiduous as it is disinterested, I will say almost heroic. It may happen that one of them will, by accident, reach some elevated post. But the common people, who esteem nothing so much as ecclesiastical or hereditary display, will hardly believe it. They will neither pardon him his low origin, nor the modest



functions which he performs. The aristocracy will keep him rigidly at a distance, and shut its doors against him. The clergy will see in him an adventitious upstart, who means to gain his end by his own exertions. At the first chance he will experience the luck of poor Campana. I must avow, however, that these political chances are very rare. Not only are the most honest and capable citizens shut out from good places, but they themselves turn away, and take another road. The army belongs to the common people who furnish the soldiers—to the middle class as regards the officers. It has not its proper rank among the bodies of the state; it does not form, as in France and all other military countries, a distinct and distinguished class. Their minds are not yet formed to see in the soldier something more than a mere man of the people; and the epaulet of the officer is not yet a sign of chivalry, but simply the sign of an employment, like any other. This question deserves a chapter by itself. I will therefore postpone its consideration until I can discuss it more thoroughly. But I will not leave the subject of the middle class without drawing your attention to that little group of shopkeepers in uniform. They march to the Vatican at that step, to occupy the second antechamber, between the Swiss and the noble guard. They borrow their guns for the day, and return them when they go out. This national guard is called the *Scelta*, to show that it is selected from volunteers. It pays for its own equipments, but I imagine that each one of the *selected* earns nine crowns a year, and a dowry of three hundred francs whenever he has a daughter married.

## IX.

### THE ARTISTS.

**T**HERE are still to be found in Rome a certain number of eminent artists. I do not pretend to teach any thing to Europe in mentioning the names of MM. Tenerani, Podesti, Calamatta, Mercuri. But I am amazed that these talents should have ripened in a city where art is reckoned as a branch of ordinary bourgeois industry, and cultivated as such by the citizens.

Artists in all countries belong to the middle class, but it is in Italy alone that they form an integral part of the commonalty. The studio of the painter and sculptor is of the family of the manufactory and the warehouse. The theaters are shops where they sell cheap indigenous commodities of but mediocre quality, and foreign merchandise adulterated by the dealer.

Our Paris citizens have all, on the contrary, following their age and their education, a prejudice favorable toward artists. A shop-clerk thinks himself honored in drinking his glass of brandy with a hanger-on from the Palais Royal—the master of the same shop is, on the contrary, of the opinion that his clerk is compromised by such bad company. The youthful cit. meeting a canvas-dauber in the street of the Martyrs, looks upon him as a being superior to humanity ; but men of a certain age and a certain fortune are not far from seeing in him a creature degraded by the abuse of strong colors. On the other hand, our artists almost always nourish a profound contempt for that caste which has the habit of seizing a great deal of rent, and buying but few pictures. Even the actors, mainly dependent upon the bourgeois, are very indifferent as to the opinion of the bourgeois. They value only the applause of some thirty persons who did not pay for their seats. Our authors also write for the admiration of a very few individuals who do not buy many books. It

is a stinging reproach to accuse them of working for the bourgeois. With us, writers, painters, sculptors, composers, singers, and actors, live as they can, better or worse, but very decidedly in a different way from the stocking dealer.

In France it is the common notion that the merits and defects of our artists are reproduced among the Italians, with that dose of exaggeration which comports with the climate. Just as the inodorous shrubs of the temperate regions acquire an exaggerated perfume in the approach to the equator; as the inoffensive serpents of the North inflict a mortal wound in the South, we please ourselves in supposing that the talent and character of the artist will become warmed, and, as it were, electrified, under the rays of a more ardent sun.

The theater and the French novel look to Italy for nervous composers, poets burning with a feverish frenzy, painters intoxicated with glory, and singers of noble caprice, who shall scale more ladders in their song than were ever seen by a Roman hod-carrier. Good, simple race that we are!

Let us begin at the theater, and you will see how little they resemble the portraits that have been painted for us. The director is a man who has a little money that he is willing to risk. He asks permission to play comedies for three months in one of the halls of the city. Some patron endorses his morality—the police gives consent. Behold him a director! Last year he was a farmer; next year he will speculate in the army supplies; at this very moment, if his receipts are small, he can retrieve himself by the anchovy fisheries, of which he has the monopoly.

The hall where his nets are to be spread for the public, is a sort of well, set round with boxes, the parquette, and the bottom. You may count six ranges of boxes, all alike, and disposed in the order of the windows of a house. The parquette and the orchestra are in one; the benches are commodious, and there is easy circulation. The boxes are let for the season, or the evening, at extremely moderate rates. They are furnished with straw-bottomed chairs, the lessee being at liberty to substitute easy chairs. The lighting is not costly, for the hall is but a few degrees less black than an oven. The repairs consist of a fresh coat in water colors, which is not often renewed.

The administration is composed of two employés, one of whom sells the tickets in a neighboring shop, and the other receives

them at the entrance of the parquette; no comptroller, no box-opener. Each person arrives with his ticket, or his key, according as he belongs below or above. The vestibule serves for the green room; there is also the street, in which one may spend the entr'actes.

If the contractor thinks proper to offer this *respectable public* an opera season, he begins by placarding a proclamation to his Macænases. He trumpets, with loud praises, the names of the authors, the composers, and the artists whom he has enrolled. The first performers are reasonably well paid; they get much less than at Paris, but enough to live upon in the Italian style. The chorus singers and instrumentalists may be caught with a single throw of the net; the wares are common, and nothing abounds here more than mediocrity.

The *prima donna assoluta* is a good family mother. Her six *little creatures* have had the delicate consideration not to spoil the voice of their mamma. Her husband is a baritone, sometimes a ruined gentleman, whom she supports. Have no fears that she may deceive him; she has too much to do. The performance, the rehearsals, the children, and the soup-pot absorb her whole soul. Still it is not impossible that her marriage contract may receive a scratch or two, for is she not a woman? But she will never abandon her husband, that she may sing more at her ease. There is much simplicity, genuineness, and real goodness of heart in this *prima donna*, provided that the luxury of Paris or St. Petersburg have not turned her head. Her husband is her most necessary article of furniture. He goes with her to the theater and takes her home, signs the agreements, leads the children to school, and buys the dinner at the market.

The lady soprano and gentleman tenor are neither more nor less considered than the common citizen. They have relations, honest shop-keepers, who willingly acknowledge them. They are a little envied while they are making much money and pitied when they are down at the heel. They learned music, as they would have studied law, plain sewing, or medicine. Applause pleases them, but they do not commit suicide when they may chance to be hissed. For that matter, they receive a great deal of applause whenever they merit a little.

Italy is more enthusiastic than France. We are jealous of our artists as of our great men, and reproach them with the admira-

tion which they force from us. Italy spoils hers. The habit of recalling them after each aria is so strong, that it has been found convenient to leave an opening in the middle of the curtain. If they have the most moderate success, they do nothing but come in and go out till it has struck midnight. Their sleep is never broken by criticisms; if a man of taste should feel impelled to offer them some good advice, he must write it upon the walls, for the very simple reason that there are no newspapers.

Each one, towards the end of the season, gives a representation for his benefit. He goes in person, and with flexible back offers his box-tickets to the grand seigneurs. They give him more than the ordinary price. He thanks them very humbly. When the doors open he seats himself under the vestibule of the theater, behind a silver plate, into which every one throws some offering, and he bows in token of his thanks for a twenty cent piece.

The poor devils of the orchestra and the choirs all follow some other trade for a living. Plurality is the fashion and necessity of this country. Yesterday I hired a calèche from a grain-dealer who lets carriages, and the coachman, it seemed, was a singer of Argentina.

The theater opens with an opera in three acts, by a divine maestro, whose name will never reach Paris. He is chapel-master of a microscopic grand-duke, or patronized by some Roman prince. The curtain rises, the tenor sings an aria, the public applauds. At this signal they rush into the side-scenes after a little man in a butternut-colored overcoat, and an extraordinary neck-tie. An actor leads him before the curtain, and he bows profoundly. It is the author. They recall him—he returns. At the close of each aria the applause brings him out, once, twice, thrice; his poor spine can do no more. The game appears to please him, for, instead of withdrawing from the disgrace of such glory, he posts himself in the wings, like a lackey in an antechamber, waiting the good pleasure of the public. In truth, he must have hungry ears, for here he is now coming of himself, at the first sound of applause, without a semblance of violence to excuse the tasteless triumph. At his fourteenth genuflexion, disgust seizes me, and I go out. The first act was nearly finished.

What may appear unnatural, is the enthusiasm of the audience,

who are paying for a work both mediocre in itself, and feeble in execution. Claquers do not exist here; it is the real public which screams itself hoarse with bravos, and claps its hands without fear of sprains. I observed none of the fashionable world taking its ice or talking of its own concerns during the recitative. It listened with all its ears, and applauded with its whole heart. The Romans in Rome do gratis and vigorously what the Parisian Romans do with languor and for value received. At the end of a season of three months, the contractor, who has produced three operas, one of which was new, retires gloriously. He has lost a little money, but is consoled by engraving on a block of marble, at the door of the theater, the success which he has obtained, and the gratitude of the people. Sometimes he seeks fortune elsewhere; sometimes, also, to set himself straight, he tries a season of the drama and comedy.

He has taken care to secure the aid of three or four lawyers; it is the lawyer who writes the comedies. The poets of the troupe are announced in the prospectus after the actors. Usually these gentlemen content themselves with translating the dramas and vaudevilles of Paris. It was thus that Terence and Plautus were inspired by the Greek comedy. But Terence and Plautus did not write their translations with a running pen. The Roman author rarely refuses himself the pleasure of signing the work which he has translated; it is the old habit of a nation of conquerors. Sometimes they scratch the author's name, and the public is allowed to suppose that the piece made itself. The *Seigneur Eugenio Scribe* has alone the privilege of being always named.

The Roman public likes nothing but French pieces. It claps them, and laughs and weeps over them. But from time to time its self-love revolts against its taste. What! cries the parquette; we are Romans, and we applaud French authors! Thereupon they hiss, on principle, the work with which they are most delighted. Last year, at about this time, the public amused itself by hissing its favorite actor. The fellow instantly understood what it meant. He quietly folded his arms and replied:

"Gentlemen, I admit that we are very much in the wrong to offer you, day after day, a foreign article. We now engage to give you exclusively national pieces, so soon as your authors will take the trouble to write them."



The authors try it from time to time; and then one sees a specimen of the moral and heavy fable in the style of Berquin. *Egotism and Generosity*, *The Orphan Revenged*, *The Tardy Repentance*, *The Trials of a Fiery Temper*. The public yawns a little at these rhapsodies, but it also sometimes weeps. The easy sensibility overflows in water, if only a father blesses his children, or a sinner asks pardon for his crimes. The actors most highly appreciated are those who throw out their voices as if to shake down the hall, or who roll the whites of their eyes out of their sockets.

Among the few writers who work for the stage are some distinguished pupils of Goldoni. Moderate in comedy and in pathos, they fail, nevertheless, neither in invention nor elegance. But the satisfaction of the parquette and the bravos of a public, exacting too little, easily content them. A somewhat slack canvas is embroidered with a gentle dialogue; here and there are tacked on some moral or sentimental tirades, and the piece is finished. An English author is not content till he has twisted two or three plots into his drama. The Italian dramatist takes the matter quietly, and does not hesitate to expand a simple anecdote into five acts. The restless, violent, excessive temper of England and the easy and flowing genius of Italy betray themselves in this as in everything else.

The censorship is an absurdity in Rome, as in all countries afflicted with a censorship. Nothing could be more irreproachable than the dramatic moralities, which are invented in Italy, and Bossuet himself would absolve the theater, if he could once but see the *Tardy Repentance*.

But the man who has received a pair of scissors to cut the wings of thought, must, in conscience, be careful to earn his wages. He cavils over the most innocent details; he is gifted with a peculiar scent for the discovery of danger where there is none. The translator was forced to change the title of the *Brewer of Preston* because birrajo (brewer) sounded somewhat like sbirrajo (constable). In the interest of the public peace it was necessary to write the *Liquorist of Preston*.

In the translation of *Drane de Lys*, they cut out the words *ordinate i cavalli* (order the horses). "Horses are not ordained," said the censor; "only priests are ordained." To make amends

for this he passes over crudities, which would not be endured by the pit at the Funambules.

The actors in this country are all of a passable mediocrity, like the other artists. They are not wanting in conscience or intelligence, and in seeing the evening performance, you would not imagine that they rehearsed this morning for the first time. You will sometimes find them excellent in the *bourgeois* comedies of Goldoni, the Italian Scribe. Day before yesterday they struck me as being quite passable in *Fiammino or An Expiation*, an anonymous production. Daniel Lambert and his wife had merely the fault of rolling their eyes out of their orbits whenever their situation became slightly pathetic. The single reproach to be addressed to Silvain Duchâteau is that he presents himself on all occasions with his hat planted down to his ears. Notwithstanding some mistakes in the *mise en scene*, in spite of the Greek cap of the painter and the red silk handkerchief with which he mops his forehead, the piece produced a profound impression. The police corps wept hot tears. For my part, I could not suppress a laugh at the denouement added by the translator. Daniel Lambert forgives his wife, opens his arms to her, and says to the young Henry, "There will be two of us to love thee." Silvain Duchâteau immediately adds, "And my sister and I will make four." The curtain falls upon this foolery—let it fall.

However unpretending may be the dramatic literature, it is still the most brilliant thing to be found in the country. From time to time there is printed a Dissertation on the Wound of N.S.J.C., an Offering to the Heart of Mary, an Example for the Christian Deacon, a life of Saint Gertrude da Frosinone, or of the most happy Nicholas da Velletri; some expurgated edition of a Latin classic, some elementary treatise of astronomy or archeology. The periodical press is reduced to two small political sheets of the size of the *Charivari*. They describe the ceremonies celebrated in Rome and the important events occurring abroad. One is entitled *The Roman Daily*, the other *The People's True Friend*. Both reach some hundreds of copies. I might cite some other ephemeral publications, which try to live by the scissors and *La Civitta Cattolica*, which sometimes honors me with its abuse.

I have said enough on this subject, for it is neither the theater nor literature which attracts travelers to Rome. They know

that the drama is barely tolerated there, and that for the past two centuries nothing has been done to encourage authorship. But is my duty to expose a ridiculous prejudice, of which the Americans, the English, and the French themselves are the dupes. It is still believed in New York, in London, and in Paris that the Roman painters and sculptors are the first in the world, as in the time of Raphael.

Rome possesses a very small number of true artists, and pleiades of manufacturers, who live on the reputation of their ancestors. There is not a rich traveler who does not hold himself bound to bring away from Rome a statue, some pictures, and a portrait. The wardens of our southern parishes, if they have an order to give for a statue, prefer to address themselves to a Roman sculptor. The Americans, grown rich by commerce or by bankruptcy, build themselves a Grecian temple on the edge of a virgin forest, and that the interior of the house may be in harmony with the exterior, they come to Rome with all sails set; they make an onset, purse in hand, upon all the ateliers, and bear off with them an assortment of the objects of art.

I had the pleasure to accompany a gentleman from Cincinnati in one of these surprising expeditions. He had come to Rome toward the end of the month of April, and could remain but three days. It was not much; nevertheless, he found time to see the city in detail, to buy some hundred pictures, and a half dozen statues, to sit for his bust, and a full length portrait.

"It is a favorable season," said he to me, as we left the hotel. "From the inquiries I have made, I gather that but little has been ordered by foreigners this winter; the stores of the artists are overloaded; painting has fallen twenty-five per cent. since last year. Marbles are firmer, it is said, but still the first figures have given way from ten to fifteen since the first of March. Come on!" he called to the guide who was to accompany us; "take me to the best sculptor in Rome."

The rogue did not wait to be twice told; he was used to that sort of thing, and he knew the way to the five or six studios where they give the largest gratuities. The carriage drew up before the sign of a celebrated dealer in marbles. The master was carelessly scratching at a little earthen figure, while waiting for a customer. He rushed to meet us with as much eagerness as the best knight of the yard-stick in a shop in Paris; and not

without an intelligent glance exchanged with the faithful fellow who delivered us into his hands.

Once he had taken possession of our persons, he walked us through one, two, three, four, five successive apartments. He explained to us the subject of each of his compositions, stopped us before every statue that he had ever cut in his life, and cited the names of all who had ever ordered a copy. Such a figure had been sold to twelve strangers in succession, and the model was always there ready for service. They had just finished a copy, another was marked out, another was under way. I internally admired the simplicity of our French artists, who sell the right in the work with the marble. The Italians are more knowing. When they give you a Psyche or an Adonis for fifteen thousand francs, they reserve the right to copy it in large or in little, so long as there shall be any one who will please to take it.

I would have taken nothing from these elegant ateliers, even if it had been offered me for nothing. The bad taste of the composition vied with the triviality of the expression and weakness of design. Under the hands of forty skillful workmen, the marble had changed into butter. My American, on the contrary, was in ecstasies. What most charmed him was the purity of the Carrara marble—as white as the best refined sugar; the faultless polish which a workman, armed with the *pierre du Berrin*, gives to the precious material; it was the perfection with which the practitioner had chiseled the accessories; the emblems, easy chairs, laces, feathers, books, shoe-buckles, coat-buttons. The Italian marble-cutters have a decided superiority over all others in whatever does not belong to art.

They showed us antiques and moderns, mythological figures, a tomb designed for a church in Rome, a monument ordered by the republic of Guatemala, a collection of busts, always mediocre, sometimes ridiculous, where the people of every nation of Europe displayed its toupets, its plaits, its whiskers, its diamond necklaces, winding around scraggy throats, its cravats mathematically knotted beneath a false collar. Some of them were a good deal like the master-pieces of antiquity; they were even rather too much like them. Here I paid my respects to the arms of the Venus of the Capitol, there to the torso of the Venus of Milo, farther on, to the legs of the Venus de Medici. The American bought four figures of women, to be delivered by the

end of July. It was not done without a little bargaining, though he was pressed for time. He wished to have his bust thrown in, but the seller did not see it in the same light.

"I have asked you not a crown too much, as truly as I am a great artist. What I gain from you is a very small matter; my profits are limited by competition. I do but turn my money. The working of a new vein in the quarry costs me the eyes out of my head, for I take out my marble myself, so as to get it without flaw. The boat which transports it to Rome is my own. I have to keep the hands the year round. My workmen—I employ forty of them—devour me alive; my rooms represent a capital of two hundred thousand francs, the interest of which adds to the general expense of the establishment. And if you wish for your bust, which will certainly be a *chef d'œuvre*, you must add three thousand francs to the total of the order."

The American suffered himself to be convinced. The patron made a signal, and immediately one of his pupils began the work. He selected, among five or six busts, roughly blocked out beforehand, the one which most nearly resembled my companion. He took some measurements with the compass, cut away the forehead, diminished the nose, added the moustache, brought out the whiskers. After a sitting of two hours, the outlines of the work were complete.

"Return to-morrow," said the master; "I will myself finish the portrait by adding the resemblance. We shall mold to-morrow evening, the next day finish up the cast, and the marble will be sent on board the ship with your goods the 31st July."

We left immediately, the American clasping the hand of the artist with sincere admiration. What flattered him more than all was to have business with a man who managed a large capital.

"Would to heaven," I added, timidly, "that he could mold the clay as well."

I attempted to demonstrate, by an eloquent criticism, that the most unpretending pupil of our school of the Fine Arts was a Michael Angelo in comparison with these laborers. I explained to him the reason why they sent nothing to the Universal Exposition; because the productions raked out of their manufactories could have served only for rows of posts on the outside of

the building. He obstinately closed his ears, and sung on in his most Saxon tones,

"Rome, mother of the arts."

The servant received a second gratuity to conduct us to a painter of reputation. I have discovered since that he did not select the worst in the city, though I had some doubt of it while in his studio. The Roman marble-cutters, unskillful as they are, bear off the palm from these manufacturers of pictures. What baldness of composition! This poverty of ideas, this commonplace design, this want of coloring, make up only a total of insipidity. For once, my American agreed with me. However, he gave the artist a two hours' sitting, for the reason that he was very complaisant, addressed him as "Your excellency," and promised to paint him as a Neapolitan fisherman, in a cotton-field, with his fishing-rod over his shoulder, and his factory in the background.

But, as a portrait, however interesting it may be, is not sufficient to decorate a palace, we drove to the rooms of another artist whose business was to copy the paintings of the old masters.

"Decidedly," said the American, "I would rather have a hundred good copies, than one ordinary original. These reproductions, when hung up in the walls of my villa, will recall to my mind the *chefs d'œuvres* of the Italian school which I have seen a little too hastily in the museums and galleries."

The great trade of copying which supplies all unintelligent Europe, gives employment to at least fifty persons. Fifty young artists, under the orders of one dealer, are at work from morning till night upon copies made from other copies. A dozen pictures, not the best, have the privilege of being reproduced eternally, to the exclusion of all others. The Cenci of Guido, the Violin Player of Raphael, two Cupids, taken from a picture of Coreggio, a Herodias from Guido, a Christ from Guerchino, a Virgin of Carlo Dolci, a Judith of Gherardo delle Notti, and the Aurora of Guido, already mentioned, form the principal contents of the grand reservoir which overflows, by certain sluices, into all the shops of the city. My American nibbled at this collection; he made a small venture of thirty copies framed, as much for his neighbors as for himself. The highest priced were

fifty francs including the frames. He communicated to me his reflections as we left the manufactory.

"How can you deny to me that the Romans are the first artists of the world? You agree that these copies are not badly done; you recognize in those who make them considerable skill, yet I saw quite young persons among them. Do you think that your pupils in the school of the Fine Arts at Paris, could deliver such saleable works at so low a price?"

"No."

"Our young Americans, who are not stupid, will labor for ten years before they can produce works of equal merit, and their prices will never bear the competition. From which I conclude that the Romans have more talent for painting than we."

"You are perfectly right, and I have never denied it. If painting be a trade, the best painters in the world are born in Rome, as the best smokers are born in Piedmont. The young Romans who have a brush thrust into their hands, learn in no time the habit of painting. An apprenticeship of three or four years teaches them enough to earn their living; the misfortune is, that they never go beyond that. Is it their fault? No! I blame only the community into which their birth has thrown them. If they lived in Paris they might produce *chefs d'œuvres*. Give them masters, competition, exhibitions, the support of government, the encouragement of the public, the advice of intelligent criticism. All these favorable circumstances, which abound with us, are absolutely wanting to them; they know them only by hearsay. Their sole encouragement, their only resource, is the hunger which urges them on, and the stranger who passes by. They work with the greatest celerity; they dash off a copy in a week, and when it is sold begin another. If some one more ambitious than the rest undertakes an original work, of whom shall he ask whether it is good or bad? The common people know nothing about it, and the princes know but little more. The possessor of the finest gallery in Rome—Prince Borghèse—said the other day, in the saloon of an ambassador, "For myself, I admire only my *chic*." The Prince de Piombino gave M. Gagliardi an order to paint a ceiling, and insisted upon paying for it by the day. The government has many cares besides the encouragement of the arts,

Some of the small circulating journals amuse themselves with citing the names of their friends, merely to flatter them with silly praises. Strangers who go and come are sometimes men of taste, but they do not make a public. In Paris, in Munich, in Dusseldorf, in London, the public is a veritable individual, a man with a thousand heads. When a young artist of talent has attracted his attention, he follows him with his eyes, encourages him, finds fault with him, pushes him forward, holds him back; for this one he conceives a glowing attachment, toward another he indulges in as ardent an enmity. He sometimes deceives himself; he has ridiculous infatuations and unjust neglects; but he lives and makes others live—one can work for the love of his beautiful eyes. If Rome has some men of talent in the secondary arts, it is to the public of Paris that she is indebted for them. MM. Mercuri and Calamatta are pupils of the school of Saint Michael, in Rome; but you would have seen them engraving images for exportation, if Paris had not adopted them.

"Now," said the American, "I should like to buy some little souvenirs in marble, to put upon the étagères with the shells and stuffed birds."

The faithful servant, who followed us like our shadow, conducted us to the mosaic-workers, the marble-cutters, the cameo-engravers, the turners of hard stones. My companion reaped an ample harvest of antique monuments reduced to citizen proportions. He bought two Coliseums, one arch of Titus, one Trajan column, four obelisks, and one tomb of the Scipios. "The Roman architects are very fortunate," he said to me, "in having such beautiful models always before their eyes."

"True," I replied, "but they do not profit by it. Architecture is an art lost these hundred years. The constructions of the last two centuries, in that rococco style which bears the name of the Jesuits, are not always in perfect taste; but they are wanting neither in grandeur, richness, nor splendor. You will see at Saint Peter's, at the Church of Jesus, and of Saint Ignatius, and at the Victorine, chapels a little too much loaded with ornaments, but which compel us to admiration, for they astonish our eyes. Never perhaps was the use of brilliant colors and bold forms better understood. The sculpture of Bernini lives, breathes, and throbs in the midst of this orgie of bronze and porphyry. But the new edifices are not worthy to sustain the



sculptured moldings, copies of which you carry away. The stately church of Saint Paul is very ugly externally, and very much tarnished within. The Torlonia Chapel, at Saint John Lateran's, is decorated like a café. The column which has just been erected upon the Piazza d'Espagne resembles a church chandelier, or the stove-pipe in a dining-room. If any one can still recall the old Roman architecture, it is the engineer who has just thrown a bridge over the valley of the Ariccia; but you have not time to go so far."

The American did not listen to me—he bought his mosaics. I undertook to demonstrate to him that if the mosaic work is admirable when it decorates the hemicycle of the grand old churches, or when it copies the pictures of the masters, in enlarging them for the chapels of Saint Peter, it is purely ridiculous in cravat-pins and vest-buttons. He filled his pockets with little spotted plates upon which one might recognize, with some difficulty, bouquets of flowers, figures of animals and antique monuments. He afterward secured a supply of cameos, of engraved seals, of carved corals, and of malachites turned in the shape of balls. So does every stranger who knows his duty.

When his collection was completed, I said to him:

"Have you still a thousand crowns to throw away?"

He replied by the radiant smile of the millionaire.

"Then follow me to the house of the greatest artist that I have yet found."

I took him near the French station, to the house of the man who has revived the old Roman bijouterie. The staircase, hung with inscriptions and antique bas-reliefs, made him suppose we were entering a museum. He was not very far wrong. A young merchant, as learned as an archeologist, showed him a collection of ancient jewels of all epochs, from the originals of Etruria down to the age of Constantine. This is the source from which Castellani is drawing the elements of a new art that, before ten years are past, will dethrone the small wares of the Palace Royal. Our little jewels of fine gold thread appear shamefully stingy beside these simple ornaments, large, genuine, and always stamped with the irreproachable taste of antiquity. My American, greedy of large articles, selected a small chest containing the toilet of a Roman lady, a collar of golden balls, a bracelet of beetles, pins to prick to the heart of the slaves, combs

of ivory crowned with gold, clasps marked with an inscription of good augury, rings assorted for each day of the week, a thousand coquetish articles, a thousand valuables, the details of which would fill a chapter should I allow myself to describe them. He threw upon the table the ransom of ten slaves, and took to flight, like the robber of Plautus, with his treasure under his arm.

"Excellency," said the servant to him, "since you are not frightened by large expenses, perhaps you will buy the cup of Apelles. The price is fifty millions."

I did not believe that the Greeks had ever painted upon china; but the figure of fifty millions piqued my curiosity. Our man conducted us to a small shop of *bric-à-brac*, or rather to a stall. The master of this hut was accoutred in such style, that one would have offered him alms in the street. He examined us with an air which said: You will not get my goods unless you have the Golden Fleece in your pocket. However, he condescended to open a box made of precious wood, and I saw between two cushions of white satin a cup of Fænza, painted by Raphael, which was worth in Paris perhaps four thousand francs. "Here it is," he said. "The price is fifty millions. I need not tell you that it is the sole *chef d'œuvre* of Apelles."

"My brave man," I said to him, "do you know exactly how much is fifty millions?"

"Yes, sir, it is a little less than ten million Roman crown-pieces; you gain there. Ten million Roman crowns are equal to fifty-three million four hundred thousand francs of legal value."

"Has no one ever told you that your cup, which is very fine, may be only the work of Raphael?"

"Of Raphael! Look here! these are Raphael's cups;" and he showed us a dozen pastorals of the last century. "Raphael was not unskillful, and there is much to be said in his praise; but Apelles alone, among all men, could make a *chef d'œuvre*, like this."

"Supposing that it was painted by Apelles, I should not be fully convinced that it is worth fifty millions."

"Still, sir, I will never part with it for less."

"Come, now, be reasonable. Monsieur is one of the richest men of America, but I do not think he will spend more than thirty millions for an article of fancy."

He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"I have fixed my price," said he, "and shall die before I lower it a crown."

In fact he will die rich and poor, happy and miserable, utterly lost, like a fakir, in the hope of the uncertain.

## X.

### THE ROMAN NOBILITY.

"IN the middle of the seventeenth century," said Ranke, "there were fifty Roman families which had existed for three hundred years. Those which had sprung up subsequently were not recognized; and a low extraction was attributed to them." Total a hundred patrician families.

To-day the Roman directory counts a hundred and eleven patrician families, among which twenty are princely and eleven ducal. The effective force of the nobility has not, then, sensibly changed for two centuries.

The Roman nobility may be divided into three categories, regarding only their origin.

The first is of feudal, the second of nepotic, and the third of financial origin.

To all lords all honor. We will commence, if you please, with the feudal nobility.

The first successors of St. Peter, who did not exert any temporal power, had neither nobles nor menials in their diocese.

It was in the middle ages that the Bishop of Rome procured for himself the sovereignty of a small empire. He must have conformed to the usages of the times, and recognized some political facts which conformed neither to the letter nor the spirit of the holy books.

Logically, it was proper that all the subjects of the Pope should be equal before the sovereign, as are all men before God. Blazonry was not an evangelical science, and if the apostles converted a part of the ancient world, it was not by preaching the principle of the inequality of castes.

But the temporal power, from its origin, had to reckon with the feudal element. They had their lords at Rome as in all Europe; some favored the monarchical pretensions of the Holy See; others resisted by every means, and, as the Colonna, even by arms. It was after interminable contests that the popes overcame the indigenous nobility, and imposed their sovereignty upon it.

Not only was peace made, but the local aristocracy finished by rendering the papacy conjointly responsible for its pretensions and its privileges.

The successive accession of almost all the great families to the sovereign pontificate put aristocratic ideas upon the throne and formed close bonds between the nobility and the papacy. The Savelli, the Conti, the Orsini, the Colonna, and the Cœtani wore the tiara, and reigned over the Romans before the close of the middle ages. The Piccolomini, the Borgia, the Medicis, the La Ronère, the Farnèse, the Boncompagni, the Aldervendini inaugurated modern history.

Among the old feudal families, who have given more to the papacy than they have received from it, some boast that they go back to the earliest times of Roman history. The Muti descend from Mucius Scaevola, the Santa Croce from Valerius Publicola, the Massimo from Fabius Maximus; at least that is what they say. In any case their nobility is very ancient.

Napoleon asked a certain Massimo with that brusqueness which intimidated so many people:

"Is it true, indeed, that you are descended from Fabius Maximus?"

"I can not prove it," replied the noble Roman; "but that has been the story in our family for more than a thousand years!"

The arms of the Massimo represent the traces of steps crossed in every direction. It is an allusion to the marches and counter-marches of the temporizer. The motto of the house is *Cunctando Restituit*.

The Cœtani, less ancient, are descended from a Roman tribune named Anatole, who was created Count of Gaeta in 730 by Pope Gregory II.

One Pierre Collonna is spoken of, who was despoiled of all his property in 1100 by Pope Pascal II. The family must neces-

sarily have been somewhat ancient, for great fortunes are not created in a day.

The Orsini family, of which the branch Orsini Gravina alone remains, descend from a senator of the year 1200.

The Corsini family, originating in Florence, existed before the year 1300 ; but the fortune, the *éclat*, and the title of Prince, came from Clement XII.

The Roman Doria are a detached branch of the great Genoese family. The Lante of La Rovere were consuls at Pisa in 1190. An Alfieri was major-domo of Otho II. near the end of the tenth century.

We read in the inimitable *Voyage du Conseiller de Brosses* :

"There are four great houses in Rome : Orsini, Colonna, Conti, Savelli. But the Crescenzi, Altieri, Giustiniana, and others, who do not think themselves inferior to these four, would not admit this distinction."

I have had the curiosity to investigate what remained of these great houses, a century after this journey of our charming tourist. There are no longer either Conti or Savelli. The Orsini have an income of one hundred thousand livres; the Colonna, two hundred thousand; the Altieri, thirty thousand. The Crescenzi and the Giustiniani are extinct, like the Savelli and the Conti, who have given so many popes to the Church. There have been at least ten of the name of Conti.

In the seventeenth century the Savelli still exerted a feudal jurisdiction. Their tribunal, as regularly constituted as any other, was called *Corte Savella*. They had the right to snatch from death one criminal every year, a pardoning power belonging to the crown and recognized by the absolute monarchy of the popes. The ladies of this illustrious family never left their palace, except in a carefully closed carriage.

"The Orsini and the Colonna boasted that, for centuries, no treaty of peace had been concluded between the Christian princes in which they had not been included by name."—*Ranke, History of the Papacy, disfigured by the Ultramontane Saint Cheron.*

But already Rome saw a new nobility prosper and increase, the issue of nepotism.

All the popes, from however low a station they were taken, considered it their duty to found a family. Not content with creating one nephew a cardinal, who employed, for his own

profit, all the prerogatives of the Holy See, they bestowed on another nephew the title of prince, endowed him richly at the expense of Italy and the Catholic universe, married him to some heiress of feudal stock, and constructed for him one of those palaces whose insolent splendor we now admire.

This usage became so well established, that the casuist Oliva, a Jesuit, declared that Alexander VII. committed a sin in leaving his nephews at Sienna, instead of calling them to the Court. It is well known with what docility the honest Chigi submitted to the obligation of advancing his family.

This squandering of the public money for the profit of particular individuals was upheld not only by the counsel of a few courtiers, but by the example of the most illustrious personages. Without speaking of Alexander VI., who neglected nothing to enrich and aggrandize his family, we have seen the ancient father Sextus Quintus give to one of his nephews an ecclesiastical revenue of five hundred thousand francs, to another a principality, and found upon a solid basis the house of Peretti. Clement VIII. did no less for his. Jean François Aldobrandini enriched himself so rapidly as to give two millions in dowry to his daughter. The fortune of the Borghese increased still more rapidly under the reign of Paul V. They received five millions of francs, acquired the finest properties in the Roman States, and obtained signorial privileges of incalculable value. Gregory XV. had permitted his nephew Ludovici to receive a million a year in nothing but ecclesiastical revenue. This pope, who reigned two years and five months, gave to his family four millions of francs in *luoghi de monti*, which was worth so much ready money. Urban VIII. did better still for the Barberini. His three brothers acquired so many benefices and estates, that their annual revenue was valued at two and a half million francs. If it be impossible to suppose that the Barberini amassed five hundred and twenty-five millions under the pontificate of their uncle, it was something, at least, that the writers of the time should have advanced so monstrous a figure.

It was after such examples that the brother of Donna Olympia, Innocent X., was, so to say, constrained to found the house of Pamphilli. The casuists and the jurists removed his scruples, for there were some. They proved to him that the pope had the right to economize the revenues of the Holy See to assure

the fortune of his family. They fixed, with a moderation which makes our hair stand on end, the figure of the liberalities permitted to each pope. According to them, the sovereign pontiff could, without abuse, establish a majorat worth four hundred thousand francs net income, found a second geniture in favor of some relative in less advantageous circumstances, and give a dowry of nine hundred thousand francs to each of his neices. The chief of the Jesuits, R. P. Vitelleschi, approved of this decision.

Thereupon Innocent X. set to work to found the house of Pamphilli, to construct the palace Pamphilli, and to create the villa Pamphilli, and to pamphillize, as well as he could, the finances of the Church and State.

Clement IX., who distributed three millions in the first months of his reign, was accused of neglecting his family; still he founded the fortunes of the Rospigliosi.

Clement X. was not useless to the grandeur of the Altieri. The austere Innocent XI. did not prevent the progress of the Odelcalchi. Clement XII. aided the Corsini to make the future which is to-day one of the most imposing in Rome, and nepotism did not disappear from the pontifical habits until after the reign of Pius VI. and the Braschi.

The popes of the nepotic period neglected nothing to ally their nephews to the most ancient families. This is why we see a house Doria-Pamphilli, a house Borghese-Aldobrandini, a house Barberini-Colonna, a house Pallavicini-Rospigliosi, a house Boncompagni-Ludovici, and a house Boncompagni-Ludovici-Ottoboni.

The founder of a new family took care to institute a majorat; that is to say, an inalienable capital, transmissible from male to male, and destined to perpetuate, indefinitely, the splendor of his name.

It is for this reason that we see such a house, rich in lands, palaces, villas, and galleries, but indebted beyond measure, bearing heavily a great name without fortune, and an enormous capital without revenue. In order to liquidate, and satisfy its creditors by the sale of some pictures or real estate, it is necessary to have a special act of the pope, who can do everything.

It has also been the good pleasure of the sovereign pontiffs to introduce some rich parvenus into the Roman aristocracy.

A baker by the name of Grazioli made a great fortune, and



the pope ordered that he should be inscribed upon the list of the Roman patricians. He bought a barony, and the pope made him a baron; he bought him a duchy, and behold him Duke Grazioli; his son married a Lante de la Rovère.

An ancient domestic became a speculator and a banker, bought a marquisate, then a principality. He created a majorat for his oldest son, and a second geniture in favor of the other. One married a Sforza Cesarini, and married his two sons to a Chigi and a Ruspoli. The other got for a wife a Colonna Doria. It is thus that the family Torlonia, by the power of money and the favor of the pope, was suddenly elevated to the height of the greatest nepotic and feudal houses.

A tobacconist made a fortune, and became Marquis Ferraiuoli. A director of a mont-de-piete made his fortune, and became Marquis Campana. A country merchant acquired a fortune, and became Marquis Calabrini. The Macchi di Viterbo were millers before being gentlemen. The father of all the Counts Antonelli was a peasant, steward, accountant, and forestaller before obtaining letters of nobility.

The near relations of a pope are all nobles by natural right. The cardinals and simple prelates also endeavor to raise their relatives to the nobility.

Benedict XIV. and Pius IX. have taken care to consolidate the barriers which separate the noble caste from the *mezzo ceto*; "considering," say they, "that the distinction of classes is the best ornament of states. . . ."

Sixty noble families are inscribed at the Capitol. To an heraldic convention, instituted by Pius IX., is committed the care of verifying the titles. If the pontifical government was more firmly established in Italy I would give some good advice to all our parvenus of commerce and the Bourse.

Instead of usurping titles or particles which the French tribunals have sometimes the impudence to take from them, they need only transport themselves to the States of the pope. There are in this country a good number of chateaux to sell, without counting the more important domains. The purchase of a shed in ruins might raise a servant to the title of prince, if the holy father does not say no.

We read in the Roman directory:

"The family Montholon de Sémonville is one of the most illus-

trious of France. The Prince D. Louis-Désiré, scion of this house, has, by buying the chateau of Precetto in l'Umbria, become a Roman prince."

I hear it said around me, that to obtain the same honor it is not necessary to be descended from one of the most illustrious families of France. It is sufficient to come to Rome with a few millions.

The country nobility, after having been extraordinarily rich, has fallen into a sort of grandiose mediocrity. They have immense domains, a magnificent palace at Rome, a splendid villa in the suburbs, some chateaux in the provinces, one or two galleries which are the admiration of strangers; but all this fortune composes an inalienable majorat. They are forced to preserve and even take care of it. The revenues which should suffice are encumbered with a thousand and one mortgages: they owe not only their creditors but even their ancestors. This one has founded a chapter of priests; that one has endowed a college, decorated a chapel; the chapel, the college, and the chapter are so many increasing burdens, which weigh upon the poor heir. It follows from this that the disposable revenues of the most illustrious families is not in proportion with the need of their rank.

The Corsini have 500,000 francs, net revenue; the Borghese 450,000; the Ludovici 350,000; the Grazioli 350,000; the Doria 325,000; the Rospigliosi 250,000; the Colonna 200,000; the Odescalchi 200,000; the Massino 200,000; the Patrizi 150,000; the Orsini 100,000; the Strozzi 100,000.

There are but two families whose revenues are, so to speak, unlimited; these are the family Torlonio, and the family Antonelli. The Antonelli are the richer, if we may believe the Prince Torlonia, but they are not willing to acknowledge it. They deny it as if it were a crime. I never knew why.

Rich or poor, a Roman prince is forced to hold his rank. Appearance is the first of his duties. It is necessary that the front of his palace be kept in repair, that the apartments have a grand air, that the gallery should not, by dilapidation, excite the compassion of strangers. It is necessary that the lackeys should be numerous, that the liveries be not wanting in braid; that the carriages be freshly painted, the horses well fed, should the master be obliged to retrench a plate from his dinner. It is necessary that the dependents of his house be assisted in case of need, and

that the beggars bless the generousities of the lord. It is requisite that the toilets of monsieur and madame be not only elegant but rich; for really the nobility ought not to be confounded with the *mezzo ceto*. Every year a grand, stupid, and splendid fête must be given, which will consume, in candles, a quarter of the annual income. If any of these requisites are wanting, they will fall to the rank of fallen lords, *caduti*, who conceal themselves and are forgotten.

By what miracles of secret economy can these poor rich be enabled to balance their budget to a true equilibrium? This is a complicated and melancholy history. They are condemned every year for seven or eight months to country life. They live with an Italian sobriety even in Rome, in this great palace which has its enormous kitchens. They do better still; the master of the house, the heir of a feudal baron, or a nephew of the pope, is the chef de bureau in his own house. He locks himself up six hours a day with clerks; he overlooks, himself, the list of receipts and expenses; he carefully examines the leases, he re-reads the titles; he blackens his fingers in the dust of parchments. To shun the inevitable leakage which wastes the largest fortune, he employs his life in making additions. Still every one plunders him, and the clerks finish by enriching themselves at his expense, for most frequently he is neither educated nor capable.

How has he learned to protect his property or to increase it? When a mere child, he was committed to the care of the R. R. P. P. Jesuits, if, however, they did not think it nobler to keep him at home under the stick of the Abbé. His preceptor or his professors taught him Latin, *belles-lettres*, sacred history, heraldry, respect for the authorities, submission to the will of the Church, the practice of the Christian virtues, hatred of revolutions, the glory of his ancestors, and the privileges which, by the grace of God, he inherits. He regards the liberties and the sciences of our age as inventions of the enemy of mankind. At home he is good, kind, simple-hearted, softer than wax, and whiter than snow.

When he is grown up, they give him a horse, a Geneva watch, with a chain of Mortimer or Castellani, a new coat, cut in the last style of the Parisian Alfred or London Poole. He acquires the habit of making calls, promenading on the Corso and the Pincian at the hour when the *beau-monde* shows itself, and of

frequenting the theaters and fashionable churches. He affiliates with two or three religious sets, whose reunions he follows up with assiduity. He has not traveled, he has read nothing, he has escaped the passions, doubts, and interior tumults of youth. Between his twenty-second and twenty-fifth year the respected will of his father married him, without love, to a young girl of good family just from the convent, as simple and as ignorant as himself. He has children—plenty of children. He brings them up as his parents reared him. He teaches the oldest that his brothers owe him obedience; he teaches the younger sons that they are the very humble servants of their elder brother. He puts his daughters into the same convent where their mother learned ignorance. He tells his beads with the family every day that God grants, and asks from heaven the continuation of an order of things so happy, so noble, and perfect.

Notwithstanding all the irregularities that education has given him, he is wanting neither in goodness nor in elevation of soul. He gives away as much and even more than his resources permit. All miseries, real or false, move his heart and loosen the strings of his purse. He does not know the pictures of his gallery, but he opens his gallery to the public. He knows not what to do with his park or his villa, which ruin him, but his park and his villa are open to Romans and strangers. When he is called upon to be represented in a Congress or to fête the restoration of legitimate authorities, he gives one hundred thousand francs to his ambassador, like the Prince Piombino, or he offers to the people of Rome a banquet of one million two hundred thousand, like the Prince Borghese.

I avow that the nobility is a slightly decaying element of the Roman population. Their most remarkable qualities are negative qualities, such as submission and politeness. I do not think they lack courage, but their courage has not had, for a long time, an opportunity to show itself. However, they are neither contemptible nor odious. The Italian Revolution was wrong in making any dependence upon a worn-out and resourceless caste, but it would be unpardonable to do or to wish it any evil. A 93 Roman, who would confiscate these open and hospitable palaces, would deserve the blame of all the honest people of Europe. A Marat who would deliver to the executioner those fine heads, smiling and empty, would be the most absurd of criminals.

And the women of the nobility? There is little to be said, for or against their virtue. Cicisbeism has gone out of fashion with nepotism. The shameful licentiousness which flourished in the first years of the nineteenth century, has given place to becoming manners.

Here, as everywhere, the women are better than their husbands. It is not because they read more, nor that they have been differently reared. All their superiority comes from nature, which has better endowed the amiable than the strong sex.

Almost every day I take a drive, which, beginning at the Villa Borghese, continues to the Pincian, and ends on the Corso, after sunset. My inseparable companion is a French engineer, a man of good sense and observation, who has been in Rome a long time, and knows by sight almost all the nobility. It has not been necessary for him to point out to me that air of lazy and self-satisfied nullity which distinguishes at least one half of the aristocracy. But when our attention is given to the women, it is quite different. They are not only beautiful and elegant, but their eyes, their attitudes, their gestures, everything about them, indicates an indescribable something unsubdued, and a secret revolt against nullity. Poor women! Brought up in the shade of a convent, married without love to some fine reproducer who burdens them with family, they are, to heighten their misery, condemned to a life of icy representation, full of visits, reverences, and emptiness. Everything is duty for them, even to their daily promenade. The trade of women of the world, such as is imposed upon them, leaves no place for love, nor even for friendship.

I will here allude, in a few words, to the spirit of the three classes that live in Rome under the domination of the clergy.

This population is not worse born, nor worse endowed, nor less worthy to recover its independence, than the rest of the Italian nation. But care has been taken to bring it up otherwise, and to pluck from it, as from a well-weeded field, all liberal ideas, all vigorous sentiments that might grow up in their souls. This bad weed has—thank God—always sprung up again, but more feeble and stunted than it should have been. The Roman nobility is more of a nullity, the Roman people poorer and more ignorant; even the middle class offers fewer resources for Rome,

than in any other city of Italy. And still, the middle class is here the only element which may be counted upon.

Furthermore, it must be said, that the population of Rome, in the aggregate, is not positively opposed to the temporal power. To-day, as always, they have for the popes a friendship, unequal, crochety, divided by discontent and anger. The real advantages drawn from the presence of the Holy Father, the expenses of the court, and the wealth of strangers, often counterbalance in their eyes the disagreeable part of servitude. It may be, that drawn into the Italian movement, they will begin again the risks and perils of the revolution of 1849: but I shall not be astonished if they regret their masters after having driven them away; for Rome is not only the victim, it is also associated with the temporal power, very different in that respect from Ancona, Bologna, and so many other cities which pay the expense of despotism without sharing in the profits. I think, then, that the deliverance of Rome, although it may be desired by some of its citizens, is more necessary for the reorganization of Italy than conformable to the prayers of the Romans.

Universal suffrage will decide this delicate question better than myself. It is that I wish to consult.

## X I.

### T H E   A R M Y .

[ DO not say that we are all heroes in our dear France, but I think that we all have a little of the soldier.

It is very well to reason and philosophize ; say that man is not created to kill man ; execrate the instruments of destruction in proportion as they become more perfect, and applaud the excellent ideas of Mr. Cobden : some fine morning we perceive that we are born with little red pantaloons, and that all the other garments we have worn were only disguises.

In the month of July, in the year 1853, I thought myself perfectly imbued with the ideas which the peace congress preached. I arrived in Rome ; a French battalion defiled, with music at the head, upon the Quirinal. The uniform, the music, the flag—all this apparatus of war, which had never sensibly moved me, they affected me, I know not why, in the secret depths of the soul. It was two years since I had left France ; the image of my own country vividly appeared to me ; my eyes filled. I watched the flag ; it was more resplendent than the labarum of Constantine. I looked down at my pantaloons ; they were red, all red, and of so fine a red that I wept on seeing them.

There is, if I am not deceived, a pontifical flag, with the keys of St. Peter in the center. It is a flag well preserved and in fine condition. The balls and the bullets have not left any holes in it ; but if any one should tell me that a Roman had wept at the sight of it, I should be very much astonished.

Do you remember the fig-tree that was in the garden of the misanthrope Timon ? All the Athenians wished to hang themselves upon it, because a good number of young and healthy men had already been hung there. The flag of the pope is a fig-tree

upon which no one has thought to hang himself, because no one has been hung there.

This is why the conscription, which has a place in our customs, as well as in our laws, will not for a long time be a Roman usage. France can say to the young men of twenty: "Come here and draw a lot. Those who obtain a small number will take care of their red pantaloons; the others will be authorized to take black pantaloons."

The children of our country are never so happy, in fact, as when they play soldier. Roman infants play priest. They say little masses and organize little processions. They are dressed as abbés when they have been well-behaved; ours look forward to New Year's day for a gun, a sword, or at least a drum.

Is that saying that the French are braver than the Romans? Certainly not. The Italian race, which formerly conquered the world, is to-day one of the most masculine and most energetic of Europe. The Romans are Italians as well born as the others, but differently *brought up*.

The prince who reigns at Rome, ought to have no need of soldiers. Spiritually he peacefully governs the minds of one hundred and thirty-nine millions of men, which is quite handsome. Temporally, he administers a domain which amply suffices for all his wants. Should he seek to extend or to round it out by conquests, he would commit a mortal sin, and put himself to the necessity of damning himself. The question of natural frontiers does not furnish him with a sufficient excuse, for, finally, his kingdom is a donation from some pious persons. One does not look a gift horse in the mouth.

The pope has no need of soldiers, nor of conquest, nor even of defense; for his neighbors are Catholic princes, who will make it a matter of conscience to arm themselves against an inoffensive old man.

Why, then, has the pope an army? To repress the discontent of his own subjects. But it is evident that the Romans would not be discontented, and that the pope would not need arms, if the pope governed his States in a manner satisfactory to the Romans.

If the pope thinks himself forced to raise an army, it is doubtless because the Romans are discontented. If the Romans are discontented it is, according to every appearance, because the



government of the pope does not do what is necessary to make them contented.

I suppose that the Romans are very difficult to please, or that the pope has not the time to satisfy them, since he finds it shorter and more economical to raise an army, which frightens his subjects.

But here a new difficulty is raised. The Romans are not disposed to clothe themselves with red pantaloons and shoulder a gun for the service of the pope. Why? do you ask? But precisely for the reason that I tell you, because they are discontented.

The pope, who is an absolute sovereign, can decree a conscription. But this novelty would redouble the discontent, and the end will be missed.

Moreover the conscription is a source of fear to the pontifical government. An army recruited by this means would be long less to the pope than to the nation. This is the very thing to be avoided.

Sixty francs of bounty to all the Romans who, of their own will, consent to put on the red pantaloons in the service of the pope!

Sixty francs, that is very modest. At that price one can not buy choice men. If you were a wagon-boy, a hod-carrier under the order of a mason, would you not prefer this relative liberty to the servitude of the military life? And will sixty francs make the balance yield?

The French enlist voluntarily. We see young men of good family, coming out of college, sliding their bachelor's diploma into the cartridge-box of the soldier, and spiritedly go wherever their country sends them. If any one should offer sixty francs to these voluntary recruits, they would respond that it was too much and too little. But we are a military people. The youth of our country love their country as a mistress; they do not fear being killed in the sight of her fine eyes.

The native country for a well-born Roman is Italy. The pope is not his country—the pope is not Italy. Those who would willingly put on the red pantaloons for the defense of Italy, are not willing to disguise themselves as soldiers for the defense of the pope. It is even said, in certain circles, that the pope and Italy are not the best friends in the world, and that to enter into the service of one would be to render a bad service to the other

Agreed, it is an error, an absurdity; I hope so. But it is believed in the States of the Holy Father; and they reply to the recruiting officers: "I will not sell my country for twelve crowns!"

They think seriously of raising the enlistment bounty to twenty crowns. A half measure—a bad method. A man of a hundred francs will not be much better than a man of sixty.

If you wish to create an army, recruit it among honest people. In France a soldier ought, above all, to be a man of means. The most absolute confidence reigns in the barracks. The smallest theft is punished with a rigor wisely magnified. An individual who has undergone the slightest condemnation, is not permitted to become a soldier.

The pontifical government is very easy regarding the character of its volunteer recruits. They are asked, indeed, for a certificate of good conduct, signed by the curé of their parish; but the curées do not scruple to guarantee the morality of the worst individuals, so long as it concerns sending them to the army. They get rid of them at the cost of a little fib, and all is said. The tribunals themselves, if they are in pursuit of a scoundrel, do not go to seek him under the flag. It follows that abandoned men, and even those who have undergone judicial punishment, dishonor the uniform.

The *gensd'armes* are recruited, partly from the military and partly from the civilians. With the civilians they are treated no better than the other armed bodies. With the military it is much worse. The *chef de corps* are invited to designate the soldiers who should pass into the police soldiery. They recommend their worst subjects in order to get rid of them.

It is not rare to learn that a theft has been committed by a soldier, and even by one of the armed police. Why should it be expected that men of bad character become honest in the service? Neither good conduct, nor length of time spent under the flag, nor meritorious actions, nor personal instruction affect anything for advancement. It is made by the prelates upon the recommendation of other prelates.

I am assured that in 1849 there was more discipline and probity in the revolutionary troop of Garibaldi than in the regular army of the pope. The theft of a coral necklace, of a ham, a nothing, was immediately punished with death.

I have met with plenty of gensd'armes who did not know how to read.

When the copper pieces of five sous were withdrawn from circulation, all this debased coin was sent to Rome. A detachment of gensd'armes escorted each convoy; the gensd'armes opened some sacs and lightened the load of the wagons. A gensd'arme informed me.

It may happen that a bad cause recruits good soldiers. Thus the King of Naples made a very presentable army. Duty is not the sole moving power of man. We have less noble and equally powerful ones, like pride, for example, and ambition. Wherever advancement is given to merit, the soldier seeks to deserve advancement.

In the Papal States the soldier is nothing. He is less than nothing. Two examples from a thousand. A coachman was driving his master to the theater, and refused the countersign; the sentinel demanded it, the coachman whipped up his horses and passed on, saying,

"Do your duty as a soldier, and leave me to attend to mine as a servant."

The livery is nobler than the uniform!

A Roman merchant in a small way, gave an evening party. A stranger presented himself; he was the son of the house. He was engaged in the army of finance, was a custom-house officer. The oldest brother went to receive him in the ante-chamber, and begged him to call in the next day; they had invited some Frenchmen; there was company there; the family did not wish to compromise themselves by introducing a soldier! The next morning this elder brother met in the Piazza d'Espagna a criminal employed upon the public works of the Colonna Immaculata! He shook hands with him publicly. The friendship of a galley-slave is much less discreditable than to be the relative of a soldier.

And the officers? They are upon the same footing as the other civil functionaries. They form part of the middle class. Society does not receive them, and holds them in slight esteem. A monk, do what he may, will always be the superior of a colonel.

The grade of colonel is, to this day, the highest in the army. The functions of the general are filled by colonels. The title is

economized, or rather it is reserved for the heads of various religious orders.

It must be that the holy father has great need of his army when he gives to simple laymen the fine name of general, which a Dominican, a Carthusian friar, or a Capuchin bears so proudly.

The disdain of the aristocracy and of the clergy weighs upon the army and strangles the military spirit which flourishes only in an atmosphere of glory. Officers and soldiers vegetate in the *mal* area of honor.

Under Gregory XVI. an officer took the liberty to execute his orders by stopping the carriage of a cardinal. He was punished, nevertheless the cardinal went on his way. - At Naples, on a like occasion, a simple soldier stopped, with a saber-stroke, the coachman of a bishop. King Ferdinand II. put the soldier in the order of the day. Ferdinand II. was not, however, a *voltairien*, but he wished to have an army, and the pontifical government does not yet know what it wants.

The minister of war is a prelate. He obeys the cardinal secretary of state, who obeys the pope. Three ecclesiastics at the head of the army!

To-day (June, 1858) the ministry of war is filled with aged or obnoxious men, held in small esteem, notoriously guilty of grave indelicacies. The necessity of purification is admitted, but nothing is done.

M. Testa, a very honorable intendant of the French army, labored for a long time to reorganize the Roman army. General Goyon, M. the General Nôue, and all the general officers that we have sent to Rome, have loyally employed themselves in putting the pope in a position to defend himself without us. They have succeeded in nothing, in spite of all their efforts. I have heard them acknowledge their inability. The principle of the government, the shadow of the monasteries, the air of Rome, all are opposed to the creation of a pontifical army. Our counsels, our examples, the work of our instructors, all has fallen into the water.

Still I should do justice to some Roman officers who make very honorable efforts. They study, they nobly vie with the French officers, but to what purpose? All advancement is by choice, that is to say favor, above the grade of captain.

The special corps contain some distinguished men who would

maintain their rank anywhere. The officers of the engineer corps are excellent theorists; they want nothing but practice.

Even practice is not wanting to the officers of artillery. But the good-will and the talent of some individuals are lost forces in an army without a future, without *esprit de corps*, without pride, without devotion, without confidence; where one can not count either upon his neighbor, his chief, or his flag.

The school of cadets was established to furnish officers. It is not an aristocratic institution, as the name might lead one to suppose. The Roman aristocracy no more cares to put its sons into the army than the Faubourg St. Germain thinks of sending its children to the *droits-éunis*. The cadets are mainly the sons of small merchants, or the children of officers.

They are received without examination, upon some person's simple recommendation. They are gently instructed, in the Roman fashion. The chaplain of the army carries a high hand over the establishment.

In 1858, General Goyon wished to inspect, personally, the school of cadets. He confirmed the fact that certain pupils could not make a division. The French course existed only in their programme; the professor of history, after seven months' instruction, still dabbled in the fourth or fifth day of the creation of the world. The programme made no mention of modern history. The house was badly built and in very great disorder. The *bénitiers* placed at the pillow of each student were wanting in holy water. General Goyon turned to one of the employées, and said to him very pleasantly:

"What, sir! not even holy water?"

The poor man naively remarked: "Your excellency, they are now making some fresh."

The Roman soldiers wear the same uniform as ours. There is only a slight difference in the collar, but one sufficiently great in the bearing.

Difficulties sometimes arise between individuals belonging to the two armies. Our generals severely punish these pot-house quarrels.

I remember that a French artillery officer was attacked by four soldiers of the Roman infantry. The aggressors ingeniously threw their sabres at him so as to reach him from a distance. He picked up a weapon from the pavement, ran after his enemy,

and cut off a piece of a nose or ear. The general, by an act of perhaps excessive impartiality, inflicted upon him, as upon the wounded man, a month's confinement in prison.

The pontifical army costs ten millions per annum, and is composed of nearly fifteen thousand men. Fifteen thousand men in France cost nearly fifteen millions, but we have something for our money.

I have not yet spoken of the two regiments of foreign infantry which form part of the Roman army. They are recruited a little everywhere, but principally in Germany. These mercenaries arrive entirely naked, and willingly desert when the pope has given himself the trouble to equip them. They are harshly treated; they are even submitted to the bastinado.

Whoever arrives at Rome with forty recruits is an officer in full right in the foreign infantry.

A young Frenchman of good family was corporal in the French army. He so conducted himself, and cut so many capers, that the chiefs seriously thought of cashiering him. What did he do? He procured forty Germans, and entered as officer into the pope's service.

## XII.

### THE GOVERNMENT.

IF you are curious to know what I think of the pontifical government, my dear reader, the thing is very easy. Make a little journey to Switzerland or Belgium. Enter the first bookstore which comes to hand, and ask for a volume entitled *The Roman Question*—you will see my opinion at length, in the classic costume of Truth.

That which I printed in the month of April, 1859, was true, and is still so. I retract not a single word, but prudence forbids my repeating it. If I allowed myself the pleasure of giving you the second edition of a work condemned and damned, the magistrates of our fine city would seize *Rome of To-day* to read it at their ease. Perhaps even they would send me to prison, all the time agreeing with my way of thinking.

This is why I will imitate the wise reserve of scalded cats, who even distrust cold water. Behold the exact copy, and without commentary, of the statistical information which was furnished me in 1858 by a devoted champion of the temporal power:

"Our holy father, Pope Pius IX., happily reigning, is the two hundred and fifty-eighth successor of the prince of the Apostles. He was born at Sinigaglia the 13th of March, 1792, of the noble family of the Counts Mastai Ferretti. His exaltation to the pontificate dates from the 16th June, 1846; his coronation, the 21st June; his possession the 28th of the same year.

"From time immemorial, the Holy Father is not only the spiritual chief of the Catholic Church, comprising one hundred and thirty-nine millions of souls, but also the temporal sovereign of the Italian State, the superficies of which amounts to four

millions, one hundred and twenty-nine thousand, four hundred and seventy-six hectares,\* and the population to three million, one hundred and twenty-four thousand, six hundred and sixty-eight men. He unites in his hands the powers of the pontiff, the bishop, and the sovereign.

"His States, which are the guaranty of his moral independence, belong to him personally, and depend upon him alone. He is the father of his subjects, and he has over them the rights of a father over his children. He can make laws, change them, or infringe them. The only limit of his power is that which he deigns to impose upon himself. His absolute authority is tempered but by justice and his goodness of heart.

"For the administration of the general affairs of the church, the Holy Father naturally adds the sacred college of Cardinals. The Cardinals form around him various congregations, each one of which exercises a special function. We have the Roman and universal Holy Inquisition, the Consistorial Congregation, the Apostolic Visitation, the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, the Council of Trent, of the Revision of the Provincial Decrees of Council, of the Residence of Bishops, of the State of Regulars, of the Ecclesiastical Immunities, of the Propaganda, of the Index, of Sacred Rites, of Ceremonials, of Regular Discipline, of Indulgences and Holy Relics, of the Examination of Bishops, of the Correction of the Books of the Oriental Church, of the Venerable Fabric of St. Peter, of Loretto, of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Matters, of Studies, of the Reconstruction of the Basilica of St. Paul, of the *Penitenzeria*, of the Chancellerie, and of the Apostolic Daterie.

"For the government of temporal matters, the Holy Father reserves the right to promulgate his will in the form of a constitution *de motu proprio, de chirografo sovrano*, of rescripts, and all that of which he judges it best to decide by force of law, in the present or the future. But he has the custom of referring his current affairs to the charge of a Cardinal Secretary of State. This first minister, friend, and confidant of the Holy Father, represents the sovereign to strangers and pontifical subjects. He names and directs the diplomatic personnel, composed of cardinals or prelates; he publishes in the State the edicts, to which

\* Two acres one rood thirty-five perches make a hectare.



a strict obedience is due, as if the laws emanated directly from the Holy Father. He confides to whomever seems good to him the subaltern portfolios of the interior, the public works, finances, and the army. The ministers are not colleagues but employées, for he is cardinal and they only prelates. He it is who appoints the prelates charged to administer the finances, like the prefects of your departments.

"In your quality of Frenchman, you probably know the organization of the Gallic church; but it differs so much from ours, that my words will be like a sealed letter if I do not give here some words of explanation.

"In your unfortunate country, overturned by a long series of revolutions, the clergy, despoiled of their property and their privileges, are compelled to confine themselves to their spiritual domain. A French seminarist, after having received the sacrament of the order, departs as a curate into a miserable village, where he feeds some flock in wooden shoes. The skeptical government, that treats upon a footing of perfect equality the ministers of all religions, inscribes in its budget this priest of the true God between the schoolmaster and the rural guard. In exchange for a pitiful salary of nine hundred francs, you exact that the priest slavishly obeys atheistical laws, and prostrate himself before the lay authorities. If he proves himself to have talent and zeal, you nominate him arch-priest or curate of a canton. From this new employment he is not removable, and takes from the budget a sum of twelve or fifteen hundred francs, according to the number of the population; but he does not exercise any legal authority out of the holy temple; he must submit, like the first comer, to the jurisdiction of the laical tribunals; he has not even the right to put a man into prison! If he deserves by his virtues to be elevated to the episcopacy, he can not be instituted by the Holy Father until he has been nominated by the laical chief of your government. This the concordat signed in 1801 by Pope Pius VII. and the Consul Napoleon Bonaparte exacts. I am enraged when I think that Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, who died a martyr at the foot of the holy altar, had been nominated by the General Cavaignac! No more heart-rending fact can be brought to show how with you the spiritual is slave to the temporal.

"Things go differently under the care of the Holy Father.

An irreproachable logic maintains, in the temporal domain, order and the ecclesiastical hierarchies. The Holy Father is absolute master of the property and persons of his subjects, because all that has been given without condition to the supreme head of the Church. After him, the principal authority and the highest employment belong to the cardinals. Nothing more just and more natural, since the cardinals are the principal chiefs of the Church, and any one of them, the Holy Spirit aiding, may some day become Pope. After the cardinals, princes of the State as of the Church, are placed the high and respectable nobility of the prelates, who are all in the way to become cardinals. The rest follow in the same order, and the thirty-eight thousand three hundred and twenty persons who compose the secular and regular clergy exert in the State an influence proportionate to the rank which they occupy in the Church. The last of these thirty-eight thousand three hundred and twenty persons is immediately superior to the first of the laity. This hierarchy is as constant in the eyes of the government as in the eyes of God himself.

"In 1797, before the spoliations of which we were the victims, the Roman clergy, regular as well as secular, possessed two hundred and fourteen millions of francs in funds. To-day its territorial fortune is entered on the registry at five hundred and thirty-five millions. You see that it has repaired its losses. The Roman cardinals touch but twenty thousand francs per annum from the cash box of the Pope, but we should add to this modest sum the revenue of some bishopric, of some benefice or high employment selected among the most lucrative. This combination allows them to appear poor and to be rich. When the pageants of the Court of Rome are attacked before you, you can always say, with M. de Rayneral, that the cardinals receive but four thousand crowns per year. But you have sufficient good sense to comprehend that their stable alone often eats up more than four thousand crowns.

"The sacred college of cardinals, the number of which varies from sixty to seventy, is recruited from the prelacy. In France you designate under the name of prelates only the bishops and archbishops, but it is different with us. The prelacy is an institution entirely Roman, and which has no analogy in other States of Europe. It is a sort of spiritual and temporal aristocracy recruited by the Holy Father, who has signed the letters of

nobility. It is a school where by degrees one is raised to the dignity of a cardinal; it is a political career where some enter for ambition, reserving to themselves the right to quit through discouragement. The younger sons of good houses, on leaving college, may obtain and even buy certain domestic or judiciary posts which open the prelacy to them. At this moment they are like bachelors in France, who may aspire to every thing. They wear violet stockings; and thus shod they advance in the road of honors. The administration, diplomacy, the high courts of justice are the domains; or, if you like it better, the race-course of the prelates. The most skillful and the best thinkers rise before the others, but rank is necessary, protection, conduct, and especially fine bearing. When a prelate comes to be nominated auditor *de rote*, or clerk of the chamber, or secretary of the great congregation, he may hope, without too great presumption, that he will die in the purple. He who attains to one of the four great employments of the prelature is certain of his affair. These employments, which are named cardinalesques, are those of governor of Rome, treasurer-general, auditor of the chamber, and major domo of the pope. New titularies enjoy in anticipation some of the prerogatives reserved to the holy college. They paint their carriages red, and they attach red silk top-knots to the heads of their horses.

"It is never too late to enter into the prelacy, and one is always free to go out of it. Suppose that a man of good intelligence, like you, wakes up with the call or the ambition to enter the sacred college. The Holy Father may even name you prelate to-day, and you will wear violet stockings. You will belong *ipso facto* to the aristocracy of the Roman Church, to the *etat major* of the papacy, and that without contracting any religious obligation. You will pass to the cardinalship, and you will take the red stockings, the day that the Holy Father shall think proper; in twenty-four years or in twenty-four hours. It is requisite that, at the last moment, you be ordained deacon, for one never becomes a cardinal without this formality. If the hat makes you wait too long; if your patience is exhausted, if you find on the road an opportunity for an advantageous marriage, nothing prevents you from quitting the prelacy. You put on white stockings, and all is said. The Count Spada, who was prelate and minister of war, went out of the prelacy to marry.

He is nothing, and will be nothing in the State, since he has taken off his violet stockings; but no restraint was exerted to retain him.

"The Holy Father, the cardinals, and prelates govern with a paternal gentleness the nation which belongs to them. They have a particular regard for the princes and nobles, not only because the Roman nobility is especially of pontifical origin, but also because the distinction of classes is the foundation of the policy of the States. They reserve for a Roman prince the honorable charge of senator or mayor of Rome. Another great lord, by especial privilege, directs, without putting on violet stockings, the administration of the post-office. Four Roman nobles, princes, dukes, or marquises, accompany his Holiness in the religious ceremonies, under the title of chamberlain of the cape and sword. The younger sons of some good houses compose the noble guard, in dress of sky blue, and, in general, it may be said that the sons of family make their way more rapidly than the plebeians, in the ecclesiastical career.

The people of the lower class are gently treated. They are sympathized with, assisted, amused; nothing is asked of them but to live like Christians and avoid scandal. One might wish them more perfect and especially less violent; but as they submit to their dogmas and their masters, the authorities cast an indulgent veil over their sins, and avoid, as much as possible, shedding their blood.

The intermediate class, if they dared to complain, would also have little favor. They are allowed to cultivate the land and to devote themselves to commerce and manufactures. No one bothers them about their religious and political opinions, provided they carefully keep them to themselves. Nothing is demanded of them but obedience to the laws and seventy millions, taxes; for which they get something, for the prelates generously give up an incredible multitude of small employments in which a man, content with little, easily gains the wherewithal to live. All the well-thinking and well-recommended bourgeois find places in some office—a tribunal, a dépôt of tobacco, or the bureau of a lottery. The thing is to choose a protector, to obey him in every thing, to bear oneself with the humility of an unassuming condition, and ostensibly to practice the Christian virtues.

It may be said that the Pontifical States have always been

amiably governed by men gentle and polished, whose education, habits, and faith predispose to indulgence. The princes of the Church, humbly submissive to the venerable scepter of the Holy Father, share without strife or jar a secondary authority. They make a large part of the Roman princes, their allies; and the prelates, their future colleagues. An exchange of good offices, recommendations, and reciprocal concessions, closely unite all men who are something in the State; a tradition of patronage and of clientage as ancient as Rome itself (for it dates from Romulus), keeps in submission to them the simple people and the intermediate class.

"All would then be for the best, if the revolutionary spirit, escaped from the depths of the abyss, was not like a scourge spread over Europe and Italy herself. For more than two hundred years some innovators—enemies of the religious faith and monarchical tradition—have endeavored to wake up in the mind the *soi disant* principles of human infallibility. After having sapped the foundations of clerical authority by claiming for the individual the discernment of true and false, of good and evil, which belongs only to the Church, they are come, by the logical consequence of their system, to deny the legitimacy of all temporal power, and to put subjects above kings. We have seen millions of men, drawn into the torrent of a common error, affirm that a kingdom belonged to them, from the simple fact that they were born in it, and abolish or limit the power of their princes.

"This contagion has not been arrested at the frontiers of our State, and for many years the Sovereign Pontiff and the sacred college have been obliged to contend with the most intolerable exigencies of human pride. Without the presence of the French army which defends us, the people of this country would proclaim a republic, or throw itself into the arms of a foreign prince. Constrained to recognize the authority of its legitimate masters, it insolently claims to share it with us. There is neither a city nor a village which does not demand the right to administer by itself, and to elect a municipal body. The laity pretend to usurp the high offices reserved for the prelacy, and to serve the pope in spite of himself. The advocates wish to unite in assembly and make laws, as if law, in the States of the pope, could be any thing else but the will of the pope! Finally the contributors,

who ought to pay to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to God that which is God's, do not fear to call us to account.

"We would disdain to answer pretensions so new and monstrous, if they were not in some sort supported by our protectors themselves. Who would believe it? The ambassador of a Catholic prince qualifies with the name of abuse the fundamental institutions of our monarchy. Your emperor himself, in a letter which no one could take seriously, counsels the secularization of the administration and the adoption of the Code Napoleon!

"Prudence commands us to obey, at least in form, counsels coming from so high a power. We have promised what has been demanded of us, and traced upon paper the plan of our ruin. But the invasion of the laity into the employ of government, the adoption of a revolutionary code, the emancipation of our communes, the public discussion of our budgets, would make of the Holy Father a constitutional king. His religious authority would not long survive in the minds of men, his political infallibility—the pope would no longer be pope! But we profess a religion which interdicts suicide."

To this picture, flattering yet sufficiently exact—to the reasoning, indisputable in its deductions, but founded upon doubtful axioms—I will add but a few words.

The government of the Pope, to satisfy the desires of its protectors and its subjects, has instituted a kind of representative regime. The Holy Father appoints communal electors, charged to name in each village a municipal council. But to spare them the embarrassment of a choice, he takes it upon himself to compose the council.

The municipal councils, thus formed, present to the Holy Father a list from which he himself chooses the members of the provincial council.

The provincial councils, in their turn, present to the sovereign a list from which his Holiness chooses the members of the Committee on Finances. The pope adds to this council, formed by himself, some prelates of his choice.

The Committee on Finances is intended to give its advice upon all questions which affect the treasury. It was instituted in September, 1849. It entered into function in December, 1853. It gives its advice, and no account is taken of it.

The mayor bears the name of senator of Rome and Bologna,

of gonfalonier in the cities of less importance, and of prior in the villages. But senator, gonfalonier, or prior, is only a passive instrument in the hands of the ecclesiastical authority.

The Holy Father may indefinitely suspend, by his *chirografo sovrano*, the execution of a regular judgment even in a civil matter. I do not think that any other sovereign of Europe so overrules the law.

It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the pope reigns and governs.

The Secretary of State, charged to defend without, and to exact within, the absolute authority of the Holy Father, has been for the last twelve years the Cardinal Jacques Annibaldi.

## XIII.

### ROMAN CUSTOMS.

IF this chapter abounds in enormous contradictions, I beg the indulgent reader not to be at all astonished. All is contradiction in the city of Rome: a people well-born and badly brought up; a government full of grandeur and of littleness; laws very mild and very despotic; taxes very moderate and, notwithstanding, very burdensome; a great fund of natural sincerity, with much acquired hypocrisy; and economical life, with foolish extravagance; a wary prudence and blind passions; the habit of retirement and an eager desire to be known in the world; a great admiration for social equality, and profound respect for the existing inequality; a constitution despotic enough to concentrate all the power in the hands of one man, and democratic enough to put the kingly crown upon the head of a capuchin friar.

All the statues which are seen in Rome, whether in the public places, or even in private galleries, are completely muffled up with vine leaves. Some of the allegorical figures which decorate the tombs of the old popes have been clothed with a drapery of tin. The artist made them nude, considering that we owe only truth to the dead. Modern hypocrisy has clothed, draped, stuffed, and smothered them, as if a beautiful statue could be an object of scandal. To make amends, men are allowed to bathe literally naked in the Tiber, or even in the basin of the fountain Paolina. Nobody is shocked by this license, neither the police, nor the public, nor the Roman women, who go and come and wash their linen around these living statues, without thinking of evil.

I just left the Hospital of the Holy Spirit. It is an immense establishment, richer and better endowed than any of the others. A young man, a resident of the house, received me at the door



and conducted me very politely, without knowing who I was. He is a physician; at least, he has passed the examinations of the theoretical doctorate. In two years he will pass the practical doctorate, and will go to some village to practice his profession. In the meantime he studies, but not all that he wishes to. He confessed to me, in confidence, that he had never seen the body of a living woman.

"And the accouchements?"

"We deliver puppets enclosed in a small mannikin. But when I have passed my last examination, I shall have the right to attend women."

"I pity the first one who shall come under your care."

"And I, also."

The halls of the hospital are enormous, both in length and breadth. Four rows of beds, end to end, without curtains! The feet of one patient touch the head of another. The interests of these poor unfortunates have been sacrificed to the grandeur of the building.

A placard hung near each bed indicates the regime proscribed for each patient. "Whole portion, half portion, porridge and egg, *viaticum*." This last word made my hair stand on end. Poor things, to be told eighty hours beforehand that they are doomed to death!

Some one calls away my guide to point out to him number two hundred and so many, who is just passing away. I follow him, and see a man writhing in the agony of the last convulsions. He is a peasant, who was attacked by a gastric fever for want of proper food. A hospital nurse straightens his limbs, removes his shirt, spreads a sheet over him, and lights a lamp. I observe then that five or six similar lamps are lighted in the room: so many corpses. My *cicerone* points out to me that the happy idea has been adopted of affixing to each bed a kind of ring to support the funeral lamp.

A friar, large and fat, circulates in the ward, distributing absolution to those who require it. For the others, there are two grand confessionals near the entrance door.

I am shown a peasant, red as a tomato, and sweating great drops in his bed. He has been bitten by a *tarentula*; notwithstanding, there is nothing in his appearance which indicates a passion for the dance. My young doctor affirms, that the bite

of the tarentula induces a violent attack of fever. Nevertheless, he inclines to think that fear has much effect in this malady. Sometimes a complete cure is effected by a glass of water, or by a pill made of a crumb of bread.

One hall is specially devoted to the sick soldiers. They are paternally cared for, even their *irreligious maladies*. But in this particular case, the price of their medicine is deducted from their pay. In consequence of this, a soldier who is sick from his own fault avoids the hospital, and remains sick as long as God pleases.

I visited the amphitheater, the anatomical cabinet, and all the scientific collections which belong to the hospital. The most remarkable specimen is a sore clothed with a vine-branch, for the edification of the young physicians. *Et nunc erudimini!*

The Hospital of the Holy Spirit, like all ecclesiastical property, is a place of asylum. A robber, an assassin, a parricide can here find refuge, to recover, or to die, under the shelter of the laws. Some invalids, profiting by such gracious impunity, have thought that it was allowable for them to rob and to kill in this inviolable retreat. But the pontifical authority, considering that it is not right to abuse such clemency, has decided that the crimes and offenses committed in the hospital can have no right to impunity. This law, engraved upon a slab of marble, is placed in view of the sick, who, however, do not know how to read.

The Foundling Hospital, connected with the Holy Spirit, has seen the prologue of a little drama which would seem hardly credible, if the tribunals had not taken pains to verify it.

In 1807, the Duchess X., who had already a son and a daughter, was clandestinely delivered of a third child, in the palace of her husband. Why did she have the new-comer conveyed to the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, instead of presenting it to the Duke X.? Perhaps because the Duke had occupied separate apartments for many years. The little Lorenzo X. entered the world by the door of the foundling children, without other capital than a five franc piece, suspended at the end of a ribbon.

Some time after, the Duchess, who had some maternal affection, proved that the five franc piece belonged to her. She reclaimed Lorenzo, put him out to nurse, and allowed him a yearly allowance of twenty francs a month, which was scrupulously paid to the time of his majority. Thanks to the liberality

of his mother, he did not die of hunger, and learned to paint miniatures.

The death of his father, and of his elder brother, changed his occupation.

He saw a pretty fortune, about seventy-five thousand francs income, passing into the hands of his sister, the Princess T., who was not exactly in want of it. The Princess T. is forty or fifty times a millionaire! Hunger, opportunity, public favor, and certain enemies of the family of T., urged Lorenzo to reclaim the name and property of the X. family.

If I could transcribe here the different parts of the lawsuit, which have been collected in one volume, you would see some curious facts. The advocate for the claimant charged the Duchess with having left her son in penury, whilst she committed follies for a druggist of Frascati. The Princess T. said, by the organ for her defense, "This young man is the son of my mother; so be it; but very certainly my father had nothing to do with him. Mamma had an infinite variety in her affections. Lorenzo is the son of some one, probably of a Russian called M."

But the most marvelous of all, is the deposition of the Duchess. At the moment of appearing before God, this august lady did not disdain to declare, for the interest of her daughter, that her son was a bastard, and incapable of inheriting.

Notwithstanding such respectable testimony, the young Lorenzo gained his cause: *Is pater est quem justæ nuptiæ demonstrant*. Besides the advocates proved that the late duke had compromised himself with all the women, the duchess with all the men, and that, consequently, the duke and duchess must, once in a while, at least, have come together.

Lorenzo, educated in adversity, is one of the most energetic, most intelligent, and liberal of the Roman aristocracy. You will find him at the head of all the enterprises which can advance the progress of Italy. His sons are brought up in Piedmont; they are not allowed to come to Rome, even during vacation, as though the air of the Holy City could poison their minds.

His one defect is a deplorable awkwardness in the use of fire-arms.

Another romance. The Duchess A. was left a widow in 1850. Her fortune, like her palace, was still quite imposing, although somewhat dilapidated.

Fortune so arranged it that a regiment of French dragoons was stationed in the neighborhood of the palace A. Each morning the duchess had only to place herself at her window to be able to witness the toilet of the horses. She remarked a young quarter-master who had quite a grand air, although he was superintending a prosaic operation. From watching him she fell in love with him, and as she had done nothing to displease, she pleased him. Coming to an understanding, she learned that M. H. belonged to a very honorable family of Norman husbandmen. He, personally, was esteemed by his comrades and superiors. He would not be long without an epaulette. The duchess waited till he became an officer, persuaded, not without good reason, that a French officer was the equal of a born gentleman. M. H. has quitted the service; he cultivates the lands which belong to his wife, and builds up a fortune that Roman carelessness had allowed to decay. His wife is no longer a duchess, but she will be rich and she is happy. The difficulty will be to the lackeys in Rome, who will be forced to announce the former Duchess A. under the name of Mme. H. As for the peasants on her estates, they said to me very naively:

"Our new master is called the Duke A. since he has married the Duchess."

When love has gained possession of a Roman heart, it reigns supreme; everything yields to it, interest, duty, and even prejudice. Look at this no longer young man who is hastening to the Piazza d'Espagna. It is the Prince C. He is going to kiss the hand of a young girl, a dealer in groceries, by whom he is so much infatuated that he wishes to marry her. Such folly will astonish no one. It is true that the wife holds but a small place in the family, and a man can choose where he will, without compromising himself.

It is not that the Roman wives are beings of no consequence. There are some very *spirituelle*, like that little Princess C. de S.

The Prince C. de S., who died of old age in 1849, had married in 1848 a lady very much younger than himself. The same day that the old dotard was placed under ground, his widow declared that she was *enciente*, and she was not accused of falsehood. She was delivered of a son at the limit of legal delay, and her presence of mind made his fortune.

"This child was born watch in hand," say the jurists.

Education is in vain. We find, even among the nobility, Roman women who are very proud and very noble.

That poor little Tolla or Vittoria Savorelli, whose history I published some years ago, was certainly not a vulgar soul.

I have lately met her seducer. He is an insignificant fat man. His remorse, if he ever felt any, has not emaciated him.

M. Savorelli, the father, is absorbed in business. He manufactures stearine candles, and is making very quietly the fortune of his family. He has in his house a beautiful bust of his daughter, sculptured by a brother of Tolla.

I saw recently a young girl of very good family, who has had the courage to learn the profession of painting, in order to marry a poor young man whom she loved. After eighteen months of study she became capable, love aiding her, of painting copies quite as presentable as most that are sold to strangers; but her lover was no longer true to her; he courted another. This heroic girl did not die like Tolla. She is enamoured of a foreigner, who will not marry her, who has told her so, but whom she loves in spite of common sense. She has refused the hand of an old diplomatist, who is immensely rich, to remain faithful to this Frenchman, who is not even her lover.

The Prince T., the richest man in Rome, is perhaps also the most unhappy. His family has recently lost a fine duchy, an important inheritance, and an enterprise prodigiously lucrative. His wife is insane, his heirs are daughters, his brother is nobody, one of his nephews is an idiot, and the other, who was worthy to live, will die. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. All the city sincerely pities the Prince T. He sells his money somewhat dear, but he has done good with it, encouraged the arts, and given splendid fêtes.

His two nephews have married daughters of great families, very beautiful both of them. The wife of the eldest has a character open, loyal, and passionate. She resists energetically the encroachments of her sister-in-law, who uses more than the diplomacy of Richelieu and Mazarin to procure the right of primogeniture for her husband.

One day recently the Cardinal Antonelli invited the ladies of the Roman nobility to a torch-light promenade in the vaults of Saint Peter's. At the supper which followed, his eminence ap-

proached the young Princess T., wife of the eldest, and excused himself for not having invited her sister-in-law.

"You have done right!" replied the proud Roman lady. "It is very necessary to maintain a proper distance between the elder and the younger!"

A Roman lady,<sup>a</sup> a princess, educated in a convent, committed some imprudence. The waiting-woman knew everything, and gave her mistress to understand that she could tell all. On such an occasion, what French lady would not have arranged matters with her? My Roman lady slapped the impertinent creature in the face, threw her down, stamped on her, and sent her off immediately. Our poor Stendhal, were he living, would admire this specimen of courage. Observe, if you please, that the princess is no virago, but a delicate and pretty little woman. The servant went away, and has never spoken of the affair. The heroine herself related it to her friend.

Of all the Roman nobles, the Prince de S., descended from Valerius Publicola, most nearly resembles the French. He was at the siege of Rome with our officers, and is worthy to have the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. His house is richly furnished and, what is more rare, in good taste. His conversation is varied and amusing, particularly before dinner. He is what is called in Paris, *un bon enfant*, but too much so for his own good. Yesterday he was at Reignano for the solemn investiture of the young duke. The municipality had prepared fire-works. What did the Prince de S. do but light the fuse with his cigar in broad daylight?

I have sometimes met on the Pincian another Prince de S., as much a prince as his cousin, and reduced to live on a pension of a few crowns a month. The latter would have made a fine soldier in a country where the laity has influence. He consoles himself for his forced inaction with hunting roe-bucks and wild boars. He is a Nimrod, resigned to his fate. He philosophically walks his dogs on the Pincian at the hour when the Duke Grazioli and so many other parvenu bakers pompously drive their horses.

Horses, carriages, lackeys, liveries, and armorial bearings—the city of Rome is full of them. The meanest little curé gives himself the luxury of a coat-of-arms. Nobody, except the *fiacre* driver, puts a single horse to a carriage. The carriages are large

and showy; one mounts to them by a ladder, as into paradise. I am always asking myself why the cardinals and other grand seigneurs carry about three lackeys standing on the same board behind the carriage. One is sufficient. I comprehend exactly why the Turks put two sentinels in one sentry-box; the hours are long, the time heavy; the second guard may perhaps keep the first awake. But three footmen in a slow trot behind one cardinal! Is there some charitable intention concealed? Can the second and third be put there to keep the first from falling? Then have only one, and make him sit down.

In Rome, the pettiest citizen makes it a point of honor to carry nothing himself. The little boys who go to their classes wrap up their books in a silk handkerchief and swing them negligently. To show that they carry their own books to school, would be to confess that they have no servant.

A notary of Paris, who had studied this government, said, on returning home, "There is only one way to resolve the Roman question. Send off all the laity and leave only the priests."

Rather a violent measure! I imagine the same end can be reached in another way. Let us give Italy to the Italians, and Rome to the Pope. The "Eternal City" will be inhabited by a peaceful community, resigned beforehand to a mild servitude; cardinals, prelates, priests, monks, princes, clients, providers, lackeys; total, fifty or sixty thousand individuals, who have all exalted obedience to the height of principle. Add to this a floating population of twenty thousand foreigners, who will come to see the ruins shut up in this ruin.

The Roman cardinals never, by any means, walk out in the city; their dignity obliges them to use a carriage. Those who feel the necessity of a little exercise, go to the Villa Borghese, or rather to a deserted garden which extends back of the Coliseum. I do not remember ever to have seen one walking on the Pincian; but fine-looking prelates are often to be met there, walking erect, their hose well drawn up, and followed by lackeys.

I am assured that the cardinals can not enter a church without a certain ceremonial. It follows from this, that if a cardinal were inclined to open the door and go like an humble believer to say his prayers, etiquette would bar the way.

The menials of Rome, full of respect for the cardinals, are somewhat insensible to the episcopal dignity: it is because there

are such a multitude of bishops in the city. They say that, in one of those ceremonies which always draw a crowd, a Swiss guard drove back the people with blows of his halberd.

"Take care," cried out a lackey, "you will knock down his Eminence!"

"Pardon me," said the Swiss, prostrating himself before the cardinal; "I thought it was a bishop."

When a cardinal, in his carriage, passes a military station, the guard comes out and presents arms. The cardinal returns the salute without touching his hat, by slightly raising his carriage-glass. The inferior dignitaries salute in the same manner.

A pensioner of the Academy of Rome, whom I could name, went to visit the manufactory of mosaics. In one of the work-rooms of the establishment, he saw a prelate walking around with his hat on his head. Concluding that it was proper to remain covered, he put on his own hat. The prelate came up, and with one stroke of his hand knocked it from his head. This is an anecdote of 1858.

Miracles are no longer wrought in Rome, nor in the Papal States. Some zealous persons try it from time to time, but the Holy Office soon puts a stop to it. A young girl who died at the hospital of St. John retained for some time the color in her face. Mgr. Tizani reported a miracle. The Inquisition commanded silence.

At Sezza, some four or five years ago, a pious young girl began to prophesy, under the direction of two priests. The people laughed at her prophecies. The government imprisoned the pythoness and her two directors.

Three years ago, a young female medium attracted the crowd about a mile from Rimini. Two ecclesiastics said mass in her chamber; she prophesied fluently. Three Dominicans hastened to Rome. The miracle was stopped, the affair investigated, and at the end of a suit which lasted three years, the young girl and her magnetizers were on their way to the galleys.

Perhaps we may congratulate ourselves that the very lucrative miracle of La Salette is produced in France. The Holy Office of Rome is more severe than the clergy of Grenoble, or more prudent. It is afraid of scandal, and holds fast to the old miracles.

The law, or at least the usage of Rome, permits a poor man, if hungry, to steal a loaf of bread from the baker's basket.

I have seen famishing men who did not avail themselves of



this privilege. A peasant, who had numbered fifty years, was walking along the Corso, looking from right to left with an indifferent air. At the corner of an adjacent street he spied out an enormous cabbage-stump, in a heap of filth; he ran to it, seized and ate it with an avidity terrible to see. Wait. When he was satisfied, or disgusted, he threw away the remainder. A young fellow of twenty years, who had followed him for some minutes, picked it up and devoured it.

These are observations which the mere tourist can not make. Time is wanting, opportunity, and a certain kind of curiosity.

The Turkish women sleep with their heads dressed, and the Greeks with their entire costume. The Roman women, their husbands, and their children sleep entirely naked. In Paris it is untidy to sleep in stockings; in Rome it is improper to retain the shirt.

A French lady had entrusted me with a small present for her foster sister, married to a lockmaker of Borgho. I went to his house on Sunday morning, at about seven o'clock. I knocked.

"*Chié* (who is it)?" replied a man's voice. I made known my errand.

"Excuse me," replied he, "I am not dressed."

"What is that to me?"

"Come in, then."

I entered. There he was, naked as a worm, but making the profoundest bows. He conducted me thus to his wife, who was in bed, attired in the same way. I handed her the silver watch which I had brought. She screamed with delight.

At the sound four featherless birds half raised themselves from a neighboring bed. They were the children of the house, two boys and two girls.

Here is a story from one of my artist friends, a fellow to be trusted, and incapable of falsehood:

"While I was ranging the mountains, for the study of costume, I made my headquarters in the village of ——. I was often guided in my walks by a kind of good old hermit, who asked alms by the way—a worthy man, and not useless in his generation, for he was skillful in pulling teeth. One evening we arrived together at the hamlet of ——. No inn; we presented ourselves at the cottage of one of the country people. Brilliant hospitality! I heard two cries: *mè* and *couc*! *Mè*, that is from a kid which

they are killing; *conic*, that is from a hen whose neck is getting squeezed in a drawer. After supper the countryman made a bed for me in the room.

" 'For you,' said he to the hermit, 'you can very well sleep with us.'

" He was married. I lay down; he did the same, after putting out the light, the wife in front, the husband in the middle, the hermit behind; all three in the national costume. In the morning, before daylight, I heard a little noise; it was our host, who was getting up to go to his work. He came in at about eight o'clock for breakfast.

We are about to leave; I wish to pay; our host objects; I insist; he is in despair. At length he says to the hermit:

" Since this gentleman will not permit me to give you hospitality for nothing, take your tools and pull out a tooth for me. I have one here which is going; it does not ache-yet, but it will have to come out some day or other."

The people in town and country, and, indeed, all the common people, love flowers. There are very few among the peasantry who do not plant a hedge of roses around the vineyard. Every woman twines flowers in her hair; the plowman comes back from the fields with a nosegay fastened in his hat; persecuted lovers carry on their correspondence by the help of flowers dropped along the path; it is a handwriting with rules of its own, where every twig has a meaning. In a village near Rome the processions are trained to design, as they walk, a richly patterned carpet of flowers.

It is not more than twenty years since the Roman nobility distinguished itself from the common people by an aristocratic contempt for the stench of flowers, *la puzza de' fiori*. What surprises me is, that in a country where all the natural odors, even the most disagreeable, are patiently endured, that an exception should have been made with roses, violets, and heliotropes.

For a few years back the *beau monde* has been adopting more natural tastes. I saw at the villa Borghese an exhibition of horticulture which gives evidence of progress. But if you will walk through the gardens of the last century, you will notice that flowers were excluded from the original plan. The gardens were intended only for lawns, shrubs, laurels, evergreens, cypresses, parasol pines, and a great deal of cut stone.

There is not, in all Rome, a tolerably comfortable bathing establishment. Strangers bathe at their hotels, and the nobility in their palaces. A large part of the population deprives itself of this little luxury, which, however, is a costly affair.

The dead are washed in warm water; how many Romans have had only that bath?

"For whom do you take me?" was the answer of a young Roman girl. "I am an honest girl; I do not soak myself in water."

A public bath, neatly kept, open to every one, would excite the same astonishment as the lighting by gas, the laying of the electric telegraph, the first locomotive at Frascati, or the first turning figures, which drew the entire city before the windows of a hair-dresser on the Corso.

Every one knows that in the Pontifical States a married man can never succeed in anything. There is no career except for celibacy. Nevertheless, nature is so powerful that Romans of all classes marry young.

The people live simply; their masters allow them little ambition, few pleasures, few ideas; they devote themselves to reproduction. God smiles upon their efforts—hence the swarm of children which covers the pavement in Rome.

The sovereign, that is to say, the clergy, does not tolerate the free unions which unhappily abound among us. When a young man and a girl live together, the police watches them, surprises them, brings a priest, and inflicts the nuptial benediction.

Such surprises appear to you improbable; they would be impossible in a country ruled by law; but remember that in Rome there is no law. Marriage there is not an act but a sacrament. The civil registers are kept, and badly enough, by the curés. In the matter of birth, marriage, and death, the certificate of the curé is the only paper which is taken in evidence.

If the clergy may marry people in spite of themselves, the pair, matrimonially inclined, may, by another species of abuse, extort the nuptial benediction, and force the hand of the priest. Let two young people resolve to unite themselves without the consent of their families; they betake themselves to the house of the priest, and surprise him as he jumps out of bed. One says, in a clear and distinct voice, "This is my wife!" the other, "This is my husband!" and if the priest has heard these two

phrases, he is obliged to bless the wedded pair. The trick is complete; the marriage remains as indissoluble as if the mayors of twenty arrondissements of Paris had passed upon it. The authorities may proceed against the delinquents, put the lad under lock and key for a fortnight, and shut up the girl in a convent for a month; but when they shall have thus paid their debt to justice, nothing can longer prevent the consummation of the marriage.

A good, simple curé in a parish in the precincts of Rome had allowed himself to be caught napping, and had married two children in spite of himself. His bishop suspected him of allowing himself to be corrupted, and inflicted upon him a month's respite. The following year his parish laid a similar trap for him, but he was not again to be so easily taken. He was roused in the night to carry the sacrament to a sick person in *extremis*. He dressed hurriedly, lighted his lantern, and hastened to an isolated house, where the lovers were waiting for him. But he was soon on his guard, and when he saw with what sort of sickness he had to do, stopped his ears, sung, danced, whirled round, reached the door, and rushed out like mad, without having heard the two sacramental phrases.

There is now in Rome a young country-girl from the kingdom of Naples, whom all the artists know under the name of Stella. The Parisian public, without having seen her, are well acquainted with her face and her costume, for she has sat for more than one French painter. Stella is very pretty and very prudent. She circulates unharmed through the ateliers with no other chaperon than her little sister Gaetana. These two children (the elder is but eighteen—the younger nine or ten) earn together a dozen francs a day by following the profession of model. They *pose* for the head and the dress. It is a very laborious occupation, particularly in the early stages. The absolute immobility of body in the desired attitude becomes overpowering at the end of half an hour, and I have seen inexperienced models fall like a lifeless mass at the end of the sitting.

Stella, as I have said, is irreproachably prudent. This young girl, who can not read, who has received no moral education, who spends the whole day among young men, has never given occasion for criticism. She follows her profession conscientiously, gathering crown after crown, until the day when she will be rich

enough to purchase in her own village a house and a husband. These southern mountaineers are the Auvergnats of Italy.

Unfortunately, Stella's village is under the control of the curé. The curé fancies that Stella is in danger at Rome. He writes about it to the bishop of the province, who writes to the prelate charged with the pontifical police. Consequence—orders to Stella to give over or to marry. The painters complain loudly, and set powerful springs in motion. A month's respite is gained. But the curé, the bishop, and the police return to the charge. A husband is found for Stella. He is a booby of a mountaineer, ugly, stupid, and lazy. He now crosses his legs on a tailor's board, but he will cross his arms so soon as he shall be master of a woman who earns money. The affair rests at this point. The little Gaetana promises to kill the man.

You will ask me why these respectable ecclesiastics consider it their duty to make a poor girl who harms nobody marry? Is it the love of virtue? No, it is the horror of scandal. Virtue is not more common in Rome than in the other capitals of Europe, but scandal is more carefully hushed. The police does not allow a young girl to have a lover—it would be scandalous; but the married woman may trade upon her charms—the flag covers the merchandise.

And the husbands, what say they? That is as it happens. I meet at the house of an artist friend a young woman, who is not there for her portrait. We talk. She tells me that she is married to a shoemaker of F—— street. She boasts of her husband, her mother-in-law, her children.

"But," say I, "what would your husband think if he knew what I have just learned?"

"He! He would think it no harm that I should gain a little money from persons of quality (*persone di garbo*). Ah! if I were to be imprudent with one of our own class, he would kill me."

Do you understand? On one side want, on the other vanity. Moral sense? Absent.

Here is a more original anecdote. A young man from Lyons, the representative of a commercial house, stops in Rome and takes lodging in the neighborhood of the post-office. He is visited by a go-between. These gentlemen swarm in the city, and for a present of five francs they will kiss your hand. My Lyon-

nese, aided by his go-between, takes a mistress. She was married to a post-man, an honest fellow, and much more jealous than the shoemaker of F—— street. If she allowed a scratch or so on the marriage contract, it was without the knowledge of her husband. The Lyonnese was prudent of necessity. He never went to his mistress except when he had seen the husband making his post-rounds on horseback. He knew then that the length of the relays and the necessity of the service, assured him five or six hours of perfect security. One day, however, he was caught. The husband had fairly started on his course, snapping his whip, but mid-way was seized with indisposition. A comrade who was returning to Rome had changed horses with him. In short, he presented himself at the door without being expected; and his first movement was to draw a knife. The Lyonnese explained, reasoned, entreated, set forth his quality as Frenchman, and offered as indemnity the five or six crowns that he had about him. In conclusion, his reasons and his money were accepted. "Dress yourself," said the man; "but if ever you repeat what has now passed; if you expose me to the jests of persons of my class I swear to kill you, were you in France and at the foot of the altar. A pleasant journey to you! Or stay; wait for me. I shall go with you." He thrust his knife into his pocket, locked up his wife, and went out with the Frenchman, more dead than alive. The poor fellow recommended his soul to God, thoroughly convinced that he had not ten minutes to live. Whenever they turned into a badly-lighted street, he said to himself: "Now for it!" He reached his own door, however, without accident, and his terrible guide took a polite leave of him.

"Tell me!" said the young man, astonished to find himself alive; "why have you taken the trouble to come all the way home with me?"

The Roman answered, with sublime sweetness:

"The city is not safe, and I feared that some accident would happen to you."

The hero of this adventure (I speak of the Frenchman) is now married, and head of one of the best houses of Lyons. He has nothing more to fear from the knives of Roman post-riders; still, when telling his story, he lowers his voice, and looks unconsciously to see if the door is closed.

I knew a French officer, a handsome fellow, by my faith! who was living in furnished rooms in the house of a very pretty Roman woman. Her husband was a cardinal's servant, and earned fifty francs a month; the woman made the rest. Singular accident! the creature had conceived a violent passion for her lover. She sometimes treated him to scenes of jealousy, and the arrival of the husband did not shut her mouth. "For heaven's sake," said the poor man, "let me eat my supper in peace! If you can't live without quarreling, haven't you all the day to yourselves?"

The same woman had a son, a boy of some ten years. She did not dream of concealing herself from him. On the contrary, the child kissed her hand every night, and she gave him her blessing.

The Roman people have unheard of delicacies, and incredible brutalities of language. They will not say a hog, but a *black animal*, for euphonism. To make amends, they boldly call any man a hog who may displease them. A mason on entering a drinking shop will call the wine-seller *monsieur le patron*; his wife, *madame l'espouse*; his clerk, *monsieur le premier*, *monsieur le principal*. But if you vex a little girl four years old, she will cover you with abuse that would soil the mouth of a horse-killer.

I was riding in a carriage with a citizen of some fifty years, and a very pretty girl, his daughter. At the first stopping-place the father said to the young lady:

"Would you like to get out?"

"No, papa."

"If you have any little occasion to satisfy, you would do very wrong to incommode yourself. These gentlemen will tell you so, as well as I; you would do very wrong."

"Thank you, papa. I took my precautions before starting."

Oh nature! I softened the words in the translation.

This same citizen, in writing to his partner, would not omit to write out the full address: "To the very illustrious and most esteemed Seigneur Bartolo."

M. de Levis was terribly scandalized when, in going up the staircase of the Vatican, he met a servant who held out his tobacco-box to a cardinal, and the cardinal helped himself to a pinch. These familiarities may be seen every day in a city where the social conditions are separated by vast gulfs. While

visiting the trenches of the Via Latina, I have seen the Cardinal Barberini surrounded by prelates, priests, and servants in livery. The servants joined in the conversation. One lackey, with a fluent tongue, began quite a dissertation, and a circle formed about him. The cardinal, who is quite short, circulated on the outside of the group, and saw only the backs of his domestics.

Monseigneur Muti, a Roman prelate, is descended in a direct line from Mucius Scaevola. Some one asked him,

"What do you do with your evenings—you are never to be seen anywhere?"

"I stay at home."

"It must be tiresome?"

"No, we play some little game. I have up the cook and get away two or three of his crown pieces."

This anecdote was told me at Frascati by the ambassador of a great power. M. de Martino, Minister from Naples to Rome, and three quarters of the diplomatic corps heard it as well as I.

In a little excursion which I made about Rome with our excellent M. Schnetz, I remarked that the landlords always set four covers for our dinner. We were but two, but M. Schnetz had his coachman and valet de chambre, and it was thought a matter of course to seat them with us.





## XIV.

### D E A T H .

THE Romans of to-day, like those of old, know how to die. We must do them the justice to acknowledge this. They accept with philosophic indifference all the necessities of life, including this last of them all. They die as they eat, as they drink, as they sleep, as they love—naturally, simply, familiarly.

One is struck with admiration on reading in Tacitus how few were the ceremonies performed by the great citizens of the empire in the presence of death. The resignation of the ancients was due to the logical and undoubted hope of an eternal sleep; perhaps also to the daily spectacle of mortal conflict in the amphitheater. The resignation of later times is due to the hope of a life of happiness in a future world, and to the repeated monitions of a religion which says that "all must die."

Every sermon that I have heard during the past five months has contained one reference at least to the nearness of death. All the churches that I have passed have been placarded with those insignia of mourning, on one side of which are to be seen the coat of arms of some one deceased and on the other side a hideous skeleton with this device, "*Hodie mihi, cras tibi*—To-day is mine, to-morrow thine." Thy turn will come!

"I open wide the gates of heaven and hell,  
Life to the just I give, to sinners death."

At Velletri, before the workshop of a farrier, I even saw the skeleton of a horse portrayed upon the sign, as if to teach the brutes that they, too, have to die.

Why not? the brutes themselves have a religious duty to per-

form in this singular country. They go every year on St. Anthony's day to take holy water.

But I must return to the human animal. The morning after All Saints' day various incidents from Scripture are represented in all the churches, such, for instance, as the death of Jacob or the burial of David. The bodies have been usually made of wax for a few years past. It is not, however, very long since real corpses were employed, which were obtained for the purpose from the hospitals; and the nuns used to send to every palace *bon-bons*, called *bones of the dead*, the marrow of which was represented by sweetmeats. Strange expedient to nourish in the Roman mind the thought of death!

Who has not seen in the square of the palace Barberini the quarters of the Capuchins, in which everything is dead even to the furniture? They consist of eight or ten rooms on the ground floor. One day I found the windows open for the purpose of airing the tenement. I stopped and looked inside. The furniture was uniform, as were also the dresses of the occupants. The wainscoting was one continuous net-work of bones. In the beds, contrived in the wall, reposed skeletons of friars in their gowns. One had preserved the skin, another the beard. Festoons, composed of vertebræ, set off the bareness of the walls. The eccentric imagination of the monks had run riot in contriving a thousand grim devices. Interlaced *ulnæ*, bundles of radii, baskets of shoulder-blades, *pelvés*, suspended in form of lustres, with sockets made of skull caps. Each room contained fifteen of these monks, lying in two rows in good order: the earth which directly covers them in the absence of coffins, is a miraculous soil brought home, they say, by the crusaders.

In reality it is a sort of poussolane mixed with arsenic, which has the property of destroying flesh in a few days. From this poussolane to the ancient funeral pile, the distance is not great.

The French barracks are in some convent, where our soldiers quietly smoke their pipes in the court before those open windows.

The church of Buona Morte also has its vault decorated in the funereal style of the Capuchin convent. Here are preserved, as neatly as possible, the bones of the drowned, the suffocated, and the victims of other accidents. The brotherhood of Buona Morte go in quest of the dead bodies. A sacristan of some skill dries them

and arranges them as ornaments. I conversed some time with this artist.

"Sir," said he, "I am never so happy as when I am here in the midst of my work. It is not for the sake of the few crowns I earn daily by showing the chapel to strangers. No! but this monument which I keep, which I embellish, which I brighten by my labor, is become the pride and the joy of my life."

He showed me his materials, that is to say a few handfuls of bones, heaped up in a corner, was loud in his praises of poussolane, and profuse in his contempt for lime.

"Lime burns the bones," said he, "and makes them crumble to dust; what good can you do with bones after they have been in lime?"

It is trash. Rubbeccia!

In Rome burials are, in reality, spectacles. At sunset, the hour for promenade, you will find the Corso filled with an army of Capuchins. Two or three brotherhoods pass in long files toward an open palace. Enter boldly with the crowd. The bier, surrounded with a few torches, awaits the body. The Swiss sentinel squares himself at the door, in full dress. The deceased is brought down, placed on a litter, and covered with cloth of gold or silver. Four porters, disguised as members of the brotherhood, take him upon their shoulders, and all is ready. The procession of Capuchins moves first, lighting their candles, which illuminate the street. The associations come next. Then the priests, and afterward the body, followed by two chests full of tapers. The procession is closed by the carriages of the deceased, all empty. What are you looking for? The relatives! the friends! they are not there. The relatives have borne the expense of the spectacle; the friends enjoy it, like yourself. There they are in the crowd, smoking their cigars, and watching the slow march of the Capuchins.

Beside the funeral cortege run fifty or sixty urchins, armed with paper trumpets. They pick up the wax which falls from the tapers, and do not scruple to break off sundry fragments, if they spy an opportunity. On reaching the church they roll the wax into pellets, and improve their skill as marksmen. While they are quarreling, and pulling each others' hair, the corpse is laid away in a corner, with little ceremony, and everybody goes home.

They always so arrange it that fine funeral processions shall pass along the Corso, even if the deceased lived at the other end of the city. What a rage for appearances!

If any family has the misfortune to lose a handsome daughter, and the body is not too much decomposed, permission is sought to inter it with the face uncovered. They paint the inanimate clay, they exhibit it, they make much discourse of the excellent qualities of the departed and of their own for twenty-four hours. This is an amazing success.

The nobles wear mourning; a mourning of ostentation, which distinguishes them from the common people. The middle and lower classes make no change in their dress. A citizen, some time ago, having put on black clothes, on the death of his mother, I heard a bystander remark:

"Formerly, mourning was only for princes, but now the vassals are presuming to wear it. What next?"

The word vassal is worthy of note.

In aristocratic circles the younger is bound to wear mourning for the elder; the latter may, if he please, wear it for the former.

Funeral cards are a new custom which will with difficulty be established. Why? Because the deceased is forgotten the day after the funeral. He is in Paradise. God has received his soul. They speak of him no more. Visits of condolence are in bad taste. It is out of fashion to remind people of the loss they have sustained.

A Frenchman had danced a few times at a house in Rome. Having heard that the father of the family was dead, he thought it but right to call on the daughter. He was entertained with much gay small talk about the weather and so forth. At length he made a desperate attempt to approach the topic which had brought him there.

"Miss," said he, "I sympathize deeply with the sorrow which has overtaken you. You well know how attached I was to the Count."

"Truly!" said the orphan, with a gentle sigh, "he was very old."

"Yes, Miss; but how wonderfully he had preserved the exercise of his faculties! What vigor of mind! What a complete character!"

"Yes! so much so as sometimes to render our life very hard to bear."

"Ah! is that so?" replied the Frenchman, in a new tone; "I was only condoling with you out of politeness, and talking to please. But I can laugh with you from the bottom of my heart. I don't see why the decease of your father should give me more trouble than it does you. He is gone! good day to him!"

The deceased of quality are interred in the churches, a usage very prejudicial to the public health. Voltaire said so much about the matter that the French law at length put an end to it. The Roman law literally no longer permits a source of pestilence under every church. But here abuses have more authority than laws. It is prohibited to bury earlier than twenty-four hours after death, but I have seen with my own eyes two persons carried to the grave who had drawn their last breath the same day. It is prohibited to bury in the churches; but I can certify that in the little town of Forli, between 1830 and 1858, this law was broken one thousand four hundred and thirty-five times. I have taken the figures from the official register.

The Roman clergy is interested in making a charnel-house of all the churches. It exacts a tax for breaking the law.

Forli is a small city of seventeen thousand souls. Rome has more than one hundred and seventy thousand. Calculate the prodigious quantity of human flesh that must accumulate every year under the churches of Rome.

Meanwhile, the French have constructed for the Romans the cemetery of St. Lawrence outside the walls. This was done in 1811. We made it after the Roman fashion, for it was absolutely necessary to conform to the customs of the country.

Figure to yourself a square enclosure, paved, and surrounded with walls. Four hundred large slabs of stone, disposed in the form of a quincunx, close up four hundred vaults or pits, each four yards square. Every night one of these flags is raised, a cart brings the dead of that day, which are thrown in one after another. The lime and the rats consume the whole in less than a year, and thus there is never any want of room.

M. de Tournin tells us that in his day the Romans buried their dead in a simple shroud. They saved in that way four pine boards.

Has this custom been preserved at Rome? I do not know.

Several persons have assured me that it has not, but I can scarcely believe them. The vaults of St. Lawrence and the use of quick-lime do not well accord with the employment of the coffin.

What I can say, however, is this: that in Bologna the poor are buried without a coffin, in a pit dug by the spade of a gardener, just as for planting potatoes. It was the gardener or pit-digger of that admirable *campo santo* who informed me.

There is, in Rome, near the pyramid of Cestius, and two steps from the powder magazine, a shady retreat, dotted with a few trees, and adorned with beds of flowers. This is the cemetery of the *acatholics*. The Romans, by an effort at toleration, give this name to the heretical and schismatical foreigners whom the Church condemns, but whom the government must protect. Americans, Russians, Englishmen, Germans, repose side by side in this peaceful and melancholy resting-place. Many artists are there who came to Rome in quest of talent and glory, but found fever and death. Nearly all the inscriptions repeat in various forms the sad story, "*Here lies, far from his native land, ———.*" Almost all who sleep there, could, when dying, say with Siegfried of Niebelungen, "Long will my mother and my brothers at home expect me in vain."

By a freak of chance, in one corner lie close together the dust of the son of Goethe and the son of Charlotte, Auguste Kesner, Minister of Hanover, who was born in 1778, and died March 5, 1853.

You will also find there the ashes of Percy Byssche Shelley, the friend of Byron; "heart of hearts: *cor cordium*," says the inscription: and Keats, that young poet who, in despair, had engraved on his tomb this touching epitaph:

THIS GRAVE  
CONTAINS ALL THAT WAS MORTAL  
OF A  
YOUNG ENGLISH POET,  
WHO,  
ON HIS DEATH-BED,  
IN THE BITTERNESS OF HIS HEART,  
AT THE MALICIOUS POWER OF HIS ENEMIES,  
DESIRED  
THESE WORDS TO BE ENGRAVED ON HIS TOMB-STONE:  
HERE LIES ONE  
WHOSE NAME WAS WRITTEN IN WATER.  
February 24, 1821.

Is not all the bitterness of wounded pride concentrated in these last words—"Here lies one whose name was written in water?"

At the entrance of the cemetery is a small, neat lodge, arranged with all the scrupulous regularity and precision characteristic of the English. I read there :

1. The tariff of prices for interment.
2. The catalogue of valuable articles confided to the charge of the porter.
3. The names of the dead posted up, like those of the occupants of a hotel.

The official physicians of a village of three thousand souls (in the province of Frosinona) gave me the following details, for the accuracy of which, however, I do not vouch :

"The pontifical authority wishes us to order the sacraments for every patient after our second visit. But I know the savages of these mountains too well to conform to the law. As soon as one of the family has received the sacrament, they think of nothing but hurrying him out of sight as speedily as possible. They discontinue all treatment, put away the medicines in the cupboard, tear off the cataplasms and blisters. Should the patient ask for a glass of water, they would reply, 'Thou wilt drink thy fill in paradise.'

"On the other hand they proceed to buy tapers for the funeral, and ask the patient if everything is provided according to his wishes. They show him the boards for the coffin, to prove that the wood is of choice quality. They take the measure for the shroud which he is to wear into the other world. They put water on the fire to wash him as soon as he shall be dead. These preparations do not go on without numerous expressions of condolence and sympathy. 'My poor father! My unhappy brother! My unfortunate cousin!' As soon as the death-struggle commences, the whole village runs to the chamber, and remains there until life is extinct. So much, politeness demands. From moment to moment holy water is sprinkled on the head of the patient to drive away evil spirits. At every convulsion, the relatives throw themselves on the body, rending the air with their cries. Nothing more would be needed to kill a healthy man. Those less delicate profit by the occasion to detach a finger-ring or an ear-ring. The young man whom you see there

at the door of his shop, went to his father's death-bed with a false key in his pocket. The old man having expired, the son was inconsolable, and exhibited such grief that they could not get him away from the house. He remained alone, and plundered the cash-box of the deceased, to the detriment of the other heirs.

"I once saw the last sacraments produce a very curious effect on a patient of mine. The night before, he had safely passed the crisis of his disease; but the family seeing that he was worse than usual, summoned the priests in the morning to administer the sacrament. I found my man on his back, a crucifix in one hand, and a madonna in the other. He pressed the sacred images to his heart, and showed the whites of his eyes.

" 'Well, well!' said I.

" 'Alas! dear doctor, you see all is over.'

" 'Why? Do you feel worse?'

" 'I don't know; but all is over.'

" 'Give me your hand; let me feel your pulse. Pooh, pooh! you have no fever now.'

" 'No matter! go; all is over.'

" 'Show me your tongue: it is magnificent!'

" 'I am very glad, for your sake, good doctor; but for me, all is certainly over.'

"This consultation *in extremis*, with a man who is doing well, was twenty times interrupted by the bellowing of the family and the attendants. I had to use force to put the brawlers out of doors, and the patient on his seat. He was half cured. Two days afterward he ate a pound of meat; the Sunday following he walked his chamber, repeating, 'It is of no use, doctor; when a man has received the sacraments, we may conclude that all is over.' At the end of eight or ten days he returned, quite crest-fallen, to his olives and vineyard. His appetite and strength had come back. He devoured the rations of a tiger, and did the work of an ox. But he was not yet thoroughly convinced of his resurrection, and I had to make him feel the force of several blows on the scapula to prove to him that all was not over.

"If the sick man dies, all the people present scream and weep at once. It is a duty imposed by propriety. After this they go in quiet to the Brotherhood of the Souls of Purgatory. It is the custom to play a little comedy on the arrival of the bier. A



woman of the household tries to prevent them from carrying off the body. They reason with her, persuade her, and at length she yields. Sometimes the body is still warm, for the proscription of the twenty-four hours exists only in the law. The relatives and friends accompany the corpse to the church, where it is left in charge till night. No funeral service; no more than in Rome; and that is saying everything. The nearest relative of the deceased takes all those who attend the funeral to his own house, and consoles them in the best way he can. I have seen orphans so perfectly consoled that they went home on their heads."

If the author of this narrative has exaggerated the eccentricities of his fellow-citizens, I leave it to his conscience. But what I myself have witnessed in the country, inclines me to believe that he has given the truth.

Romans,—my dear friends,—I love you sincerely, because you are oppressed. But I think that all truth is proper to be spoken, and I describe, without concealment, all that I have seen and heard while traversing your admirable country. If it has been my lot to note some trait of ignorance, or of barbarism, do not suppose that I regard you as ignorant, or barbarous, or that I write this book against you. I aim only at the teachers of the people, who bring them up badly, and whom we shall change some day, if it so please Heaven.

## XV.

### THE CATTLE.

THE *Campagna di Roma* is a vast meadow, broken in a few places by the plow. It is the most beautiful plain in Europe; it is also the most fertile, the most uncultivated, and the most unhealthy.

Six-tenths of these valuable lands are subject to mortmain; three-tenths belong to the princes. The remaining tenth is divided among private individuals.

The lands of the monasteries and those of the princes are farmed out to rich individuals called "country merchants." The proprietor leases to them the bare soil, usually for a short term. The farmer (country merchant) has no interest in constructing buildings, in planting trees, or in improving the soil. Grain is raised to some extent, and with good results. But the government levies a fixed tax amounting to twenty-two per cent. of the crop. Moreover, the religious houses do not scruple, in many cases, to interdict the cultivation of the rich lands by an express clause in the lease. They fear lest the soil should be impoverished, and the revenue of subsequent years suffer in consequence.

Another obstacle to culture is the vexatious law which arbitrarily prohibits or permits exportation. Suppose a grain monopolist should make himself the absolute master of France, and should be in a position to close all our ports and frontiers to the exportation of grain, no agriculturist would run the risk of producing grain beyond the absolute wants of the country.

The culture of grain involves enormous expenses. It requires many hands, important *matériel*, and a considerable number of cattle, and all in view of an uncertain result. The raising of cattle requires but little help, and involves fewer expenses. It

yields moderate but sure results. It is the business most compatible with the unhealthiness of the climate, the depopulated condition of the country, and the discouragement of agricultural enterprises.

A farm of one hundred rubbia (four hundred and sixty acres), if cultivated for grain, will require thirteen thousand five hundred and fifty days' work, and will cost eight thousand Roman crowns of about one dollar each. It will yield, in an average year, one thousand three hundred measures of grain, which, at the medium price of ten crowns, are worth thirteen thousand crowns, the net profit amounting to five thousand dollars; while the same area devoted to pasturage would yield scarcely more than one-fifth of that amount in net profit.

But pasturage prevails. Let us speak of that.

Roman horses are born and reared in the open air. There are no stables in these vast solitudes. Night and day, summer and winter, in fine weather and in foul, the horses are out grazing under the care of a mounted herdsman. A stallion lives at liberty with twenty or twenty-five mares. The colts are reared in the open air, and take no harm. They scarcely know more than a single disease, the *barbone*, which attacks them pretty much as scarlet fever attacks children, between their eighteenth and twentieth month. It is an eruption of the glands of the neck. To cure it a few blisters are sufficient.

When a year old, the colts are caught by means of a lasso, and marked with the initials of their owner. At three years old they are broken, sold, and set to work.

The breed is handsome and good. Distinguished breeders have told me that the horses of the Campagna are scarcely susceptible of improvement, and that crossing does not produce any important result. The Roman horse is usually a fine, healthy animal, of moderate height and of robust build; lively, rarely vicious, and full of fire, with much endurance. You can see horses who have never eaten any thing but grass and hay, and do not know the taste of oats, perform the same feats of strength as the horse of the most unexceptionable training.

Hence, Piedmont, Lombardy, Tuscany, and Naples, all buy their horses in the Campagna di Roma. The Romans themselves keep scarcely any but the worst.

A stallion will bring from three hundred to three hundred and

fifty crowns; a mare three years old, from seventy to one hundred crowns; a handsome pair of carriage horses are worth from three hundred to five hundred crowns; a fine saddle-horse will cost from eighty to one hundred and fifty crowns; a cavalry horse, eighty or ninety. Animals of less value are reserved for agriculture, and cost only thirty-five or forty crowns.

It is said that Roman horses at twenty-five years old and more, have been found capable of doing good service.

Every breeder has his own peculiar race. Silvestrilli raises a breed of chestnut horses. Serafini is the owner of the cardinal's breed. Prince Borghese has obtained, by crossing, a very handsome breed, but they are too slender and too small. The breeds most in esteem belong to the princes Chigi and Piombino, the duke Cesarini, and the country merchants Silvestrelli, Titoni, Viacentini, Serafini, Senni.

The Roman farmers do not employ the horse for carts, still less for draught. Transportation is too difficult and the roads too bad. Farm work requires enormous muscular strength, for the meadow is to be broken up. The ox and the buffalo only answer for this hard work. But the horse is employed to thresh out the grain.

The harvest ended, all the disposable horses are shut up in an inclosure. A hundred paces off the sheaves are placed, the ears upward, on a hard beaten area. Six horses start off abreast at a full gallop, and are kept going round until the straw is disengaged from the grain. It is a hard task under the burning sun of July.

The grain is forthwith winnowed, heaped together, put into sacks, and sent to Rome. The straw is carried away or is burned, according to the state of the roads and the nearness of the towns. The field remains bare until the first rains of winter bring up the grass. It again becomes meadow land, and remains so at least seven years.

I have inquired of these immense farmers why they did not use threshing machines. They replied that it was of the highest necessity for them to hasten the removal of the grain. They have neither store-houses nor barns. The country is unhealthy. There is not a moment to be lost. Every hour's delay might cost the life of a man. The horses gallop, the grain falls, the farmer gathers up his crops and betakes himself to flight.

The Romans of the age of Cato did not know of the large gray oxen which at present beautify the Campagna di Roma. The indigenous breed was small, red, and short-horned. Specimens of it are still to be found among the mountains. It was the irruption of the barbarian which brought the long-horned breed into Italy.

These animals are well known, thanks to the painter's art, so that I have no need to describe them. Their admirable frames and their enormous weight of bone and muscle, wonderfully adapt them to field-labor. A Norman grazier said, with reason, that the Durham breed is better for the butcher. In Normandy the ox is chiefly an instrument for transforming hay into beef.

We must, however, acknowledge that the beef and veal one gets at Rome are of excellent quality.

The Duke of Northumberland has just purchased of Titoni, an immense farmer, four heifers of one year old, and two calves of the same age, for transportation to England.

Titoni has taken a farm containing two thousand four hundred rubbia of meadow-land, almost ten thousand acres, for the raising of horned cattle. Where the land is good, two cows will subsist very well on one rubbia.

The best breeds of horned cattle are those of Rospighiosi, Graziosi, Titoni, Silverstrelli, Dantoni, Senni, Grazioli, Floridi, Serafini, Piacentini, Franceschetti, Rocchi.

I am not *connoisseur* enough to do justice to the various Roman breeds of cattle; they all resemble each other at the first glance, and, I believe, little has been done to improve them.

Still there has just sprung into existence an Agricultural Society; I was present at its first annual fair. The pontifical government at first prohibited and then tolerated this novelty, which modestly concealed its true character under the name of a Society of Horticulture.

The Roman oxen are excellent workers; they labor without rest from daybreak till noon; until half-past two in the winter season. They have no food but hay and grass, and are very robust. They are castrated at three years old; bulls of eight years old are also castrated for fattening and sale to the butchers.

An ox of three years old, well broken, is worth fifty or sixty crowns; an ox of eleven years may be fattened in three months,

and sells for from sixty to seventy-five crowns. A fine cow for the butcher is worth fifty-five crowns, a crown being worth about a dollar.

I have seen one hundred and sixty yoke of oxen plowing the same tract of land. Some months later I saw eleven hundred workmen employed in reaping a field of grain. It is a great industrial interest this Roman agriculture, and requires an immense capital.

The most striking specimen of brute life is the buffalo. His heavy and awkward frame, his long neck, his flat head, his broad muzzle, his knotty horns, his bare back, his fierce bellowing, all tell us that this monster of the Indian marshes is a relic escaped from the deluge, a fragment of a creation more ancient than our own, an archaic model, forgotten in the recasting, a huge living fossil.

The Italians have acclimated this creature among them for a dozen centuries. He is a half savage ally, but contented with little. He gambols with delight in the most fetid marshes; he feasts on rushes and reeds; his favorite diversion is to plunge into the mud up to the neck, and go to sleep.

He wears a ring in his nose, like an Indian cacique; by that he is governed, if indeed it is not a play upon words to say that he allows himself to be governed. His master borrows him from nature when it is necessary to make one of those prodigious efforts which surpass the strength of men, horses, and oxen. Yoke him to a rock, tree, a mountain, to a forest. He rushes forward, head down, his neck outstretched, and his enormous muscles strained to the utmost. Everything yields; everything follows in his train; he goes on his way like an unchained power, and overthrows everything in his path. The work finished, he is unyoked, returns to his bog, and wallows in the mire.

This creature is endowed with memory; the buffalo comes when his name is called; he is twice baptized, first, at his birth, and afterward at the age of thirteen months. His second name remains with him till he is eleven years old. He is then led to the slaughter-house.

Quarrels often arise between the buffalo and his keeper; the furious animal rushes upon the man and kills him, not with his horns but with his head. If the man is experienced in this kind of combat, he lies flat upon his face, and opens his pocket-knife.

When the buffalo, who is not very adroit, comes groping after his victim, the man plants six inches of steel in his nostrils, and the monster betakes himself to flight. This is the only reasoning he can comprehend; cudgels break over his back like lucifer matches. A gunshot only titillates, agreeably, his epidermis.

In the Pontine Marshes there is a herd of buffaloes employed to clean out the canals. They are urged into the water with long poles; they swim, they become entangled, they tear up the aquatic plants while passing along the banks, and at length escape, loaded with slime, and crowned with adhesive verdure.

Rospigliosi has fourteen hundred buffaloes; Cesarini eight hundred, and Caserta one thousand. A male buffalo, three years old, is worth thirty-five crowns; a female is worth eighteen or twenty; an ox buffalo will bring as much as thirty. The flesh of the buffalo is not very good, but the Neapolitans are satisfied with it, and the Jews of the Ghetto esteem it a savory morsel. At Terracina, on the frontier of the States of the Church, a buffalo is killed every week during September, October, and November. The people think the flesh is more delicate when the animal is fatigued; they attach a long cable to the horns of their unsightly victim, and twenty robust fellows hold on by the other end: thus accompanied, the buffalo is urged through the streets, and when he is making a great rush, they stop him short; they then give him another start, and again check him, so long as he has any strength left. He does not receive the final blow until he has pulled down several trees, overthrown several walls, and crippled several passers-by.

Often he is let loose in an inclosure: the most venturesome and mischievous boys go out of their houses to torment him, and rush in again as quickly as they can. One day a buffalo, tired of this kind of amusement, dashed into the door of a coach-house, and ascended to the second story. Nothing was more strange to behold than this comedian turned spectator. The butcher alone succeeded in dislodging him.

These cruel amusements suit the tastes of the lowest class. I am astonished that an ecclesiastical government has never done anything to soften the prevailing manners of the people. On the bridges of Rome you see boys fishing with swallows. I have met with little urchins who threw sparrows at an olive tree just as they would throw stones, and others who beat each other

with kittens. The bird-catchers of the Rotunda sell to the passers-by gold-finches, linnets, and chaffinches, whose eyes they have put out. The law of Grammont is one of those which should be introduced here. But how many centuries must elapse before there will be any laws in Rome?

Pshaw! we should despair of nothing.

In the uncultivated region, which extends all round the city, are raised large flocks of sheep of excellent breeds; besides the Spanish and the mixed, much is thought of the *Sopra-vissana* of Visso, near Spoleta. This animal is vigorous and strong, and is capable of resisting severe changes of the weather.

The wool of this country is exported to France, Switzerland, and Piedmont. The manufactures of the district, which were formerly numerous and celebrated, are now confined to coarse cloths.

The three first qualities of wool are sold at from twenty-one to thirty-one cents a pound, according to the demand; the fourth and fifth, from eighteen to twenty-four cents; the black, from fourteen to eighteen cents.

The Roman pound, it must be remembered, contains nearly twelve ounces *avoirdupois*.

Like the oxen and the horses, the sheep live constantly in the open air. They pasture nine months on the plain. In July, August, and September, they are conducted to the mountain.

The *black animal* (this is the hog, if my readers will excuse the indelicacy of mentioning his name) is abandoned to the small proprietors of the elevated regions. The mountaineers bring him up with tenderness, for he costs nothing to feed. He lives on the most intimate terms with the family, who seldom go out without him. Whenever they go into the fields, they permit him to grub up one corner to his heart's content. They assign him a place at the bottom of some ditch; the young girls fasten a cord round his body, and walk him out. I have myself seen, more than once, in the toilsome paths that conduct to the villages, a boy attached to the tail of a hog, like a ship to the stern of a tug. The notables of the parish go a-visiting with their hog, just as I do with my greyhound. This friend of the household is slaughtered in the month of September.

The raising of cattle has a right, if not to the protection, at



least to the tolerance of the government, for it is one of the most fruitful sources of national wealth.

I am told that the graziers are subjected to vexatious taxes, and that an ox, before being slaughtered, must pay to the State twenty or thirty per cent. of his value.

The horses which thrive in the Agro-Romano are subject to a tax of five per cent. every time they change hands, so that, if one of them is sold twenty times, the grazier and the treasury each share one half the price.

A Roman will perhaps reply, that in the joyous country of France, thanks to the enormous taxes on conveyances of property, the treasury may, in four or five years, get the entire value of an estate. I will not dispute this point, for it is true.

Almost all the figures contained in this chapter were furnished to me at Rome by an agriculturist, who is both very honorable and very competent.

The poor fellow, who was very rich, was inconsolable at not being able to travel. He was ashamed at not knowing any part of the great world but Rome and its suburbs, and would have given a considerable sum of money for a simple passport.

Do not suppose, however, that they refused him this rag of paper. The police is too clever to do any such thing. Monseigneur Matteucci, vice-chamberlain of the holy church, director general of the police, referred him very politely to the chief of the passport office, but this honorable functionary was never to be found at home. This game lasted several years.

I learn to-day from the journals, that my poor friend has received his passport without having asked for it, like the son of the celebrated goldsmith, Castellani, and so many other Romans, who are an honor to the city of their birth. They have not been exiled? No; but they have received a paternal recommendation to leave Rome and return no more.

They will return, perhaps.

## XVI.

### AN EXCURSION SOUTH.

I HAD promised myself not to quit the States of the Church without having taken an excursion to Sonnino. I had heard so much about this little town, its name occurs so often in the history of brigandage, the skill of the painter has so often represented the costumes and the exploits of its inhabitants, that I wished to see the country and men with my own eyes, and to discover whether there remained in the place or its inhabitants any vestiges of the past. The enterprise was difficult, not only because Sonnino is three days from the Vatican, and far distant from the frequented routes, but especially because I was a foreigner, and a foreign traveler seldom converses except with inn-keepers. An excellent and respectable friend at Rome offered to release me from my embarrassment. He promised to take me to Sonnino in his carriage, to lodge me with persons whom he knew, and to introduce me to the private life of the inhabitants. He had visited the place about the year 1830. He was sure of finding there an aged woman, the widow of one or two brigands. He had formerly employed her as a model, and now aided her with a small pension. I gladly accepted so agreeable an invitation, and we set out on the 10th of June, 1858.

Albano, Ariccia, Genzano, and almost all the villages of this suburban region wear an aspect of grandeur. Palaces and convents abound. The houses of the great farmers, without aiming at ostentation, are lofty and commodious. They bear the seal of rustic simplicity, and do not indicate the *parvenu*. In the districts near the capital the professions of butcher, baker, grocer, etc., are exercised by virtue of a license as public functionaries.

The place of a grocer is solicited just as a lottery office, or a license to sell tobacco, or salt, or spirits and wines.

This licensing is practiced throughout the Pontifical States. Insurance companies, glass works, sugar refineries, candle manufactories, every branch of industry of any importance is founded upon a license. Even the very panniers in which fruit is exposed for sale, in the square of Navona, are hired to the hucksters by a licensed agent.

From Albano to Velletri, we cross a certain number of bridges, built by the pope. Several inscriptions take care to apprise us of this fact. I do not know any country where the rage for inscriptions is carried so far. There is not a bridge thrown over a brook, or a station erected for four sentinels, but a marble slab is set up to perpetuate the name of the pontiff who has rendered himself illustrious by so conspicuous a benefit. Pretty near the Eternal City there is a spring of mineral water, where the grandsons of Romulus go to purge themselves, in pleasure parties. Inscriptions upon inscriptions! Such a pontiff conveyed the water; such another repaired the conduits; such another cemented them anew. This prodigality of pompous words would seem, at first sight, somewhat mean and ridiculous. But it is a Roman custom. *Uso Romano*! two words which explain and even excuse all. It is true that if the ancients had been more sparing in their inscriptions, we should be ignorant of many things which marble and stone have taught us. Inscriptions have ever been one of the richest fountains of historical knowledge.

They play us false, however, sometimes. Witness the inscription which attributes to Pius VII. the admirable works with which the French administration embellished the Pincian Hill. The popes have every where effaced the traces of our presence. They have retained nothing but our benefits. The councilors of Pius VII., after the restoration, did all they could to suppress every thing that reminded them of France. It was even proposed to take away the street-lamps, which General Miollis and M. de Tournon had introduced in Rome.

I could find but a single monument which had preserved the name of this brave and illustrious Miollis. It is a little slab of marble, hidden in the grotto of Tivoli.

During the revolution of 1849, when Mazzini reigned at

Rome, and the Holy Father at Portici, the beautiful viaduct which connects Albano to Ariccia was forcibly interrupted. A simple farmer of the neighborhood opened his purse and continued the works at his own risk and peril. No inscription perpetuates the memory of this beautiful incident.

Velletri is a village of sixteen thousand souls, and is the capital of a province. You find there a bishop and a prefect, as at Versailles. There are also brigands, for Velletri is upon a mountain, surrounded with forests and secret passes, and at the entrance of that celebrated *campo morto* belonging to the chapter of Saint-Peter. I have already stated why the Plain of Death, or *campo morto*, is a place frequented by dangerous characters. The right of asylum attracts a multitude of thieves and assassins to the privileged security of its insalubrious enclosure. Its proximity to Velletri imparts to that city a sort of moral insalubrity, which has recently been manifested by the crime of Vendetta.

The following is the story of this affair, as it circulates from mouth to mouth, in the city and in the neighborhood :

Below Velletri, and near the gate which leads to Naples, there is a convent of Jesuits. These reverend fathers keep a school. I have just heard a murmur of infant voices, and I read over the door, "*Classis elementaris*."

Their chapel is a very ancient edifice. I noticed a very fine arch of the Renaissance period, a ceiling which was very rich, though of doubtful taste, and a fine fresco, of the school of Perugino ; but the most precious of all their treasures was a miraculous Madonna, painted by St. Luke. History does not say that the evangelist St. Luke was either a painter or a sculptor. It is even known that he was not converted by St. Paul until after the death of Jesus. Still, public credulity is pleased to attach his name to all the ancient representations of the virgin and child, whether in painting or in sculpture. It was thus that in ancient Greece the popular faith attributed to Hercules all those achievements with the club which were in any way memorable.

However this may be, the miraculous image of Velletri is kept with the most scrupulous care in a niche closed up with shutters, and situated in the recess of a chapel, protected by an iron grating. The population of the neighboring village offered

a superstitious worship to this picture, and brought rich offerings to it every year.

An innkeeper of the Campo Morto, named Vendetta, projected a daring speculation. For a long time he had black-mailed the people of Velletri and its neighborhood. From one he demanded two crowns; from another ten or twelve. Whoever had a harvest ready for the sickle, trees loaded with fruit, or a brother on a journey, paid, without hesitation, this singular tax. Still Vendetta became inspired, at length, with a disgust for his trade, although it was so lucrative. He cherished the scheme of resuming his place in society with a moderate income and an honorable occupation. To attain this end he could hit upon no expedient more ingenious, or more to his purpose, than to carry off the Madonna of Velletri, and conceal it in a sure place.

A fête was near at hand at which the chimes were to be rung, and the Madonna exhibited to the populace, with all her jewels. The sacristan opened the niche, and with cries of sorrow made known the fact that the Madonna had disappeared! The news soon spread over Velletri; search was made in every direction, but in vain; the people of the adjoining villages were in a state of ferment, and the rural clergy accused the Jesuits of having robbed themselves; the Jesuits recriminated upon the priests of Velletri, and finally the convent was attacked, pillaged, and destroyed by an idolatrous mob.

To crown all, on the ensuing Sunday, during the celebration of high mass, Vendetta mounted a seat, poniard in hand, and deliberately denounced himself! He begged the people to accept his excuses, and promised to restore the Madonna so soon as he had made his peace with the authorities. The latter treat with him as with an equal power; Vendetta demands a free pardon for himself and brother, a certain income, and a post under government. His requests are acceded to, but Rome disavows the acts of her agents; the mountaineers rise, *en masse*, and threaten to sack Velletri; the brigand, yielding to superior numbers, reveals the place where the Madonna is concealed, and gives himself up unconditionally. No one in Velletri doubts that he will lose his head.

The Madonna is restored; a crowd of devotees indicate to me the chapel where she performs her miracles but a blue curtain

embroidered with the initials of Mary, prevent me from seeing St. Luke's *chef d'œuvre*.

Vendetta is a robber of a declining age. He has had his short reign of audacity, and this speech, delivered before a whole congregation, is no common action. Still, how different from Passatore! He was indeed a man of bold deeds!

Passatore once captured Forlimpopoli, a town of five thousand inhabitants. One evening all the notables are assembled at the theater; the curtain rises, and upon the stage appears a chorus of armed men, who chain the attention of the audience. The tenor enters, that is, Passatore himself, holding a paper in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he says. "the exits from the theater are guarded, the city is in our power, but we shall do no harm. We have laid Forlimpopoli under a contribution of so many crowns, distributed as follows: each of you will please pass out as his name is called, and, under a safe escort, produce the sum he owes us. I begin."

He begins the list, and finishes without interruption. The ransom is paid upon the nail, and the captain retires with larger receipts than the theater has ever before enjoyed.

Aside from his audacity, Passatore possessed some redeeming qualities. Under no circumstances would he despoil a poor man; more than once he has been known to empty his purse into pockets which he had found empty.

Having been on one occasion seriously wounded, he stood in need of medical services. But how find a physician willing to thrust his head into the lion's mouth? The difficulty was overcome by forcibly seizing the most reputable surgeon of the district, who was detained until the cure was effected. The brigand then ordered his treasurer to release him, after having paid him, which was done.

"How much did you give him?" asked Passatore.

"Ten crowns!"

"Ten crowns to the man who saved the illustrious Passatore! Are you crazy? Run after him—give him a hundred, and be sure to tell him that is nothing!"

Imagine the terror of the physician when he found himself overtaken by a horseman at full gallop.

Six months afterward the doctor was leisurely crossing the

mountains upon his mule, when fate again brought him into contact with his former patient. This time he regretted having saved the brigand's life; but Passatore overwhelmed him with politeness, and ended by asking him the city time.

Upon seeing his preserver draw out a common silver watch, Passatore exclaimed:

"Is it possible that the physician of Passatore carries only a silver watch? Give me your watch!"

He dashed it against a rock.

A few days afterward the doctor found on his table an excellent chronometer of London make, imported into Italy by an English tourist, who possibly still regrets its loss.

Our hero was killed in a *mélée*. The pontificals retained the body, but his renown still lived among the mountains; and his band endeavored to keep up the belief that he had escaped. In order to establish the identity of the corpse, the captors resorted to the contemptible plan of exhibiting it to his own mother, an old and decrepid woman. Supported by the courage which hatred and vengeance can alone inspire, this feeble creature, though detained for an hour and a half in the presence of the corpse, obstinately refused to recognize its identity. The proof seemed conclusive, and in the evening she was set at liberty. But nature finally asserted its rights, and at last the mother threw herself upon the body of her son, bathing it with her tears, and pouring out execrations upon the soldiers who had killed him.

Those who have never visited the Pontine Marshes have an idea that they are an extended tract of sterile and fever-breeding bogs, as disagreeable to the eye as they are repugnant to the smell. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The Pontine Marshes form, during three-fourths of the year, one of the most charming, as also one of the richest districts of Europe.

Imagine an extended plain, bounded on one side by the sea, on the other by a range of picturesque mountains, cultivated to their very summits, their upper slopes forming one magnificent garden of olive trees, whose bluish foliage gives them the appearance of always being bathed in the morning haze. The lower slopes are planted with groves of well-bearing orange-trees. Forests, meadows, and cultivated fields divide the plain. The forests of vigorous and lofty growth, attest the incredible fertility

of a virgin soil. In them are to be found the noblest trees and climbing-plants of all Europe. The wild grape and eglantine color and perfume the evergreen foliage of the cork-tree.

The pastures teem with countless herds, such as not even America or the Ukraine can rival. Drove of half-wild horses gallop at liberty within vast inclosures, and cattle and buffaloes peacefully crop the luxuriant herbage. The guardians of the stock, glued, so to speak, to their saddles, with cloak strapped upon the crupper, rifle slung behind, lance in hand, clothed in stout velvet, and gaitered to the knee with thick and shining leather, gallop around their charges.

If the tourist visits Italy to admire her ancient and magnificent cities, her *chef d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture, her picturesque ruins, her imposing religious ceremonies, her popular fêtes, whose originality is not yet effaced, her wonderfully fertile fields, her dense and somber forests, which furnish the best proof of the richness of her soil, a hardy, bronzed peasantry, clothed in a costume admirably calculated to exhibit the symmetry of their forms, he need not go beyond the limits of the States of the Church.

A visit to the Pontine Marshes alone will well repay the traveler.

Cultivated farms are few in number, but of immense extent. In spring it is not uncommon to see one hundred yoke of cattle plowing the same field. At the end of June one may often see a field of grain a square-league in extent. Wheat and rye yield prolifically, and maize attains such a height that a man on horseback is totally concealed between the rows. Where the presence of water does not favor the growth of rushes, grass thrives luxuriantly. Even the cultivation of the bogs repays the farmer. It is in the Pontine Marshes that the half-wild artichoke is raised in enormous quantities, forming the staple food of the Roman populace during the summer months.

Open drains suffice to produce all these good results. Almost all the popes, particularly Sextus Quintus and Pius VI., have expended large sums upon the main canals, while private enterprise has constructed a vast number of lateral drains.

The Pontine Marshes are subject to the same causes that render our lands sterile and unhealthy. The west wind which collects the sand in dunes upon the borders of Gascony and the Gironde, also covers with it the western coast of Italy, so as



to absorb the streams. The only difference between our lands and these is in the greater depth of the Italian soil and the absence of *alios*. The rays of the sun are also more ardent, and vegetation is, consequently, ranker.

However, every thing has not been done for the Marshes, for they are not habitable. The cultivators descend from the mountains, sow, reap, and glean, and then flee for their lives.

An extension of the system of canals, with a greater fall in the current, would remedy this condition of things.

The detritus of vegetable matter forming this fertile soil disengages, under the almost tropical heat, a subtile miasma, inappreciable to the senses but fatal to health. The decomposition of animal matter, though fetid, is innocuous—nay almost salubrious. There is no danger in living at Montfauçon; whilst these perfumed fields generate the plague. When the July sun has set at liberty the gases lurking under the sod, the winds carry them whithersoever they will; and at ten leagues' distance in the mountains, a naturally healthy locality, we see men dying as if poisoned.

This pest, which at regular intervals decimates the population of the States of the Holy Father, and which grows worse every year, is not beyond remedy. Some practical operations in farming would expel all the poisons from the ground. By turning up the soil, and thus setting free the deleterious gases, the whole region would be rendered healthy. I do not altogether despair of seeing this revolution, which, in less than twenty-five years, would enrich the land-holders and people the Campagna. A few steam-plows would work wonders. No country is so admirably adapted, from its level surface, to this plan of cultivation. The true friends of the Roman people should preach up steam, as the apostles preached the gospel. It is to be feared, however, that the popular mind is but illy prepared to receive such innovations.

Nothing can present a more singular appearance than a farm in the Pontine Marshes. You enter a village which, for three or four months, is almost abandoned. The buildings, with few exceptions, belong to the lord of the soil. His ducal escutcheon surmounts the door-ways of even the cottages. The granaries he has constructed, the wells he has dug, are so many monu-

ments to his glory. Pompous inscriptions unblushingly entreat you not to forget him.

In the center of the village and of the estate stands his palace, an immense square pile crowned by a tower, from which the hours are sounded. This edifice has never seen its owner, nor his father, nor grandfather, though it may be that his great-grandfather has once stopped there in passing. The farmer has established his office in this monument. Clerks may be seen passing in and out, cigar in the mouth, and the forgotten pen stuck behind the ear. Toward night-fall the guardians of the stock, the overseers, and the sworn superintendents, distinguished by a silver plate stamped with the ducal arms, ride in upon their ambling horses, to make their reports and receive orders. Carts arrive laden with grain, or with bullocks, thrown down upon their sides, their legs tied, and muzzled with bands of hay. The products are registered and sent to Rome; not, however, until after each employé has helped himself to as much as he can safely purloin. Yet so fertile is the soil, and so rapid the increase of stock, that the country factor will put aside some ten thousand crowns by the end of the season. As to the proprietor, the master of plain and château, the Duke of Carabas, you may be sure that he will never hear any thing of all this wealth. He has anticipated the income of several years in order to raise the means of giving a ball or laying out a garden. It is even said that his affairs are in so embarrassed a condition, that he contemplates leasing out his palace in Rome, and economizing by travel in France or Germany.

We quit the new road leading from Rome to Naples, which crosses the Pontine Marshes in a straight line. Our horses slowly climb the ancient highway, now abandoned as a post-route, and of course sadly neglected. At last we reach Piperno, a town of five thousand inhabitants, and the seat of government of the province of Froisinone. Our inn, the only one in the place, is a granary. We have to pass through the wagon-house in order to reach our rooms in the second story. And such rooms!

The situation of the village is, however, very picturesque. The market is held in the shade of some fine orange-trees. The notables of the place assemble every day before the apothecary's door. I make the acquaintance of the physician, the surgeon, the phlebotomist, the notary, and several councilors. Here

comes the curate. He halts a few paces from our group to tie up two or three pounds of cherries in his pocket handkerchief. The neighboring lemon-vender hangs out some pieces of lemon rind, as an announcement that ices are ready. I enter into conversation with the notables, and am assured that the people are by no means unhappy, that property is equally divided, the olive crop is abundant, oil brings high prices, and, finally, that there are neither nobles nor beggars in the commune.

By half past two the houses are all closed, not excepting even the hospitable establishment of the apothecary. It is the hour of the siesta, and the inhabitants slumber until five. In the meantime I make the tour of the town. The old ramparts are covered with gardens and orange groves. An inscription, arresting my attention, I stop and read :

PAUSE FOR A MOMENT, TRAVELER,  
HOWEVER. GREAT THY HASTE.  
PRIVERNIUM, AN ANCIENT CITY OF LATIUM,  
THE CAPITAL OF THE VOLSCI,  
A ROMAN MUNICIPALITY,  
A VICTIM TO TEUTONIC FURY,  
HAS LEFT, AS THOU MAY'ST BEHOLD,  
FEW TRACES IN THE RUINS WHICH COVER  
THE NEIGHBORING PLAIN.  
THE NEW EDIFICES WHICH CROWN THE SUMMIT  
OF THIS HILL  
BEAR WITNESS TO THE GREAT SOULS AND GENEROUS SENTIMENTS  
OF THE BRAVE CITIZENS,  
WHO HAVE RESUSCITATED THE NAME AND THE EXISTENCE  
OF THEIR ALMOST FORGOTTEN COUNTRY.  
THAT THIS GLORY OF PRIVERNIUM AND THE PRIVERNIANS  
MAY NOT PASS UNAPPRECIATED BEFORE THEE,  
THE SENATE AND PEOPLE OF PRIVERNIUM  
HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT,  
THIS, THE YEAR OF REDEMPTION, 1753.  
RESTORED IN 1845.

The Privernians advise us to take a relay of horses, better three than two, if we wish to reach Sonnino before the close of day. We adopt their advice, and leave the capital of the Volscii

by the Consular road. A side route is known as the Via Camilla.

Sonnino, perched upon the summit of a rock, is visible at a great distance. Its buildings are of a uniform gray tint—the color of ruins. We may distinguish the bases of a few half-demolished towers, the sole remains of the ancient wall. Two or three houses, of a dead white, dot the landscape, partially relieving its gloomy sameness. There is something sinister even about the road, though bordered with flowers. The olive, vine, clematis, blackberry, and bramble blossom in profusion, the buds of the myrtle are bursting open, yet this luxuriant growth of the Italian spring speaks to us of neither love nor pleasure. As we ride along, we peer into the gloomy ravines which cross our way; we lift our eyes to the lofty cliffs. A few plots, occupying the ledges of the rocks, and seemingly no larger than the hand, reveal to us at once the hard and laborious life of the inhabitants and the meager return of their toil. Here and there grow some scanty stalks of barley, oats, or maize, but the olive is the principal object of culture, and the eye becomes weary of resting upon its somber foliage.

Two convents of sleek monks contribute, by their prayers, to the prosperity of Sonnino. One of these monasteries is situated half a mile from the city; the other is located directly in front of the lower gate, as if for the collection of town imposts. At the latter we were obliged to bring up, there being no other shelter for us. These excellent personages sell hospitality to horses and carriages, and charge all the more from the fact that no wheeled vehicle can enter the town. The main artery of Sonnino, traversing the town through its greater diameter, the inhabitants, in their simplicity, have named the *Middle Street*. It terminates at each end by gates, the upper bearing the appellation of St. Peter, the lower that of St. John. To tell the truth, this so-called street is nothing but a series of slippery steps, flanked on either side by crooked rows of black, ill-built houses of unequal height. From it diverge gloomy alley-ways, which resemble nothing so much as our railway tunnels. The great distinction between this magnificent street and the others is, that three men can walk abreast in it; the others accommodate but two. At intervals upon the right, you suddenly come upon

frightful precipices, with the plain below in full view. Such are the adjacent streets.

Our coming had been announced; the brigand's widow had secured us a lodging at the house of one of her relatives, formerly a brigadier in the gend'armery, but now a well-to-do bourgeois of Sonnino. He met us at the lower gate, and cordially welcomed us. He was a corpulent man, with an open countenance, in fine health, but almost destitute of teeth, which rendered his conversation difficult to understand. He conducted us to his domicile, and placed his household at our disposition.

It would be a difficult matter to describe the plan of his house. The entrance is upon Middle Street, but the first story forms a curious elbow, and through its passages you penetrate to another quarter. Traversing a corridor and stairway, we find ourselves in a smoky kitchen, where we are received by the hostess and her only daughter, a fine brunette of fifteen. The usual compliments exchanged, we ascend a dozen steps and enter the dining-room. After crossing a roof, mounting another stairway, and traversing an entry way, I reach my bedroom, and while removing the traces of the journey, can not help asking myself how it is possible for twenty-five hundred people to move about in a village so constructed without losing themselves.

It was not long before my excellent guide sent for me in order to introduce his old model. She was a large, stout woman, from fifty to sixty, lame and almost blind, but full of health. She spoke rapidly, in a very masculine and surly tone. Still, on the whole, she received me well. The arrival of her old benefactor and master (perhaps he had occupied other relations) gave her evident satisfaction; but there was nothing enthusiastic or striking in the exhibition of her joy. An observing eye could easily recognize in her manner that impassability common to the peasantry, which is the natural result of labor and suffering. Her dress was altogether modern, resembling that of the country people of Bièvre or Montreuil; it was plain to see that she preferred the calicos of India, or the silks of Lyons to the beautiful tissues of dark wool such as she had worn in her youth.

"I really hope," said she, "that you have brought your Sunday garments."

My reply disconcerted her.

"It will never be believed that you are of noble rank; to-

morrow will be the feast of St. Anthony, the patron of Sonnino. There is to be a procession, a horse-race, and fireworks; our own band is to perform from morning until evening, for we have a band composed of the first young men of the district; they have learned the music and bought the instruments. What a pity that you did not bring your dark clothes."

I excused myself in the best way I could, as I had the strongest reasons for keeping in her good graces; I managed matters so that she promised me the history of her life upon the following day.

"But to what end?" said she, in her old surly tone; "I have lived like the others, and nothing extraordinary has happened to me; everybody lodged at the same inn in my time."

Supper being served, Maria Grazia refused to partake with us. She finally consented to join in a glass of wine, and ended by drinking several.

"This does me good," she said, "it is a long time since I have had anything like it; this supper is too extravagant."

Our host removed the servants' plates as soon as he was informed that we were not in the habit of eating with them. He introduced us to his future son-in-law, a young engineer, who had the air of a college student. I am astonished that mere children should be allowed to marry only to beget their like. The answer is: "Such is the custom." At Sezza, in the unhealthy district, girls marry still younger, and it is not uncommon to find young women of fifteen years living with their third husband. The air of the Marshes is so fatal to husbands!

Our repast was good and abundant; we had nothing to complain of but the excessive politeness of the host. In these mountains the men serve themselves before the women, if, indeed the latter dare eat in the presence of their husbands. But custom exacts a great many compliments. "Good appetite to you! Thank you! You are my master! Make yourself at home! Do me the favor! Really, it is too much! You overwhelm me! I hardly know how to be sufficiently grateful! By your leave! May this repast repay you! Allow me to relieve you of my presence! Adieu! Good evening! Good night! Pleasant dreams! May the Virgin watch over you!" Do not forget that upon entering the landlord told you that you should be well served without compliments or ceremony.

I slept as a traveler only can sleep. On leaving my room the following morning, I met the young engineer, who obligingly offered to show me the town and the fair. I could not in politeness refuse the offer. On the road I sounded him a little. He had studied at Rome, where he attended the course of the Sapienza. While pursuing his mathematics, he had found time to read Voltaire and Rousseau; for he could read French, although he did not speak it. Rousseau was his idol. He had often secretly discussed his theories with his companions. His opinion of the pontifical government is the same as that of all the middle class; he hoped to live long enough to see it overthrown. Meanwhile he was endeavoring to obtain a place in the department of public works.

The fair was held at the extremities of the main street. I counted in all a dozen poorly-furnished booths. The first glance was sufficient to establish the fact that Sonnino is not a center of commerce. A few pieces of linen, some cotton and silk handkerchiefs, a small assortment of iron and earthenware, chaplets and cherries in abundance, complete the inventory of articles which I made upon the spot. Add to this a collection of stories at a cent a-piece, and edifying religious ballads, and a load of the thinnest possible boards, which the vender, at a moment's notice, manufactured into chairs, trunks, couches, and even bedsteads.

The streets began to fill with people. The men were tall, thin, and sun-burnt; the females small-featured and delicate. The national costume, which is severe and at the same time diversified in color, was occasionally visible; but the modern silk fabrics, which must finally displace all others, have already destroyed the toilets of the women. Both men and women bore flowers in their hands, in the mouth, or in their head-dresses.

The crowd ascended and descended the wet stairs without slipping. From time to time they glued themselves against the walls to make way for a mule, an ass, or a small drove of *black animals*: I have already given the meaning of this euphonism.

At one point Middle Street widens so as to form a place, or square. I asked the young engineer, whether the rack was not located here, under the pontificate of Leo XII. He replied that he knew nothing about it, and suddenly changed the subject.

He pointed out the government palace, a regular barn, where

presides a judge—governor with a salary of one hundred and seven francs a month, assisted by a chancellor at about fifty-three francs.

I recognized Saint Peter's gate, from the descriptions I had previously read. Here were formerly suspended in iron cages the heads of captured brigands. At the present day its only decoration is the arms of the pope. My cicerone assured me, shrugging his shoulders, that nothing else had ever been suspended from it. I begged him to show me the site of some houses demolished by Leo XII. for the misdeeds of their owners. He had never heard of the occurrence.

He conducted me, however, to an immense building, flanked by a tower in ruins. A porter, or steward, who lived in the lower part, led us through several half-empty rooms, meagerly furnished with straw chairs and bedsteads of white-wood. Five or six beautifully gilded pieces of furniture, in the *rococo* style, lay neglected in the garret. Here and there were to be seen vulgar images, figures of Christ in colored wax, and rustic lithographs. In a kind of parlor, a little wooden Saint Peter stood gravely regarding four indecent plaster statuettes. One was a woman lacing her corset, another tying her garter, and a third searching her linen for insects. In this house was born one of the most illustrious children of Sonnino, and who has given most embarrassment to the European diplomatists—his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli.

We were not allowed to depart without entering the principal room of the establishment. In this apartment are collected immense quantities of olive oil, stored in wells of solid masonry. The Antonelli family purchase the oil in small lots from the petty farmers of Sonnino, and dispose of it at wholesale to the merchants of Marseilles.

The ringing of the church-bells, and the music of the band, ushered in the religious fête. High mass was performed, in honor of Saint Anthony, in the convent where our horses were stabled.

We arrived shortly before the commencement of the ceremony, and found the peasants in crowds, bringing their offerings to the feet of the Saint. Each one gave what he had, and asked for what he wanted at the top of his voice. A mother, holding up



her sick child before Saint Anthony, exclaimed, "Cure him, or take him!"

The mass was very long. When it was ended the procession began. Almost all the male inhabitants of Sonnino are enrolled in some brotherhood, whose frock and cowl they assume. The brotherhood of the Souls of Purgatory is the most aristocratic; that is to say, it is made up of peasants of the better class. The brotherhoods of the Body of Jesus and of the Name of Mary are its bitter rivals. On this occasion a dispute as to precedence arose, and in an instant staves were flourished in defiance. However, the parties confined themselves to the exchange of opprobrious epithets, order was restored, and a long cortege, bristling with crosses and banners, wound through the streets. The procession was terminated by a calf, decorated with ribbons, a somewhat heathenish offering made by a wealthy individual to St. Anthony. The donor himself led the animal, one hand holding him by the head, the other by the tail.

There were frequent interruptions in the line. Sometimes a banner could not pass under an arch; sometimes a child was to be picked up; sometimes the image of the Saint required a fresh relay of porters, and sometimes the calf stubbornly refused to budge. At each station some one cried out *Ave Maria*, which, in processional language, means *Halt!*

The few inhabitants who remained at home showered down broom flowers and leafless carnation from the windows.

We had run on in advance of the procession, and posted ourselves in a convenient location. I there made the acquaintance of the communal physician, who introduced himself without ceremony. The communal physician is a person of great importance in these small towns. He has studied at Rome, and obtained his situation at the annual public examination, when the students compete for the first rank. The commune pays him a fixed salary, for which he agrees to treat both rich and poor gratis. This arrangement is in keeping with the municipal spirit of Italy. It deserves to be introduced among us.

My new acquaintance informed me that he received sixteen hundred and five francs per annum, and that his colleague, the surgeon, was equally well paid. This is more than enough in a country where a decent house may be hired for sixty francs a year, and a person may live upon ten cents a day. I learned

from him that the municipality of Sonnino is rich, thanks to the extent of its communal domain. It has saved up ninety thousand francs, which will be devoted to the restoration of the government palace and repairing the roads. The people are temperate and industrious. Each man owns a small patch of ground; they are poor, but a pauper is not to be found among them. The public health is good; there are no fevers; the commonest complaint is acute gastritis, caused, as is supposed, by the use of Indian meal. Public instruction is at a low ebb. But one out of thirty adults can read and write. Forty male children are to be found in the schools; females are more numerous, for the reason that they are of less service in field labor. The sum total of the population is two thousand five hundred and fifty-eight, of which number thirty are ecclesiastics.

"That is very well," I said to the doctor. "But tell me something about the brigands."

He cast his eyes on me, then on my neighbor, the engineer, and a furtive smile lighted up his face; an eminently Italian smile, full of meaning, and more instructive than a long speech.

"You ask me," he pursued, "if brigandage is still practiced in these districts? Yes, unluckily! Our peasants would scruple to steal a penny on the road, but they regard as innocent pastime the theft of fruit, grain, or forage. As for stabbing, it is neither more rare nor more common here than elsewhere. It depends greatly on the vintage. When wine is dear there are fewer throats cut."

This was not exactly what I asked him, but I took care not to repeat my question. The young engineer doubtless counted among his ancestors some of the heroes hung up at the gate of St. Peter, and I had been too indiscreet already in speaking of brigandage before him.

At length the procession passed by: The loiterers increased their speed; the poor calf, overcome with fatigue, had to be carried at last. We returned to the house, where dinner awaited us. Our host told us that a sick woman had given up the ghost just at the moment when St. Anthony was passing in front of her house. The relations of the deceased comforted themselves by saying that the Saint had taken her with him.

The people of Sonnino have a promenade of which they are justly proud. It is a road a mile long, constructed with

much labor, on the top of the mountain. It begins at St. Peter's gate, and ends at a clump of evergreens. The ground is smooth enough for you to ride in a carriage; unluckily, carriages can not get up so high. They have horse-races there on fête days, when by the permission of Providence there are any horses in the town.

The race was fixed for twenty-two o'clock; that is to say, it was to begin two hours before sunset. While waiting for this spectacle, I went all alone to the little wood of evergreens. The cows had left there large traces of their presence. Still I settled myself as well as I could on a stump, and began to note down with my pencil what I had seen and heard since the day before. All at once the sky grew dark. It was a passing storm, coming from the mountains of Naples. The light diminished abruptly; the valley was dipped in the most fantastic hues. Thunderclaps came nearer in quick succession. Soon I thought I heard the thunder directly over my head. I could not reach the village without being exposed for a mile to a heavy rain, and I was very lightly clad. Accordingly, I determined to stay where I was until the storm was over. Heaven sent me plenty of company. Eight or ten herdsmen—oxherds, keepers of buffaloes, goats, and sheep—came to shelter round me. They were wet to the bone, but none of them had thought of putting on his jacket. They wore it negligently on the left shoulder, after the coquetish fashion of the country. I offered them cigars, which they eagerly accepted, and cut up to put them in their wooden pipes, decorated with copper-headed nails. A young man, in return for my politeness, gave me some green apples, which might have been ripe by the end of August. He then produced a red cotton handkerchief, filled with white-heart cherries, which was concealed under his jacket. I accepted two or three with discretion, but he insisted like a handsome friend. "Don't be afraid," he said, "to share my cherries. I did not pay for them; they belong to me by the right of taking them. If you won't help yourself, I'll help you."

He filled me with them at first, and then overwhelmed me with them; he treated me as Augustus might have treated Cinna; and when he plainly saw that I was above the ears in them, he distributed the rest among his companions.

Finding myself in the midst of these honest fellows, of whom

some were barely entering on life, while others had passed three-score, I conceived the idea of arousing their memories of brigandage. Only one had been a brigand; he counted some years of service in the band of the famous Gasperone, whom I saw afterward at the hulks of Civita Castellana. He remembered the time very distinctly when the whipping-post and raw hide were permanently established in the public square of Sonnino. He had seen St. Peter's gate adorned with eighteen human heads, and had personally known some half dozen of them. He was present when Joseph da Santis was accidentally killed, by striking the butt of his musket against the ground. The gun went off, the man died, and the governor hung up his head with the others, very unfairly, as da Santis had never been taken. My narrator was with Gasperone when he went to take down the head, in the face of the governor and the garrison, in order to give it burial. He remembered some other expeditions, but spoke so confusedly, and in such a Neapolitan dialect, that, in spite of the closest attention, I could not always follow him. The finest chapter in his history was the resistance which he had dared to make to Gasperone. The great captain had sent him for water, one night, to a fountain which was likely to be watched.

"I flatly refused," he said. "I said to him 'Send me to steal wine from the governor's cellar, or to drive off an ox from the pastures of Pellegrini, and I will go in the daytime; but at night, in that place, I am too much afraid of an ambush. I had rather you would kill me, if that is your will!' And just see, sir, if I was not right. The man whom Gasperone sent in my place escaped, at the peril of his life, from five or six musket balls!"

This prudent hero had fallen into the hands of the soldiers two or three times, but had always contrived to persuade them that he was honestly attending to his business. For the rest he had not been a brigand by profession; his occupation was to keep oxen, but he had done like the rest, so long as brigandage was in fashion in the country.

Not that severe examples had been wanting to him. He had been present in his youth at the execution of twenty-five rangers of the mountains, taken and shot by the French. Their affair had been settled exactly at the entrance to the little wood in

which we were detained by the rain; their bodies were thrown into a deep and gloomy cavern, three miles from Sonnino.

I asked him to what causes he attributed the extinction of brigandage.

"The reason is," he replied, "that the business became impossible under Pope Leo XII. Almost as soon as a man was taken they cut off his head. You had not even time to escape from prison. That is how the fashion died out."

He spoke of that bloody period with the utmost calmness in the world, without remorse, without pride, without rancor, putting gensd'armes and brigands, crime and law on the same footing, as a man, watching a game of chess, regards the whites and the blacks, or as Macchiavelli regards the strife between good and evil.

His companions listened to him with the same Italian impartiality.

I wished to learn whether he did not regret his former diversions.

"You are an ox-herd," I said, "and you earn little; you eat corn bread, and you don't drink wine every Sunday. Don't you sometimes regret the time when you had only to take them?"

"It is true," he answered, "I have had some good times, but I have met with some very bad ones; we were not always masters, and sometimes, instead of pursuing, we fled. However, there is no choice, for brigandage is not in now fashion."

The conversation had reached this point, when I reflected that my new friends would have had an easy bargain of me, if they had cultivated the picturesque like their fathers. I brought out this idea before them, in order still better to learn their thoughts.

"My good fellows," I said, "if you were like the old inhabitants of Sonnino, you would long ago have rifled my pockets; you are ten against one, a good mile from the village. You may suppose that a stranger who comes as far as this place has a few crowns in his purse; you see that I am unarmed, and there is not one among you who has not, beside his stick, a good sharp knife; if I cried out, my cries would not be heard; if I made a complaint, it would be impossible for me to give your names, as I do not know them. Why don't you strip me a little?"

The old soldier of Gasperone was not offended at my questions. He replied, with simplicity :

"We would not do such a thing, because we are honest people."

"Then you were not an honest man when you ranged the mountains with Gasperone?"

"Yes, I was an honest man, but I did as everybody did. It was the habit, in those times; and, even in those times, if you had sat by me, if you had given me cigars, if you had eaten off the same stone with me, I should not have taken a penny from you; still, if you had money in your pockets, and had given me a little portrait of the pope, I should have taken it to drink your health."

The storm had gone its way, the sun came out again, the time for the races was approaching; already we saw three horses leave the village, and approach, at a walk, the open wood, where they were to await the signal for the start. While my companions judged the runners in the distance, and bet on the bay, the sorrel, or the white, I saw, far off, very far off, a little company of ten or twelve people descend from Sonnino by St. Peter's gate and walk slowly toward the church of St. Anthony.

"What is that?" I asked the old ox-herd; "one would say they were carrying something."

"It is so," he answered; "they are carrying to the grave a woman who died to-day, during the procession."

"Impossible!"

"Why so?"

"Surely the law does not allow them to bury people four hours after death?"

"Bah! it may be forbidden, but so much the worse. We have no time to lose here, and when people are dead, we bury them."

The dead woman, hardly yet cold, entered the church at the moment when the three horses reached us. I am not very skillful in such matters, and I never wore a rosette of green card board at my button-hole, but it was easy for me to predict that the race would be a poor one. The three jades that were entered were to run without jockeys, for a purse of ten crowns. The whip and spur were replaced by a few balls of lead armed with spikes, to tickle their flanks. A score of urchins pursued

them with loud cries, pelting them with stones; it was not a start, but something like a launch. Half way of the course, the poor animals, feeling themselves no longer pursued, began to walk; in vain their owners ran toward them, to recall them to duty; in vain the crowd stimulated their pride by all the projectiles that were handy; the race was finished at a gentle trot, and the three beasts reached the goal lamely enough.

I reached it almost at the same time, although no stones had been thrown at me, and I saw a pretty curious sight. The local authorities refused to adjudge the prize, alleging that *corso*, a race, came from *corsere*, to run, and that the horses had not run. The owner of the winner was tolerably calm; he obstinately repeated, "I have won the race; give me ten crowns;" but the turfites who had bet on him were less peaceable. They accused the people of Sonnino, cried thief, and recalled, by pretty sharp allusions, the old reputation of the country. Things might have gone far, in spite of the interference of the *gend'armes*, if wine had been cheaper.

Music continued to go through the streets, and did not stop until evening; it had saluted the dawn, announced the mass, accompanied the church singing, followed the procession, opened and closed the races; it conducted the people to the fireworks, and was only extinguished with the last cracker. It was the first time that the young men of Sonnino had given a public concert, their ardor was quite young, and their fanaticism fire-new; that was easy to see.

The fête over, some hundreds of torches were lighted, and every one returned home. Maria Grazia had not retired; she was waiting for me.

"Here I am," she said, on seeing me come in. "You see I keep my word; I am very willing to tell you my story, although there is nothing surprising in it, but what is the use? What will you do with it? what good will it do you to know it?"

"Maria Grazia," I answered, "when I know your story, I will tell it in a book; the people in my country have already seen your portrait, now they shall know your name."

A smile of pride illuminated her old face. She sat down near me, on my traveling bag, and repeated to me in a low voice, the following story:

"I was born at Sonnino, in the time of the brigands. I must

be about fifty years old; you should ask the curé. At fifteen I married my first husband. He was a fine fellow, an ox-herd by occupation. Besides, he had a little property; we had one boy, who died in course of time; my husband had some discussion about robbery with our boy's godfather; I don't recollect whether it was grain or olives he had taken from us, but it was little enough. At all events, it would have been best to forgive him, but my husband complained of him to the governor, and had him put in prison for a month. The other threatened vengeance. I thought he would do nothing; as he was our crony, and had always shown us friendliness; still my husband thought it best to move from the neighborhood, and he went to keep oxen near Rome. But the other went there too, in the following year, and finding my husband asleep in the field, killed him with his knife.

"About that time I made the acquaintance of my second husband. He was born in the kingdom (of Naples), but he lived at Terracina, and it was there he took me. He worked at farming.

"I had not been long married again when my sister sent to ask me about her marrying the man who had killed my first husband. He was courting her, and she liked him. I told her to do as she pleased; that my first husband was dead; that I was not a saint, to bring him to life again; and that the best thing was to think no more of it. Accordingly, she married the other, who was not a bad fellow, as I told you, and had a good deal of friendship for us.

"I had had two children by my second husband, and was living happily in his company, when a great vexation happened to him. He demanded two or three crowns from a man for whom he had worked. His debtor refused to pay, because he was rich and knew the judge. Then my husband, not being able to obtain other satisfaction, killed him. The poor man, after this imprudence, could do nothing but turn brigand and roam the mountain. He came into the neighborhood of Sonnino, and joined the rest. As for me, I returned to my parents, and often had news of him. Sometimes he would come to see me in secret; sometimes he would send me presents.

"But Pope Leo, who had resolved to make an end of brigandage, ordered the wives and children of all those who kept to the mountain to be brought to Rome by force. I was put in the



Thermæ, with many other women from our part. I found there my sister, whose husband too was on the mountain; and more than half the families of Sonnino. The pope was in such a rage, that he talked of razing the village. Cannon had been brought up to the mountains that command it; and you would no longer see stone upon stone, if Cardinal Gonsalvi had not interceded for us.

"While we were at the Thermæ, the gentlemen and artists used to come there every day; the former to see us, the others to draw from us. It was there that I began to sit for M. Schnetz, and my sister for M. (Leopold) Robert. It is my sister that is playing the tambourine in the picture of the Madonna of the Arch. I have sat thousands and thousands of times in my costume, and I have been told that my portrait was in churches and palaces in your country. We were treated kindly; we were allowed to go to the studios, and even to become housekeepers to respectable persons.

"But my husband, who was a worthy man, as I have told you, and loved me greatly, learned that I had been arrested; and supposing that I was unhappy in prison, went and gave himself up in order to obtain freedom for me and the children. The Holy Father had promised their lives and but a short imprisonment to those who should voluntarily place themselves in the hands of the bishop of their province. But my poor man, through ignorance, made a mistake; instead of giving himself up to the Bishop of Piperno, who was our bishop, he went and yielded himself as a prisoner at Terracina. And so he lost the benefit of the law. They said to him, 'If you had gone to Piperno to give yourself up, you would have got your pardon, since the pope had promised it; but as you went to Terracina, so much the worse for you.' He was sent to the galleys at Porto d'Anzio.

"The gentlemen whom I knew in Rome took pity on my trouble. They asked that my husband might be imprisoned nearer me, at the Castle of Saint Angelo. He came there, and was even allowed to go out sometimes to see me. The poor fellow behaved well in prison; he learned to read and write; he was exemplary. He was also allowed to sit for the painters, and he earned a little money. Some amnesties followed; his penalty was reduced several times, so that at the end of two or three years he had only eighteen months more to serve out. We

were happy and full of hope. Our intention was to build a little tavern toward the Portese gate, and there quietly end our lives. But though he had always been so prudent in prison, he committed some imprudence, I don't now recollect what. I believe, in a moment of anger, he said some wicked words against the Saints. At any rate, they sent him, in consequence, to the hulks at Civita Vecchia for the rest of his days.

"I told you that he was the gentlest and best of men, but this time despair seized him. When a man has been so near liberty, he does not give it up forever. That is why the poor fellow came to an understanding with his companion in chains; and one day, when they had been sent to cut fire-wood outside the town, with a single soldier for the two they got rid of their guard. The Madonna must have helped them miraculously afterward, for they contrived to break their fetters, change their clothes, cross the Tiber without knowing how to swim, and reach Sonnino, which is at the other end of the country.

"They defended themselves there for more than a year against the soldiers of the States (of the Church) and those of the kingdom (of Naples), who tracked them on every side. If they made so long a resistance, you may be sure it was owing to their great courage, their knowledge of the country, their experience in the business, and the honor of the good shepherds of the neighborhood, who would rather denounce the gensd'armes to them than get a hundred crowns.

"But at last a traitor discovered the hut to which they had retreated for the night, and they were surrounded by Neapolitan soldiers. When they became aware of the fact it was too late to escape. The comrade was killed on the spot, and my husband fatally wounded; his shoulder was fractured.

"Unhappily for him and for me, he did not die at once. He was taken at first to the hospital at Terracina, and the Neapolitan soldiers came after him to claim the sum which had been promised them. Yet it was discovered, on questioning him, that he was not a subject of the pope, but of the king. He was accordingly handed over to the Neapolitan authorities, and the soldiers were sent to get their pay at home. They addressed themselves to the governor of Gaeta, who sent them to the devil, because the king had not promised any thing; and so they were paid by no body. Served them right!

"As for my poor man, he remained eighteen months in the hospital at Gaeta, without a decided turn for life or death. His case had been decided upon while he was ill, and the judges had condemned him to death; but the executioner waited for him to get well before cutting off his head. So he hardly had courage to get well, and would have been content to remain ill until the last judgment.

"All this was very painful for me; all the more so as I saw my sister happy, and had found an opportunity of becoming so myself. My brother-in-law—he who had killed my first husband—had made his peace with justice, and, by informing on some comrades, had got the place of a jailor. He was not badly off, and Theresa was not to be pitied with him. I was acquainted, in Rome, with a hatter, who was well disposed toward me, and wished to marry me. But I could not take a third husband, so long as the second was not quite dead. In this sad condition, being neither maid, wife, nor widow, I decided on getting a petition written to the King of Naples, to get my poor husband executed as he was, without waiting for his recovery. At the same time I began, together with my sister and the hatter, a *neuvine* to St. John the Beheaded. My petition remained unanswered, but the *neuvine* succeeded. My husband died, properly confessed, at the hospital of Gaeta, and I married the hatter, who was a worthy man, too, and a pattern husband. I had by him a son, a dragoon, who died in the hospital of Viterbo. The father died at Rome, in his room, the death of the just. My sister and her brother-in-law also are dead. I have heard that poor M. Robert killed himself in despair about a picture. I am in good health, and shall live long, please God, though it is very cold at Sonnino, and I can hardly see out of my remaining eye, and wine is seven cents the half pint."

We have taken leave of Maria Grazia, and her too celebrated country. This is the village of Prossedi, which has also its little fame in the annals of crime. Gasperone—the great Gasperone—was not born at Sonnino, but at Prossedi.

It is a hamlet of fifteen hundred souls, inhabited by peasants, who cultivate the olive and the mulberry, and sow grain for their own consumption. There is perhaps greater ignorance here than at Sonnino; fifteen boys, at the most, go to school—one per cent. of the population.

The village is built in such a manner that carriages can not penetrate it. Our inn is situated beyond the gates, opposite the château of Prince Gabrielli. The prince is owner of a good part of the dwellings. The town-jail belongs to him. His *ministro*, or steward, keeps two carriages.

The commandant of the fort is a brigadier of *gensd'armes*.

The inhabitants, in the absence of vehicles, possess a host of asses and mules. It requires a great number to carry all the necessaries of life up the mountain.

The women are handsome and delicate. They go barefoot, and carry enormous burdens on their heads, like the women of Sonnino.

The village is gloomy and unclean. Almost all the houses would need repairs, but they look at the expense. To make amends, there is not an inhabitant who has not inscribed over his door, "Hurrah for Jesus! hurrah for Mary! hurrah for the blood of Jesus! hurrah for the heart of Mary! blasphemers, hold your peace for the love of Mary!" This flood of inscriptions is the fruit of a quinquennial mission which took place in the month of March. The village painter made his fortune by it. Every inscription in large letters brought him in twenty-five paoli (about two hundred and seventy-five dollars).

All these villages are alike; if you have seen one, you know them all. If I described them one by one, I should lose my time and profit no one. In the morning the men go to the fields; the women go for wood or water. In the heat of the day, the little city is deserted, and as if dead. Toward evening, when the wind grows a little cooler, the employées leave their offices, and sit down before the café. The Monseigneur, if there be one in the locality, begins his little promenade in violet-stockings, flanked by two attendants, lay or ecclesiastical, and followed by a lackey in full livery. At sunset the sellers of greens spread out their stores in the square. The peasants return to the village, burdened with fatigue and their heavy tools, and buy some slight provision for the evening meal; the women return from the fountain with a shellful of fresh water; they sup, and go to sleep. Sometimes they break in upon the night, to hear a sermon in a church hung with gewgaws. Bodily fatigue, mental slumber, ignorance of the past, difficulties in the present, uncertainty as to the future, and a certain sleepy resignation, complete

the existence of these poor people. A freezing dullness oozes from the walls. They work, eat, drink, and breed, and all dejectedly.

If Rome should be swallowed up by an earthquake, the peasants of these villages would continue to till their fields, consume the crops at home, and vegetate in a tolerably courageous wretchedness. Every municipality lives by itself, and for itself, on a soil which is not barren. The taxes of the parish pay the parish doctor and the parish surgeon, the parish schoolmaster, and the mending—such as it is—of the parish roads. The State takes a large share of the revenues of each year. In return for its taxes, it sends them a judge and governor, who sells justice. Agriculture is the sole career open to human activity: there is neither commerce, nor manufacturing, nor business, nor movement of ideas, nor political life, nor any of those powerful bonds which attach provinces to a capital.

Of all the useful animals, woman is the one which the Roman peasant employs with most profit. She makes bread, hoe-cake, (*pizza*), and mortar; she spins, weaves, and sews; she goes every day three miles for wood, and a mile and a half for bread. She carries a mule's load on her head; she works from sunrise to sunset without revolt, and even without complaint. The children, which she bears in large numbers, and nurses herself, are a valuable resource; from the age of four they are employed in taking care of other animals.

I inquire everywhere as to the progress of enlightenment. "How many people are there here who can read?" "*Pochissimî*"—very few. The answer is uniform. So much for primary instruction.

When a tree needs trimming, they cut its head through the middle. A touch of the saw in a horizontal direction soon does the business. Do they need the whole tree, they saw it off within a foot of the ground: the stump and the remains of the trunk rot where they are. So much for professional instruction.

The parochial taxes on wine, meat, pork, etc., are farmed out to contractors, who take all they can, and give something to the parish. So much for administrative science.

The parochial taxes are pretty heavy, and the peasant complains that he is crushed by them. In the most unpretending villages, you must pay a cent at the barrier for three hundred

and thirty-nine grammes of meat, or pork; fifteen to thirty cents for the smallest cask of sour wine; so much a head for horses, mules, and asses; so much for every pig you rear at home. The right to light a hearth-fire (*focatico*), costs from two to five crowns. This last tax is progressive, so far as I could judge.

Still you can not say that these worthy people are wretched—like the Irish, for example. They are poor; that is all. The fact that religious services, school, and medical care, cost nothing, compensates to a certain point for their enormous burdens. The toil on their land suffices to make them vegetate to old age. They spend their lives in providing for their lives. The existence of this class is like an imperfect circle.

You might perhaps be terrified to learn, that a village of two thousand souls has thirty priests, if you did not know at the same time that those priests cost nothing. They have benefices, endowments, lands, thanks to the liberality of some lord of the good old times. Their property is leased out, and they live on the rent.

It must be owned, therefore, that this multitude of ecclesiastics, which would be burdensome to any other nation, costs little enough, relatively, to the Roman people. A cardinal, for instance, takes only four thousand crowns from the budget of the State. The rest of his income is derived from fat livings, and especially from the offices which he fills. Plurality is allowed, and largely practiced.

It is in part the unwholesome air and in part the total absence of security in the plain, which has compelled the peasants of these countries to settle on airy and inaccessible heights. It is a very ancient custom, for a good number of the small towns in which we halt are still surrounded by cyclopean walls. When the population diminishes, a few houses are allowed to fall into ruins; when it increases, they crowd together in the buildings that remain. They build very little for want of capital; they repair very rarely, and at the last extremity. All these towns look as if they had been built on the same day, and of one piece. The peasant grows fond of his wretched dwelling. He cares little for the length of the distances, the steepness of the streets, and, above all, for the inconvenience of the houses. Life is spent in the fields.

To laborers, who sweat from morning till evening under a

burning sun, on a hot soil, in detestable roads, the man who stays at home doing nothing, and does not even go out into the street to walk, is a happy and privileged being, eminently noble, and near akin to the immortal gods.

I was in the Palace Square, at the gate of Prossedi, and was getting a young native to converse. He showed me at some distance a well-dressed man, whom five or six persons were compelling to get into a carriage. He was a prominent person in the town, who had lost his reason, and they were taking him to the asylum at Perouse.

"There," said the boy, "is a man who has spent all his life in his house, like a prince; he was not seen out of doors four times a year; and now he is going to travel on the highway, like a common peasant."

Pagliano—four thousand two hundred and fifty inhabitants, a garrison of fifty men, thirty jailors, two hundred and fifty political prisoners. Last year the prisoners made an attempt to escape. Six of them were killed by musket-shots, on the roof; six others are to be tried. An old ordinance of Cardinal Lante has been exhumed, by virtue of which they may be condemned to death.

The state of the roads is so wretched in these mountains, and the difficulty of transportation so great, that no equilibrium is established in the price of provisions. A pound of bread costs two cents here, and two cents and a half four leagues off. Transportation for these four leagues is therefore worth half a cent a pound. Wine costs seven cents the half-pint (*foglietta*) at Sonnino, and two and a half at Pagliano. At Pagliano it is pretty good; at Sonnino it is bad. Does it really cost four cents and a half to transport half a pint of liquid ten leagues?

Yesterday, while we were taking our siesta at Pagliano, the bells began to ring for a storm. It is the fourth we have met with since Sunday. This time we got off cheaply. A few drops of rain fell on the fortress, the thunder growled in the distance, and we were able to start Olevano.

This morning, going from Olevano to Palestrina, we saw the traces of a frightful tempest. The brooks, swollen by the rain, had engulfed the adjoining fields; some hedges had fallen on the road with enormous masses of earth. But these ravages were nothing; the hail had done much worse. See the walnuts

spotted with large bruises ; the shoots of the vine broken ; the leaves of the trees torn to ribbons ; everything tender, everything green—all that was promise and hope has perished.

We halted at the inn at Palestrina. A little church that is open on the other side of the road is flooded. Every window in the village is broken. The peasants group round us to describe to us the size of the hailstones, and to tell us of the ravages of the tempest. Their grief, it would seem, needs to overflow. They do not amuse themselves by calling us "Excellency" through their noses ; they "thou" us, and call us "Brother."

It is a hackneyed common-place—the wretchedness of the husbandman, who sees the fruit of his year's toil perish in a single morning. When we meet with this idea in a book, we are almost tempted to cry out to the author, "Give us something new for the love of God !" Besides, we are so accustomed to see man create a thousand resources for himself in addition to agriculture, that we do not understand how a few handfuls of hailstones on a field can ruin a whole family. But, after living a few days among these peasants, seeing them start before day-break to hoe their corner of land, when you know that they have no other property in the world, and that all they have is there, exposed to cold and heat ; in short, when you touch with your finger their ruined crops, when you see their pale faces bathed in genuine tears, you discover that this common-place is as interesting as the last new drama.

I asked one of these despairing men if the olives on the mountain had suffered as much as the crops on the plain.

He shrugged his shoulders, and replied :

"What are olives ? What is the vine ? The thing is, our wheat is ruined. When we have no oil, we do without it ; when wine fails, we drink water ; but when the grain is destroyed there is an end of bread and an end of man !"

I have perhaps dwelt too long on a short and obscure journey, in the course of which I met neither monuments nor fine ladies, nor romantic adventures. Peasants, nothing but peasants ! But our well-beloved Alfred de Musset, in one of his most charming masterpieces, has taken the pains to rhyme an excuse for me :

*"Ces pauvres paysans, pardonne-moi lecteur,  
Ces pauvres paysans, je les ai sur le cœur."*



## XVII.

### THE VETTURINO.

**T**OURISTS of quality know him only by sight. If you have gone through Italy in a post-chaise, you may have put your head out of the window to look at an old dusty vehicle, half cab, half berlin, stuffed with human beings, and overloaded with trunks and bundles. However easy might be the road, you had time to notice a man in a cap and overcoat, walking, whip in hand, at the right of the horses, speaking to them words of consolation. This bourgeois driver is the vetturino, the walking providence of the middle class and poor foreigners. All artists, who are light of purse, have passed some days with him, and preserved a kindly recollection of his good-nature.

In this kingdom, where the people are poor, and human nature somewhat sleepy, they travel seldom, slowly, and by short stages. The middle class scarcely stirs; they vegetate on the spot where they happen to be born. Reflect that it is impossible to go out of Rome without a passport, and passports are given only to well known men. They are quite expensive, and serve for only one journey; thus an inhabitant of Terracina, who finds it necessary to cross the Neapolitan frontier three hundred times a year must pay a crown every time he enters or returns. Moreover, he can not pass through a city, however small, without the annoyance of a visé, and compulsory tribute to a mendicant official. The most determined traveler becomes at least discouraged.

When a small bourgeois at Rome is absolutely obliged to put himself *en route*, he makes the best terms he can with a vetturino. This is an affair of importance; the duration of the jour-

ney, the number of meals, the *café au lait* in the morning, the fare, the amount of drink money, all are discussed. The vetturino engages to be in such a place in so many days, and by such a route; to take as many extra oxen and horses as shall be necessary for every ascent; to pay toll at the bridges and barriers on the route; to lodge his traveler in the best inns, and to furnish him a certain number of meals. The contract is put on paper, and duplicates are signed by the contracting parties.

The charges of the *vetture* are fabulously moderate. If my memory serves me, a traveler can be transported, supplied with meals, lodged, and served for six or eight francs per day. But the conveyance is much less rapid than by railroad. A dozen leagues is not a bad day's work.

The first traveler who treats with the vetturino is the master of the vehicle (*padrone del legno*). He has a preponderating voice in all the discussions on the route. I should say, however, that discussions are very rare. The vetturino and his servant are armed with an unalterable complacency, and I have always had reason to admire the courtesy of the Italians traveling with us. Was it sympathy for the French nation? Was it simply the effect of that old Roman prejudice which saw in strangers so many seigneurs? I incline to the former hypothesis. The vetturino is much less familiar with us than with his countrymen, and I have noticed that at the inns they take particular care of us. Meanwhile the innkeepers know better than any one else that travelers by *vetture* are not exactly lords.

I traveled in this way from Rome to Bologna. On setting out there were five Frenchmen, with a young Roman advocate—four inside, and two upon the imperial. Travelers upon the imperial demand other seats when they find it too warm.

My fellow-travelers were a young tourist of much intelligence, M. Dugué de la Frauconnerie, a painter from the Academy of Rome, M. Giacomotti, two other artists, M. Pradier, son of the illustrious sculptor, M. Jules David, grandson of the great painter, and cousin-german of my excellent friend, Baron Jerome David. I do not recall the name of the young advocate who accompanied us, but he was a kind and agreeable man. Perhaps a certain something was wanting to him which with us distinguishes cultivated men. We were almost shocked to see the vetturino treat him on a footing of perfect equality. We

were from a country where there is an enormous distance between a conductor of a diligence and a doctor of law.

I know nothing more desirable nor more charming than good company. However, when you travel for instruction, I advise you to go alone. From the hour when the vetturino took us up, with bells jingling on his three horses, to the city of Foligno, where I bade adieu to my friends, I saw but very little. I confess with shame, but with a certain retrospective pleasure, that the conversation was but a perpetual burst of laughter.

The dreary and desolate country around Rome changes in proportion to our distance from the city. This is a fact I have already noted more than ten times. Rome is perhaps the only great city in the world without suburbs, the only one surrounded by an uncultivated tract of country. One must leave it a long way behind before finding good roads, busy life, an active and prosperous cultivation. The greater the distance from the capital, the more alive the country, the more happy the people.

At Civita Castellana the vetturino sold his horses. He found a good chance for a bargain, and was not the man to neglect his affairs. But we! what should we do?

"Bah!" replied he, with a philosophical smile, "the Madonna will never leave us by the way." The next morning the vetturino hitched up three jades, as ugly, courageous, and jingling as the former.

This is the invariable order of march. The vetturino awakes his travelers at the break of day, and looks after the baggage. A café is open ten steps from the inn. We are taken there for the first breakfast. We set out fresh, and travel at a small trot until toward ten o'clock. Then comes the great halt. The baggage is taken down, in case any one of the travelers wishes to change his linen. A modest but substantial meal is served, seasoned with some wine grown on the spot. Satisfied, we stroll over the neighborhood; the indolent have the right to ask for a chamber for a siesta. Between two and three o'clock we are again on the way, and travel moderately until six. The baggage then descends, the horses go to the stable, and the travelers walk about until supper-time.

All this is so well regulated that five or six *vetturi* can travel within sight of each other. Our young advocate told a story of one of his friends, who was married from one to another.

The first day he observed a handsome young girl traveling with her parents to take possession of a small inheritance. He recognized her the next day, smiled at her on the following, spoke to her on the fourth day, asked her in marriage on the fifth, and obtained her at the end of the week, thanks to a bottle of Monte Pulciano, which the father had imprudently accepted.

Are we going to play the same game? for here is a *vetture* following us step by step, as if to gather up our dust. Five marriageable daughters, and handsome enough! And the ruddy nose of monsieur the father testifies that he has no great contempt for the wine of Monte Pulciano. But no one of us thinks of marriage.\*

In the bagnio of Civita Castellana the famous Gasperone is mildly expiating his crimes. I must visit this great man; and at once set out for his house.

His house is the proper word, for he literally reigns in the bagnio. Thirteen or fourteen aged bandits form his court. The government provides him a civil list of five cents per day for the expense of presentation. Strangers who visit him pay tribute.

This monarch, in perpetuity, received me in a large chamber, which serves him for a throne-room. He advanced three steps, and extended me his hand with a patronizing smile. His courtiers and a few gend'armes made a circle round us.

Gasperone is a grand old man of remarkable beauty. His form is tall and haughty, his features manly and regular, his look brilliant. He wears a long white beard. The explosion of a gun has powdered his face with a myriad of small bluish spots. His dress, of coarse cloth, is that of a peasant in easy circumstances. He is not required to wear the uniform of convicts or to be in their company. He lives by himself, surrounded by his old companions, his ennui relieved by the visit of strangers.

Of the mountains where he was born, he has kept only the accent and the shoes. He showed me his sandals, *chôches*, fastened by leather straps, and said to me with a modesty, sufficiently haughty:

"Excuse me if I do not speak pure Roman; I was born a *chôchar*, and a *chôchar* I shall die."

This title of *chôchar*, or wearer of *chôches*, is employed at Rome

---

\* My four fellow-travelers are still bachelors, except two. September, 1860.

as a term of contempt. The Cardinal-Prince Altieri, when engaged in a warm discussion with the Secretary of State, did not hesitate to cast in his teeth the epithet of *ch'char*. It is positive that Cardinal Antonelli, like all children in Sezza, wore *ch'ches* in his boyhood.

Gasperone asked me if I was a Roman? It was evidently meant for politeness and as a compliment to my pronunciation of the Italian language. I thanked him for his courtesy, and told him I was a Frenchman.

"Ah!" replied he, smiling, "take me with you to France?"

I tried to demonstrate to him that a man like himself could find nothing to do in such a country as France. The *gensd'armes*, who were listening, shrugged their shoulders when I said that brigandage was impossible with us.

The fact is, that brigandage, so nearly exterminated among the mountains of Sonnino, was still flourishing in the Pontine Marshes and the Romagna. They told me of a proprietor who was besieged in his house at the very gates of Rimini. They also gave me an account of a prison, whose occupants, prisoners and jailors, had all escaped to rob in the neighboring country.

Gasperone does not want a certain bonhomie, but he appeared to me a little stiff and preoccupied with the idea of his rank. He remained standing while we were seated. I involuntarily thought of that Roman prince who said, in his haughty pride: "I never seat myself before a man of the middle class, for the reason that it may be necessary to seat him."

However, when I spoke of Sonnino, of Maria Grazia, and of the mountains I had visited, the old brigand began to look cheerful, and yielded to the pleasure of conversation. He recounted some episodes of his active life, and especially the last, which is always on his heart. He protested against the illegality of his detention. "For, finally," said he, "the *gensd'armes* did not take me; I did not surrender. They got possession of me through treason. I had accepted an interview with the government to sign a treaty. They violated the right of person in detaining me!"

The *gensd'armes* listened with respectful admiration. One of them said to him, "Of what do you complain? You made war; we never shall. You have been captain, and I who guard you will never be more than marshal of the lodge, because I

have neither wife nor daughters to work for my advancement."

After a good half-hour of conversation, I took leave. Gasperone was very anxious that I should carry away some souvenir of him. He offered me a list of his murders, to the number of one hundred and twenty-seven, if my memory serves me. He added that Englishmen never failed to take it.

What a strange animal is man! That list horrified me, and I refused it entirely. I had pressed, without repugnance, the hand which had committed so many crimes. The sheet of paper on which the catalogue had been prepared, inspired me with a sentiment of disgust. I bade adieu to this great man who had slain so many little ones, and gave him a gratuity, which he accepted like a simple *chef de bureau*. His allowance was formerly ten cents; they have reduced it to five, the last few years. This is a source of grief he takes care never to forget in conversation.

The inn of Civita-Castellana is a type of the large Italian inns, such as one finds in romances; balconies, terraces, flowers of the south, large courts open for post-chaises—nothing is wanting. It is saying the truth, that Civita-Castellana is on the classic route from Rome to Florence.

What vexes me beyond expression is the obstinate beggary by which we are pursued. In the better class of inns, the waiter holds out his hand, the scoundrel who has charge of the baggage holds out his hand, the stable-boy holds out his hand. The inn-keeper himself sometimes does us the honor to ask for a gratuity. On the road, when the vitturino takes extra oxen or horses, the man who has just received his pay draws you aside by the sleeve for an important communication. What does he want? A small piece of money to buy bread. If bread were scarce, or dear, this importunity would perhaps be excusable. But the crops are magnificent; the laborers themselves say so when they leave their work and come to stretch out their hands. Evidently, these people do not need the cents they ask for. They beg from principle, for the honor of the country and of the government.

How proud one is of being a Frenchman! Yet I must avow that mendicity is still more arrogant and less excusable in Paris. A Roman driver to whom you have given no drink-money, contents himself with inwardly cursing you; a Parisian driver insults

you, and even worse. There are cafés on the Boulevards of Paris, which collect every year more than a hundred thousand francs of alms. The waiters in these establishments, who have no other salary, share this enormous sum with an absurdly rich proprietor; and sixty thousand francs rent are paid for the forced charity of poor consumers.

At Narni, the vetturino sold us to one of his cronies, who agreed to carry us upon the same conditions to the end of the journey.

The Cascade of Terni is artificial, like that of Tivoli. Art has come to aid Nature; a river has been turned from its bed, in order to precipitate it into the midst of rocks. Here, the industrious peasants have erected a hundred different inclosures near the cascade. Each one of them imposes a tax upon the curiosity of travelers.

At Froligno I bade my agreeable companions adieu. They were going in the direction of Pérouse, which had not yet been pillaged by the mercenary Germans of Colonel Schmidt. I ascended the Apennines by a route sufficiently naked and very dreary. Behold me on the Adriatic slope, in the least submissive of the papal provinces. Serravele, Tolentino, Macerata, Recanati, the first cities and villages on the way to Ancona, have an entirely new physiognomy. How far we are from Rome and her desolate Campagna! Here the wide roads are well kept, filled with vehicles and pedestrians, and bordered with fertile fields. I have never seen the plains of Lombardy, but I doubt if they are better cultivated than this admirable country. Property is divided. The population no longer pens itself up in the narrow compass of villages. Rural habitations in good condition are everywhere to be seen.

I have explained to you how agriculture can be only a passing accident in the Campagna di Roma. They bring bullocks and carts on a meadow. They plow, they sow, they weed, they gather the crops in haste, and the land is left in-repose for a period of at least seven years. Here agriculture is in its normal state. Every field is planted with trees, and tilled, dug, and fumigated under the trees. I have frequently seen in the same field of two or three acres, a crop of mulberry leaves, a vintage hanging upon the trunks of the trees, and a harvest ripening at their roots. The vine matches elegantly with the maple, the

willow, the poplar, and the young elm. The leaves of the young elm furnish excellent provender for cattle, who eat them green. I ought to forget that we are in the papal States, but here is the city of Loretto to recall the reality.

Loretto or Lorette, which has given name to one of the most flourishing classes of Parisian population, is a city of five thousand four hundred and seventy souls. It owes its existence to a series of miracles too well known for me to relate them here. Every Catholic knows that the house of the holy Virgin Mary, some thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eighteen feet high, was brought from Nazareth in the arms of angels on the night of May 12, 1291. It stopped at first in Dalmatia, where it remained about three years and a half. On the 9th of December, 1294, it crossed the Adriatic and sought in Italy a location more worthy of itself. It wandered about some time in the forests near Loretto, and finally stopped at the distance of three kilometers from the sea.

The holy house (Santa Casa) has only the four walls. The angels left the floor and foundation in Palestine. But they brought the earthen vessels in which the Virgin Mary prepared the food of her divine child.

Nothing can be poorer than this house, built of small, rough stones, such as are found in abundance in the country. Nothing can be richer and more magnificent than the ornaments with which they have covered it. The contrast between the humble cabin and the temple that envelopes it is as great as that between the Apostle Peter and Pope Leo X. It is also as easily recognized under its marble coating as the evangelical ethics under the poetry of Cardinal Bembo.

This miraculous house owns the city of Loretto and all the horizon that surrounds it. It possesses four hundred thousand francs income in stocks, without including the incidental receipts which are enormous. Judge of them from the sale of chaplets and other objects of devotion, which brings to the inhabitants of Loretto a profit of from four to five hundred thousand francs per annum. This trade not only indirectly benefits the holy house, but brings after it a multitude of offerings. Thus I have just seen an old lady from Dublin busying herself a full quarter of an hour in getting blessed a thousand little things—bags, medals, chaplets, and bells to ward off lightning. An ecclesiastic, whose



patience I admire, signed for her a score of images; he put his seal to twenty others by attaching to each a small shred of black crape; he sanctified several jewels by passing them into the basin from which the infant Jesus ate, after which the good lady made an offering at least equal in value to all her purchases.

I do not speak of the most precious offerings, which are sent by princes and grandees of the Catholic religion. There are some ludicrous ones; among them the breeches of the King of Saxony. There are some splendid ones: the treasury of the holy house has repaired the losses of 1797.

The statue of the Virgin, sculptured by the inevitable St. Luke, is literally covered with jewels. This little image of black wood, which formerly sojourned in the cabinet of medals of the Imperial Library, has a richer casket than a European princess.

My cicerone was at the same time a servant to the hotel and sacristan to the holy house; as for the rest sufficiently incredulous. He seemed to be especially occupied with statistics and financial matters. He assured me that the holy house is surrounded with one hundred and twenty altars, where one hundred and twenty priests say one hundred and twenty masses every day.

He drew my attention to the confessionals, where penitentiaries of all languages receive confession of special sins, which a simple priest can not absolve.

"All this brings much money!" said he, falling into prose. "There are here more than three hundred of us employées, each of whom receives two measures of wine and two pounds of bread per day. Our finances have all been deranged recently by M. Narducci. He left a deficit in the cash-box of three hundred thousand francs, so they removed him."

"And what have they done with him?"

"They have appointed him trustee of the Hospital of the Holy Ghost in Rome, doubly because the Holy Ghost is richer and more difficult to ruin."

The traveler who enters the church in which the holy house is inclosed, perceives upon the right a college of R. R. P. P. Jesuits, at the left the apostolic palace, where resides the successor of M. Narducci. The apostolic palace is kept in a middling way. Too many women in white combing-cloths are to be seen there; the women, without doubt, of the inferior employées.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the college of Jesuits, seen from without, inspires a sort of respect in the least elevated minds. It has a strict and orderly appearance.

In the basement of the apostolic palace is the admirable apothecary shop, the vessels of which are nearly all genuine Faenza porcelain, executed after designs by the great masters.

I have passed a whole day in the church. It is a veritable museum, and I was perfectly happy there, without the importunity of dogs, of beggars, of ciceroni, and of some old women who obstinately wish to make the tour of the holy house on their knees, for my purpose and at my expense.

These petty pilgrimages, by proxy, are not confined exclusively to Italy. At Vergaville, in the country of my grandmother, I knew an old woman, a pilgrim by profession, who, for a certain compensation, went to the most renowned chapels, and gained her livelihood by gaining indulgences. I believe, however, that this business is much more lucrative at Loretto than at Vergaville.

The Italians sometimes say, "stupid as an Englishman." This expression has always appeared to me not only vicious, but inexplicable.

For at least the whole of Italy knows from experience that its friends, the English, are not beasts. One of the inhabitants of Ancona, whom I met at Loretto, afforded me an explanation for this prejudice. "The people," he said, "include under the name of English all the inhabitants of the British islands, but in reality this reputation of being beasts ought to be confined to the Irish. They believe so blindly all the miracles which are the most discredited with us—they take down so ravenously the most dubious stories, that we call that a defect of intelligence which is nothing but an excess of faith.

I shuddered with horror once, on seeing in a small side chapel of a church the dead body of a child, with its face covered with flies. The poor little child was dressed as an abbé, according to a universal custom. I asked how any family could thus abandon the mortal remains of a child, but an instant after I perceived that the child was not alone. A commissionaire, or *facchino*, paid by the day to watch the body and drive away the flies, was asleep in a corner of the chapel. This sad sight spoiled my pleasure for the whole day, and whenever a fly lit upon my face or

hand while I remained in the church, I drove him off with a species of horror. It seemed to me that the filthy creatures must be the same that I had seen clustered around the nostrils and eyes of the poor little child.

The sound of voices attracted me outside the church, where I saw a procession of *chôchar*, without their bells. These unhappy persons had marched with bare feet from the mountains of the Abruzzi. Both men and women held in their hands the pilgrim's staff. The chief of the band, a stout, well-built youth, wore a cloak ornamented with shells. The sweat and dust ran in a thick mud down their healthy faces; they were shouting, at the top of their voices, a canticle in the common tongue. When about twenty paces from the threshold of the church and its magnificent bronze doors, they fell upon their knees, and made their entrance upon them. Several of them, without doubt the most fervent, went, in this manner, from the door as far as the sacred chapel, which is at the end of the church. On reaching this, they uttered loud cries, some accusing themselves of their faults; others begging of the Madonna that special favor which they came to ask. One ugly girl begged the release of a criminal sentenced to the galleys, with whom she was in love; a husband sought the cure of his wife; a wife wished for her husband some thing or other, but evidently nothing good, for she denounced him to the Madonna, and accused him in the most picturesque style. When they had all cast their first fire, they resumed the canticle, which had been interrupted. The veteran on guard, sword in hand, and the diamonds of the Madonna, danced in unison with them. I would never finish if I should undertake to enumerate all the promenading about on their knees, the adorations, and kissing which these poor creatures exhibited. The artists who have exposed their *chefs d'œuvre* in marble and bronze to the too caressing devotion of the *chôchar* are much to be pitied. I remember one bas-relief of the flagellation, where the figure of Christ has been literally effaced by the acid kisses of these eaters of onions.

The city of Loretto is nothing but one great shop for the sale of chaplets. It seemed to me for the moment in rather a stagnant condition, for we were in the middle of the summer. The dealers to whom I spoke complained of the dullness of trade, and cursed the intensity of the heat. Nevertheless, toward

evening the street became more animated. Great carts, drawn by oxen, and loaded with sacks of rye, passed constantly. Each of them bore the cypher of the Society of Jesus. The well-to-do inhabitants and rich dealers began to flock out of the city to enjoy the fresh air. I met in one carriage a Roman prelate, who had an old woman on his right side, and two young people in front of him. My observations stopped at this point, for our driver harnessed up his horses and drove me to the gates of Ancona, where I was to sleep.

We were stopped outside the city, because it has the privileges of a free port, and you have to be examined by the custom-house officers before being allowed to depart. This did not prevent the custom-house officers from examining us again, the day but one after, at about two or three kilometres from Ancona. This was for a principle, or, if you like it better, to have *their palms tickled*. I passed the whole of one day in this great city, but saw nothing that I wanted to find. Trade was very dull; the Austrian sentinels had quiet guard duty round the forts; the Austrian police scrutinized the passport of every pedestrian at the entrance of the city; the Austrian officers played chess in the cafés. These amiable officers, by the way, have shot sixty people in seven years in this same city of Ancona. But then, as they have shot one hundred and ninety at Bologna in the same space of time, Ancona ought not to complain.

One thousand eight hundred Jews are tolerated in Ancona. Of course, something ought to be done for trade. The Jewish quarter is not by any means the handsomest in the city, but rather the contrary. But the people who inhabit it impressed me with the beauty of their persons. The Jewish women are as handsome in this place as they are ugly at Rome. This is a great deal to say, and those who know the Roman Ghetto will perhaps tax me with exaggeration.

Why is this same race flourishing here, and so degraded there? Without doubt, because the religious exactions are less oppressive at two hundred and ten kilometres from the Vatican.

I arrived at Sinigaglia—or Senigallia—on the day of the opening of the fair. Sinigaglia is a city of twelve thousand nine hundred and fifty inhabitants, but its population nearly doubled between the 20th of July and the 8th of August. All the houses were transformed into shops; trade usurped every-

thing, transforming and enlivening this quiet little city. Unfortunately for me, the majority of the shops were still to let; the traders who had arrived had hardly begun to unpack. The fair of Sinigaglia resembled some exposition of industry, on the day of the official opening. Besides, I was assured that this tradesman's gala-time is each year losing its importance and its renown. The same has taken place at Beaucaire, at Leipsic, and in all civilized countries. Fairs have now no value, and have no reason for being held, where trade is carried on all the year round.

A manufacturer of combs, named Albert Mastai, left Brescia, his native place, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and established himself at Sinigaglia. There he made a kind of fortune, and his family prospered so well that he finally slipped into the position of one of the small nobles of the province. Gian Maria Mastai won the hand of a Feretti, of Ancona, and, thanks to so high an alliance, he became Count Mastai Feretti. From this fortunate race sprung, in 1792, Gian Maria Mastai Feretti, who now rules at Rome under the venerated name of Pius IX.

The cities of the Marshes and Romagna are none of them very wealthy; but there are very few of them which do not indulge in the luxury of a theater. The taste for art, and above all for music, is much more developed upon this slope of the Apennines, than upon the other side. At Pesaro, at Rimini, Forlì, and Faenza, and in nearly all the cities, the walls themselves bear witness to the fanaticism of the people. The dilettanti paint upon their houses the names of the leaders, or artists, then most in vogue. On every side you see, "Long live Verdi!"—"Long live Ristori!"—"Hurrah for the divine Rossi!"—"Long live Medori!"—"Corvetti!"—"Lotti!"—"Panciani!"—"Ferri!"—"Cornago!"—"Rota!"—"Mariani!" It does not seem that the missionaries struggle very hard against this influence. Without doubt they are occupied in the villages of the other side of the mountains. They preach to the peasants of the Mediterranean, who have no need of conversion; they abandon the citizens of the Adriatic to their earthly passions. For all this, I noticed upon several of the houses of Faenza, the cypher of the Jesuits marked upon the wall near a little victory holding a crown over the name of Madame Ristori.

All the theaters of these little cities are large and handsome.

Above all, they are convenient. I only wish ours had the same recommendations.

There is no theater at San Marino, but there are numbers of monks, many beggars and ignorant persons, and very little civilization. This singular State, containing nine thousand five hundred men, which retains the name of republic in the midst of the absolute monarchy of the pope, has all the characteristics, to me, of a rural ghetto. I am persuaded that the successors of St. Peter have respected their rights purposely, to show to their subjects how much superior the monarchy is to a republic. It is apparently with the design of demonstrating the superiority of catholicism that they have cultivated, for so many centuries, a wretched handfull of Israelities in —.

The political constitution of San Marino has been very much praised in our time; the even average of its receipts and expenditures; the disinterestedness of its citizens, of whom not one in a period of fourteen centuries, has endeavored to usurp a tyrannical power. I have no wish to throw my paving-stone upon a small nation, interesting, if not from its virtues at least from its weakness. But I will truly state, as is my custom, what I have seen and heard upon the territory of San Marino.

I had left Rimini in a pouring rain, in a little wagon, built something in the style of a dog-cart, and hung as well as it could be to break every bone in my body. My driver was the son of the inn-keeper, a boy fourteen years old or more, and as atheistical as a viper. On the route I endeavored to probe the depth of his philosophy, when he dropped the following astounding aphorism:

"God! Yes; but I believe if there is one, he is a priest like all the others."

This amiable child pointed out to me the boundary between the Pontifical States and the republican territory. It did not appear to me that the sun was more brilliant, nor the earth more blooming, nor the rain less tasteless. For all that I am well pleased with the air which is inspired in republics. The country was rather ugly, and the system of cultivation in no wise remarkable. A small village which I passed at about half my journey, seemed to me gloomy and dirty. The city and the town are situated upon a steep mountain, from which a beauti-

ful prospect can be had over a wide extent of country, that is, when it is not raining in torrents.

The town is at the foot of the mountain, the city occupies the summit; the town is badly built, badly paved, and badly kept. The principal business cultivated, and probably the only one, is the manufacture of playing-cards, which are smuggled abroad. I started in search of a guide, and thinking it would be best to take the first poor person I happened to meet, entered the house of a workman and offered to pay him the value of a day's labor if he would consent to show me about for a few hours. I did not have to beg him long, and after the lapse of a few minutes, I saw that I might have fallen into worse hands. The worthy man was good-natured and loquacious. The first story he told me was about the physician of the commune, who had been shot in the main square of the town.

This had happened two years before; the assassin had been sentenced to two years of exile. The organization of the judicial system of San Marino is entirely in an elementary condition; there are no laws, nor courts, but, when needed, a magistrate, attended by four *gensd'armes*, is summoned from Rome or Florence. This functionary, paid from the revenue of the republic, judges, just as he hears, any criminal or civil cases brought before him. The death penalty is never inflicted, but instead the criminal is sent to the galleys. Whenever any one is condemned to hard labor, he is sent to some prison of the pope, or of the grand duke of Tuscany, and the republic pays his board.

From the consideration of the judiciary, we pass, quite naturally, to political affairs. A sovereign council of sixty persons directs the affairs of the State; twenty councilors are chosen from the nobility, twenty from the middle class, and the other twenty from the peasantry. It is apparent from this that the republic of San Marino is but in a slight degree aristocratic.

Would you believe it? That there is a nobility at San Marino? In this republic, founded by a mason who had turned hermit, I have proved the existence of a privileged class. I had some curiosity to discover the source from which emanated this nobility of the country. My guide assured me that the nobles of San Marino adopt, from time to time into their ranks, some of the middle class.

The executive power is intrusted to two captains. The time

of their holding office is limited to six months, and they can not be elected again until after an interval of three years. They receive a salary of twenty-five Roman crowns, a little more than one hundred and twenty-five francs, for their six months' service. The currency in vogue in the country is of the papal coinage. The armed force consists of sixty national guards. By the liberality of some foreigner they are enabled to have uniforms, but the man who commands at the present time trains in his ordinary clothes. Thirty musicians make up the whole effective force. In case of necessity, the republic could muster five or six hundred men in arms. The treasury is never in arrears, because there is not, to speak truly, such a thing as a revenue. The people do not pay direct taxes. The principal revenue of the State comes from the salt and tobacco which the pope permits it to import free from duty. In consequence, it is not only protected by Saint Peter, but is actually dependent upon him. To this revenue is to be added a sum from the duty on meat. The consumer pays two crowns and a half on a carcase of beef, twenty-five cents for a pig, seven cents and a half for a sheep. All kinds of food necessary for life are quite cheap. Meat costs eight cents a pound, a litre of wine is sold for from three to five cents, and for a single cent you can buy eight ounces of bread. The public education amounts to nothing; about twenty young republicans go to school to the priests, and that is all. The public works are a fortress in ruins and an ugly church, which, however, is in a good state of preservation. Four prisoners are confined in the fortress. I passed a half hour with them. They were convicted of robbery, a crime as frequent here as in the villages of the Papal States. The unhappy wretches were impatiently waiting to be sent to the galleys. But time was needed; the judge was dead, and his successor had not been named. One of the poor devils had a leg broken, and was suffering terribly upon his miserable mattress. In the church is shown you the tomb of Saint Marino, cut by himself, and the slab of marble consecrated by the republic to Antonio Onuphrio, *patri patriæ*, as the inscription reads: "This Onuphrio was ambassador from the republic near the Emperor of the French." My guide had tears in his eyes when passing his eulogy upon this great man. "He spoke to Napoleon as I talk to you; he paid his court to the emperor; he ought by all means to be the father of the country."



Below the church, a large house is occupied by the learned numismatist Borghesi. My guide pretended that this correspondent of the Institute worked every day up to supper-time, and then got drunk. But I am persuaded that the worthy cicerone calumniated the only glory of his little country. The cunning fellow was very careful to conceal one fact which I knew, as well as every one else in Italy. In 1849, after the capture of Rome, Garibaldi and the remains of his army took refuge upon the territory of San Marino. The republicans of this little place bought at a low rate the horses, harness, arms, and all the effects worth any thing which were left to the exiles, after which they induced them to seek another asylum. It is perhaps this recollection which makes me hard upon the inhabitants of San Marino. But, in addition, I could not see things in a pleasant light when almost blinded by the rain; so the reader is free to soften, according to his fancy, the severity of my judgment. If the republic of San Marino should be swallowed up some day, in some great monarchy, political archeologists would cry out, while shedding bitter tears: "It remains to be seen if a people, illiterate, timid, avaricious, and poor, deserve the name of a free people." Those who are interested in statistics of commerce have noticed that the little trades diminish from day to day. Formerly our cities were full of small stores, wholesale and retail, where some ignorant family of the middle class vegetated until they died. The system of partnerships has altered this state of affairs. The small capitals have been united to form millions: enormous houses are now leased; loads of goods are bought, and trade is conducted on a large scale. The whole has been changed, by reason of which the capitalist increases, even doubles his fortune, the clerks, without risking a cent, pocket good salaries, and the public buys more cheaply. I feel by no means sure that some day a similar change will not take place in politics. The small States are doomed to vegetate like little shops. If I was king of Piedmont or king of Prussia, I would found some vast establishment with a capital of twenty or twenty-five millions of men, and in a short time I should be prepared to extend peace, security, affluence, and public education to thirty in each hundred below the privileged class.

The Romagna;—but I beg your pardon, it is a long time since we left the States of the Pope.



(A BOOK FOR THE TIMES)

---

## NOYES' TEN CENT SERIES.

No. 3.

Nearly Ready. 12mo. Pp. 128.

---

### CONTENTS.

A Complete and Concise Account of the Rebellious and Treasonable Projects in the United States, including—

1. The New York Negro Plot.
2. Aaron Burr's Southwest Republic.—The Affair of Blennerhassett.
3. The Whiskey Rebellion.
4. Shay's Rebellion.
5. Contest between various States respecting Boundaries.
6. South Carolina during the Revolution.
7. History of Nullification in 1832-3.
8. History of the Slave Insurrections in the United States.

### DE TOCQUEVILLE—

On the Situation of the Black Population in the United States, and the Dangers with which its Presence Threatens the Whites.

What are the Chances in Favor of the Duration of the American Union, and what Dangers Threaten it.

Of the Republican Institutions of the United States, and what their Chances of Duration are.

---

## NOYES' TEN CENT SERIES.

No. 2.

---

### CONTENTS.

The Memoirs of a Nullifier.

A Yankee Among the Secessionists.

(Imitable Satires.) Pp. 110.

---

## NOYES' TEN CENT SERIES.

No. 1.

---

### CONTENTS.

The Four Georges. By Thackeray. Complete, with an Illustration. Pp. 104.

Semi-Monthly. For Sale everywhere. Mailed, postage free, on receipt of the price.

JAMES O. NOYES, Publisher,

25 HOWARD-STREET, NEW YORK.

[See outside cover.]

(DOLLAR BOOKS FOR 25 CENTS.)

## NOYES' TWENTY-FIVE CENT SERIES.

No. 2.

### ROME OF TO-DAY;

BY EDMOND ABOUT,

Author of the "Roman Question," "King of the Mountains," "Germaine," etc., with an Illustration. M. About's new book gives a perfect picture, social and political, of the Roman States, and has all the power, wit, and brilliancy, which rendered his "Roman Question" so popular in the United States. It contains ample matter for a dollar volume, and the reading public will find it the most attractive *twenty-five cent* book yet published in the country. 12mo. 247 pages. *Complete and unabridged.*

## NOYES' TWENTY-FIVE CENT SERIES.

No. 1.

### CONTENTS.

1. THE FOUR GEORGES. By Thackeray. *Unabridged.*
2. MEMOIRS OF A NULLIFIER.
3. A YANKEE AMONG THE SECESSIONISTS. 12mo. pp. 214.

The object of the Monthly Twenty-five Cent Series is to furnish, in a cheap and attractive form, the best stories, sketches, etc., of the day, original or selected. Twelve consecutive numbers will form a library in themselves.

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents, or \$3 for twelve consecutive numbers, postage free.

CLUBS.—Two copies \$5.00; three copies \$6.00. Subscriber paying the postage.

[~~For~~] For \$3.00, Four consecutive numbers, and any one of the \$3.00 Magazines for one year. Subscriber paying the postage.

[~~For~~] For \$3.50, Twelve successive numbers, and any \$1.00 or \$1.25 volume published in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, within the last two years—both postage free.

[~~For~~] Clergymen, Teachers, and Journals, \$2.00 for Twelve consecutive numbers. Subscriber paying the postage.

JAMES O. NOYES, Publisher,

25 HOWARD-STREET, NEW YORK.

[See 2d page of cover.]

